

**PORTRAIT OF AUTHOR, KATE JORDAN.**

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

# THE KISS OF GOLD

By KATE JORDAN, author of "The Other House," Etc.

COMPLETE.

OCTOBER, 1892

# LIPPINCOTT'S

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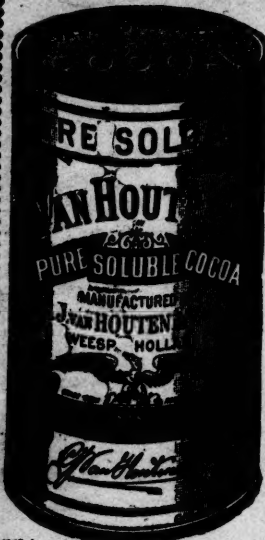
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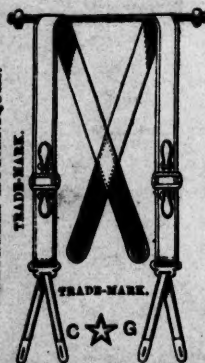
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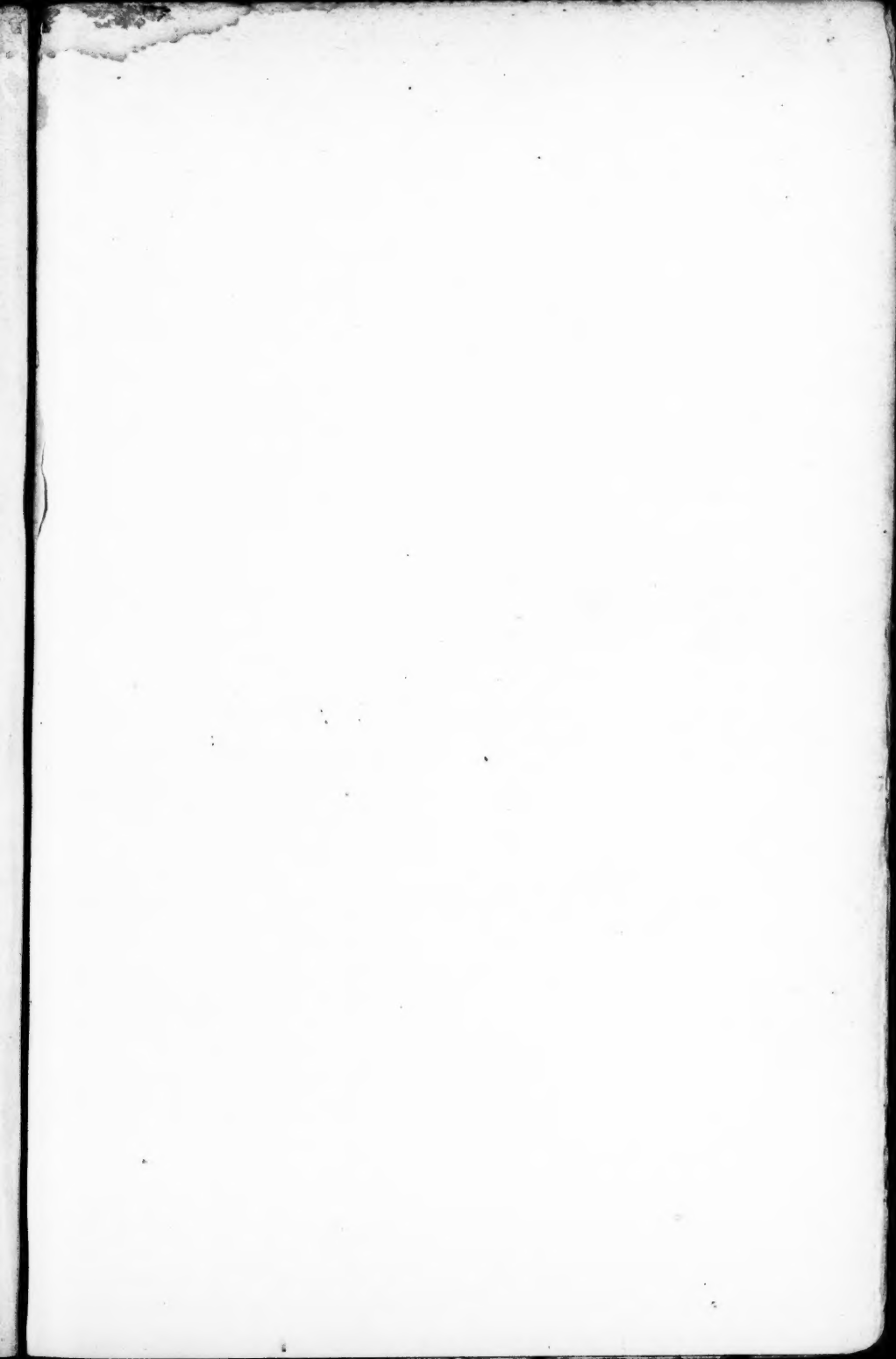


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**MARG.** *[Half aloud.]* He loves me  
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**MARG.** He loves me—not—He loves  
me—not—  
*[As she plucks off the  
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**FAUNT.** Yes, my child, deem  
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FROM A PHOTO. BY G. C. COX, N.Y.

Yours faithfully,  
Kate Jordan

# THE KISS OF GOLD.

BY  
KATE JORDAN,  
AUTHOR OF "THE OTHER HOUSE," ETC.

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"I was his soul: he lived not but in me."—DRYDEN.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

TO MY KINDEST CRITIC,  
MY MOTHER.

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1892.



## CHAPTER I.

**I**T was the day after Tom Murray's revolt. He sat alone in his top-floor dormitory, at a table ranged with old letters, dusty books, cravats, gloves, a few faded boutonnieres, theatre-programmes, and dog-eared manuscripts roll upon roll. A small trunk, half filled, stood on the floor beside him and received his wearing-apparel and books as he pitched them in indiscriminately.

Tom was not tidy. Cleanliness of person and a certain homage to fashion were matters of religion with him, but he could not live in an orderly room to save his life. This alone might have betrayed his Celtic origin, had it not markedly shown itself in appearance and temperament.

The thick hair growing closely over his forehead was black as astrachan, and as waved. There was a striking unfitness between his moody blue eyes and swarthy skin; dreamy, yet remarkably comprehensive in some moments, were those eyes of his, and at other times almost opaque: something said or done could make the pupils expand, a little door seem to open, emitting a brilliant, blue flash, then discreetly close and the shadow fall again. His mouth was like a brave woman's, full and finely curved, and his merry smile showed teeth as white as a negro's. A stalwart, youthful figure, square shoulders that swaggered as he walked, easy strides that carried him untiringly for long distances, told of a wonderful reserve of strength. He was the Irishman of Milesian antecedents without a touch of the pale Saxon to blur the type. Although American born, there was probably his double among the strapping young fishermen throwing their nets off the coast of Galway.

A warning sun-ray shot across his eyelids and flashed beyond him like a needle of gold, piercing the dusty dimness of the room, before he turned the key in the trunk.

"It's getting late. There's not a minute to spare." And, pulling out his watch, he gave a kick to the chair beside him where he had flung the long-sleeved alpaca gown and Oxford cap worn by the theological students in Chelsea Square.

There lay the whole story of his revolt. He had thrown them off.

Not for an hour, nor for a night to find them awaiting him in the morning, but forever. Until yesterday he had worn these things as the insignia of a holy calling. They were no more to him now than is a sceptre to the king who has abdicated.

"Poor old dad! He did want to see me in the pulpit. The pic-



"POOR OLD DAD! HE DID WANT TO SEE ME IN THE PULPIT."

ture I had taken in these togs,—how he loved it! Well, it's all over for me. Good-by has been said to every one. It's all over for him, too. I couldn't pain him so if he were living."

He started up and took a turn around the room, his eyes softening with feeling.

"I wonder if he knows I've cut it all,—surplice and psalter, fasting and praying. I wonder if he cares—now?" And Tom thought of a new-made grave in a Western State.

"Perhaps he knows better than I could have told him in life," and he felt his heart swelling, "that I wanted to please him, but I couldn't—couldn't do it,—because of the something within me that tugged and protested and pleaded. Perhaps he knows."

The depression was short-lived. Laughter closely follows sighing when one is only twenty-six, clean of heart and conscience and blessed—or cursed, maybe—with the mercurial temperament, the gay irresponsibility that in a crisis of life slips so easily into a plausible kind of selfishness.

Tom gave a vigorous shake to his long legs and commenced brushing his hair as if his life depended on getting out its obstinate wave, whistling as he worked.

To be sure, he had very little of his father's small patrimony left, and a very misty future stretched before him, but the world was brighter to-day than it had been in years. He need do violence to his inclinations no more. It was all ended now,—all that life whose demands his soul had resisted, under which his rebellious heart had strained. How he had hated the monotony of it! He a preacher, when he so loved the world and the things thereof! What a mistake it had been!

During the two years spent in the old college hidden in a green, far western corner of Twentieth Street, he had formed no friendships. He was that marvellous, isolated being, a college man without a chum. The interests of his companions were necessarily clerical. His thoughts had been elsewhere, his burning desire centred upon success, but by a path that wandered far from the hush and sanctity of the Church.

And yet there were some things of the life renounced which the artist in him would miss. The flow of music in the little chapel,—how often he had likened the quivering intensity of those rich organ notes to the throbbing of his own unsatisfied heart! the altar sparkling like an opal under the candle-light on saints' days; the twilight that met one softly in the secluded paths while the chimes rose in happier peals as the darkness deepened. Yes, the memory of these would remain with him forever.

At five o'clock he turned into Broadway. The stream of late-afternoon loungers thronged that race-way of fashion. He braced himself and looked around with eager, observant eyes. For to him who knows the town and loves it, it unfolds a tale of never-failing, never-ending charm. Tom felt a kinship to crowds and the swing of the surging life. The perfume from a bank of roses on the street-corner came to him with the thrill of an inspiration; a beautiful woman's sidelong glance gave warmth to his imagination. He was really beginning to live. He was free.

When at length he came to an abrupt pause he stood before a stage door. It was half hidden down a small alley and half filled with

the scenery a wagon was unloading on the curb. He picked his way through the débris, stooped his broad shoulders to enter the small door, and found himself the centre of a quartette of grimy-eyed workmen.

The close-buttoned individual who guarded the entrance was seated in the farther shadow against a daub representing a cottage interior. He screwed up one dusty eye before answering Tom's question, and his voice was suggestive of cobwebs:

"The manager? Is it Mr. Plunket? I d'no. Guess he ain't in."

"He wrote me to come to-day at five."

"Did?"

For a moment he sat in puzzled rumination, his ferret-like glance upon the stage entrance, completely blocked. He shook his head helplessly, and then jerked a dirty thumb over his shoulder indicating a narrow iron stairway at the left. Exhausted by the demand upon his endurance, he disappeared an inch or two in his coat-collar.

Tom was in no mood to cavil. He followed the direction of the dirty thumb, cleared the steps in two bounds, and found himself in the back of the auditorium.

For the first time he stood in an empty theatre in the daylight. How ghostly, solemn, crude it was! To a nature like his, so sensitive to impressions, there was something appalling about it. He felt his enthusiasm ooze slowly, the hope that had so buoyantly sustained him fall suddenly as if a magic cord had been snapped.

The curtain was raised on a disordered scene; a pillar of papier-maché lay prone across the stage beside a piano swathed in muslin; far up in the gallery the figure of a charwoman was dim and uncanny, her crooning sweeping across the emptiness; a bar of sunlight fell aslant the shadow and drank up the swirling dust. It was a beautiful body from which the soul had fled.

How could he hope that some day each of these folded seats would contain a living, thinking being who would listen with interest, perhaps delight, to words of his spoken on the stage but coined in a quiet room far away from the crowd?

For this was Tom's dream,—to be a writer of plays that the world he loved would applaud, to be a factor in the life of the theatres around which for so long he had secretly circled like a restless moth.

He tried to throw off the sickening doubt, walked down the aisle, and, opening a door at the back of a proscenium-box, found himself behind the scenes. Gaslight and hurry were here. Scene-shifters moved about dragging bulky pieces of scenery, swearing at each other in hoarse whispers. At a desk under a flaring gas-jet screened by wire, a large man sat, toying with his watch-chain while he leisurely dictated a letter to a stenographer. A few men whose blue-shaven lips proclaimed their calling obsequiously awaited his pleasure. Tom joined this group. A little crease grew between his brows as he fixed his eyes imploringly on the potentate who held his happiness in his hand.

But he had little misgiving as to the final answer. Surely his play was accepted, else it would have been returned with an abrupt line of refusal or a chilling silence, as many others had been. And yet—and yet—he must not hope, or the blow, if it came, would fall too



heavily. Alterations might be requested, or its appearance postponed for a year, or this man might be overcrowded and had sent for him merely to tell him of a better market for it. A pronounced and positive success was too sweet a dream.

These confused and burning surmises all melted into a breathless anxiety as he found himself facing the manager, who lounged with fat, good-humored importance waiting for him to speak.

"I sent you a play a few weeks ago; you wrote me to come in to-day."

"Yes, to be sure," brightly. "You're Mr. Dupont. Take a chair."

"No, my name's Murray, and the play was a 'A Family Failing.'"

Mr. Plunket permitted one of his red eyebrows to move slowly toward his chair.

"I wrote you to come?" Then he paused, pursed up his lips, flopped his watch-chain. "You're mistaken, ain't you?"

A chill crept over Tom, and moved under the roots of his hair. Had he been mistaken? Had there been a mistake?

"I didn't bring the letter with me. But you asked me to call to-day at five, relative to my play."

Without changing his position, Mr. Plunket held out one fat white hand where a huge cat's-eye winked and glinted.

"Hand me that paper, Romney. 'A Family Failing'?—now let's see," and the point of his brightly-polished nail glanced down a list. "Ah, yes, of course. It's been declined. Didn't you get it back?"

"No," was all Tom could say.

"Romney, look in that upper drawer. You made a mistake in writing Mr.—er—Mr. Murray a letter. You're getting so deuced careless, I believe you're in love, upon my soul."

Romney colored, and stuck his pen behind his ear.

"Yes, sir, I guess I did. I meant to send it to Mr. Dupont about 'His Aunt's Legacy.' Here's the gentleman's play, sir."

Oh, that unknown man named Dupont,—how Tom envied and hated him in that moment! He took the manuscript like one only half awake. He heard Mr. Plunket murmur an apology and briskly wish him good-afternoon. Still he lingered, looking down at the roll of paper.

"Do you think I could get it accepted anywhere? Or could I improve it?" he asked; and something in his face moved the manager to a little pity and patience.

"I looked through it. The first scene told me it wouldn't do. You want the truth, and I'll give it to you,—sentiment be hanged! It's fairly good as far as style goes. You might turn it into a novel. But we want more than style on the stage. We want action,—we want life," and, warming to his subject, Mr. Plunket threw one ponderous leg over the arm of his chair; "we want situations,—quiet, but so subtly and intensely weighted with interest that a crowded house holds its breath to see them develop. If you can't do that,—and it's very evident you can't,—write a realistic drama. I couldn't use it, of course, but you'll find a manager who'll take it off your hands fast enough. Stun your audience with daring leaps into real running

water, so that the leading man comes before the curtain encased in rubber, diffusing a dampness that makes the orchestra-leader sneeze. Or thrill them with mine-explosions, or real engines, or bridges that move. There's money in work of this sort, on the Bowery. Talk about the injustice of managers to native talent! Bosh, all of it. Are we fools? I'd give almost any amount to-day for a society drama written by an



STILL HE LINGERED.

American, dealing in masterly style with some of our pertinent social questions and holding a true, sympathetic love-interest. Or give me a startling psychological study with plenty of fire,—give me a comedy that with a laugh tears off the mask of society,—give me a play, delicate as a miniature, or give me one painted in bold splashes, and those splashes like blood,—and I'll find a place for each of them sooner or later. I can get precious few of them from Americans, I can tell

you. It would be better if nine-tenths of our aspiring dramatists threw their pens in the river, went home, and settled down to a quiet existence mending shoes. To be frank,—I say it, my dear fellow, for your own good,—for stuff such as you have there, prettily phrased, but tame as a flannel rabbit, I have no use.”

As Tom passed again through the empty theatre the sense of shock departed. A live ache leaped within him. He walked on, not heeding or caring where his steps led him. His throat was dry, a burning sob far down in it that the man in him beat back. He had been a fool, then?—an egotistical dreamer?

Oh, the languor of helplessness, the taunting pain of overthrow and loss, the repugnance to the necessary effort of readjusting his conception of himself and his life! Those who have known this feeling have tasted for one moment the kernel of despair.

“How can I tell Virginia?” was his weary thought.

---

## CHAPTER II.

A SQUARE room of goodly size, the broad windows opening on a low balcony, and beyond the shining panes, Chelsea Square. It was large enough to meet the requirements of dining- and sitting-room, the high walls bearing the faded floral decoration of an earlier period. The stained floor from which the polish had long departed once knew the swish of flounced petticoats; tea had undoubtedly been sipped on the rusty balcony; the unused carriage-step at the curb had known the pressure of aristocratic toes.

But this was in the long ago, when the house was a private mansion, before the city had crawled upwards to encroach on its suburban retirement, very long before any one dreamed that the iconoclastic finger of modest respectability, first-cousin to poverty, would one day steal the lustre from its gilding, the color from its bricks, and convert the strings of ample rooms into floors for separate families.

The glare from the west turned the vine pattern on the cotton curtains into copper. Against them a girl leaned, glorified by the waning splendor. Her arms were folded restfully upon her breast, her gaze was fastened on the gray college buildings opposite and the green close which gave such an old-world touch to the street. A deep sparkle rested in her eyes. She was impatient, and sometimes threw a glance down the tree-lined pavement, where the lights in the street-lamps were beginning to tremble in a net-work of leaves.

Two students, arm in arm, fluttered past in their quaint gowns, and looked up at her window. They were talking of Tom. She knew it. They were saying unkind things of him. Perhaps they were sneering at what they called his folly, his audacious worldliness.

Virginia threw back her head, and a confident smile lifted her gleaming lip. How they would retract it all some day! For Tom was not like them. His was an untamable spirit, only maddened by rigorous confines.

He had chosen to live with them for the future. How his young

face and light step would brighten up the place! It was sometimes so lonely and quiet with only her father. A vision of winter nights around a ruddy fire, of delicious, slow-waning summer evenings on the balcony, rose before her mind. They would be happy, she knew.

A few feet from the table set for dinner, a quaint, yellow-keyed melodeon stood, and here Virginia impulsively seated herself. Her fingers flickered over the keys, the music filled the room, the fainting light swam in her raised eyes and rosied her lifted chin.

There was a subtle fire, a winning softness, in the face. The hazel-green eyes glanced with intense life, a mysterious smile clung to the lips so proudly cut. Her brown hair, holding the gleaming russet tones seen in some dying leaves, was drawn up to the crown, where a fluffy knot gave a *chic*, stately touch to her small head. In charming consonance with this warm brunette coloring, her skin was a pale, transparent olive. She was tall, her figure youthful, independent, her personality breathing a magnetic strength.

And as she played there, translating the triumphant beauty of her dreams into harmony,—dreams that widened her narrow life and fed her soul,—Tom entered unheard. The sonorous chorus found no echo in his heart. Pale beyond words, he stood quite still until Virginia turned to him.

There was no need for speech. She, who knew his every expression, read the truth in his face. It was pinched with the pathetic revolt of the unsuccessful.

She was beside him in a second.

"I've been waiting for you, Tom."

Oh, to press her cheek in a vehement caress against his arm—he looked so worn, so desperate! Oh, to whisper that his pain was hers, for she loved him, loved him! But instead she could only stand mutely there, her very heart melting within her.

"I have failed," he broke forth, in a passionate, trembling whisper. "I am mad, Virginia. I could tear myself to pieces."

He walked to the window and for a moment hid his face on his arm. But she did not stir, save to lean her open palms upon the table, as if bracing herself to speak to him when the first strength of his stormy despair had died.

"Look," he muttered, wildly, tearing the soiled manuscript from an inner pocket; "here it is, pressing like a stone against my heart. When I went into the theatre, Virginia, I felt almost as if I had conquered. When I came out I walked the streets blind. I was conscious of nothing but an awful ache and coldness."

A shade born of intense feeling passed over Virginia's face. Dare she utter the truth that burned her? It might seem cruel to him now, but in the end it would be merciful.

She moved so that the last bars of daylight fell upon her face; her eyes met his.

"And do you despair so easily?" she asked, clearly. "You are holding out your hands to Fame, and because she does not push her treasures into your blind grasp for your first asking you rail at her coldness. Success is worth more than that, Tom, or it's worth nothing."



"For my first asking?" he stammered, hotly. "Is this my first play?"

"But in writing the others you only served an apprenticeship. They were weak and false,—no, don't look angry: let me tell you the truth now and help you if I can. Did you write of anything you knew or felt? Did you look into your own heart and write? No, Tom, not even in this one did you do that. It is better than the others, but, still, only a superficial study. Write of life, Tom, dear," she said, and, going still nearer to him, clasped her fierce little hands around his arm, her accents sounding inspired on the silence. "Life!—it is the watchword of the new school."

"You didn't say this before. You let me plan and build like the conceited dolt I was."

Tom turned away in blind, unreasoning rage. His kindest critic had gone over to the enemy. If he had come to her suffering from a physical wound and she had struck him in the face it could not have seemed more awful than this wanton tearing down of his faith in himself.

"Would it have been better, I wonder? Well, perhaps. But as you read me the play I saw how you loved it. One discouraging sentence spoken then just when you were thinking of leaving the college would have pained you too much. I couldn't say it, Tom. I couldn't hurt you so. Besides, I doubted my judgment, and waited."

She paused, and threw back her head. How fearless, how loyal she looked, as her eyes flashed and her lips smiled!

"Now it has failed, as I feared. But what of that? I know you well,—have we been friends so long for nothing?—and I say that when you have fought harder battles and perhaps failed again, when you have suffered more, the men and women you write of will be human. Some day you will be all I expect you to be. I know it. I believe in you, Tom."

He could not see her face now, but the sense of her nearness touched him with a swift, evanescent feeling of delight. Something in her voice disturbed his heart again to a dawning hope and a riot of feverish questioning.

"I believe in you, Tom." A forecast of triumph rang in the words.

There was not time for more confidences before a light, irregular footstep sounded in the hall. Virginia hurriedly lit the lamp and looked intently at her father as he opened the door.

What she saw there gave a quick, strained anxiety to her expression, irresistibly touching.

He was a striking figure. His small pink-and-white face and delicate features told nothing of the insensate excesses in which a fortune had been squandered. Sixty years of life had whitened the hair falling like floss from a bald crown, but he did not cry quarter to Time. Age had come and found him rebellious. He kept his chin up, and never confessed that fierce premonitory tremors passed at unlooked-for moments over his frame.

His clothes were youthful and unusual. A cream-colored coat, worn

at the seams, but stainless, fitted tightly, foppishly at the waist and fell in a clerical frock to the knees. A long brown cape was folded across his breast after the manner of a shawl. He belonged to the past quite as much as the house he lived in. As he swayed uncertainly in the door-way he seemed to have stepped from a forgotten canvas to be for a single moment embodied in the lamplight.

"Ah, Tom," and he wagged his head unsteadily, "so you have come over to us? Welcome! A guest beneath my roof is always welcome. Eh, Virginia? Why don't you smile and say yes? If we

are poor, my girl, we know what hospitality means. We know that a crust may be divided among friends and taste the sweeter for it. As sure—as sure's my name is Rufus Kent, I'd rather—I'd rather, by heaven, sit down with a friend—mind, with a friend, that's the point—to a dinner of herbs, than in solitary magnificence before a stalled ox. My sentiments, young man. As Touchstone said, 'a poor thing, but my own.'"

Tom took the proffered hand in its faultless glove and gave it a rough grip.

"Your guest?" he was thinking. "You old scamp! You don't know that nearly every penny of your beggarly annuity goes to buy your clothes and whiskey, that Virginia does copying and painting when you are asleep and wears one gown month in and month out that the bills may be paid, that my weekly payment for bed and board will be more than acceptable. You don't know it, and—no matter what Virginia says—I think you



"A GUEST BENEATH MY ROOF IS ALWAYS WELCOME."

wouldn't care a hang if you did. If you had your deserts you'd have been pitched in the river long ago."

Somehow his own failure made him unusually bitter to Mr. Kent's shortcomings. The world's hard knocks may eventually teach resignation, but who can say that while the bruise is aching the brute within us does not snarl?

As the old man kissed Virginia on the forehead, a pathetic paternity savoring of the theatrical in the caress, he did not dream how

intensely Tom longed to call him a few hard names in sound Anglo-Saxon.

He stumbled a little, and sank into the most comfortable chair, his murky eyes half closing.

"Tea! Ah, what is more grateful to a tired body than a cup of tea?" This was a staple remark, always delivered with gusto by Mr. Kent after a lengthy communion with mixed drinks. "The fragrance of it! The sorcery of home is exhaled from a cup of tea. But—I hope, my dear, you have something else? A chop, or a bit of salad."

Virginia watched him as he looked across the tips of his delicate fingers in fuddled meditation, and felt her face burn. Her joyous anticipations of the first night spent together had been deplorably amiss. Tom was discouraged and silent, half angry with her and enraged at the world. Her father had returned after one of his "bad days," when the remembrance of all he had misused and lost stung him to drink and perhaps find the ghost of his old pleasures in the hazy enchantment offered by strong liquor.

Ah, there was hope for Tom. He would forget this disappointment. He would join the race again. He had still a lance to throw. But poor old dad! perhaps she did not half guess what thoughts tortured him. She knew his annuity trickled through his fingers now in small personal extravagances just as the thousands had gone when she was a little child, but she could not blame him.

To dress presentably and drop in upon old friends for a chat and a glass of port, sometimes to dine with them in the club where once he had shone with unequalled brilliancy, or to pay for an orchestra chair when an old comedy was presented, were the surviving joys of his decadence. His friends did not know in what corner of the town he had hidden himself, did not remember he had a daughter; frequently he forgot that fact himself. And meanwhile Virginia worked and saved, stealing only odd moments for her reading and music, practising depressing economies that robbed her cheeks of color and sometimes gave to her deep eyes an expression of fear.

But she loved the old man. Her pity for what she termed his misfortunes made her tender to his faults. Not so Tom, who had watched the pitiful little tragedy for two years. This exhausted spendthrift, this cold materialist with a dreamer's eyes, this autocrat with a voice of honey, suave, dainty, well mannered, he disliked as much as his native geniality permitted.

Tom threw himself on a lounge, and, shading his moody eyes from the lamplight, watched Virginia as she went lightly from cupboard to table, noted the streak of wavering pink staining her cheek, the eagerness with which she hurried to anticipate her father's maudlin requests.

"Ah, Virginia, how stoical you are! how steadfast! how tender and passionate!" he thought, a deep, warm pity rushing into his heart.

And he had been impatient with her for telling him an unpalatable truth, had raged at one more defeat and turned from her in bitterness! He had dared do this! Had he forgotten how often he had seen her smile in the face of despair?

His repentance, like all his moods, was quick and intense; the desire

to make amends tormenting, unappeasable. He wanted to tell her what a brute he felt himself. He was conscious of a sudden warm impulse to fold her in his arms and comfort her.

The physical helplessness of woman!—what a lovable misfortune it must always seem to a strong man! Every movement of Virginia's



SHADING HIS MOODY EYES FROM THE LAMPLIGHT, HE WATCHED VIRGINIA.

young figure, the subdued expression of her proud little mouth, the dauntless pose of her head, appealed to him, awaking the instinct of protection until it throbbed an importunate fire in his heart.

"If I could help her!" he thought, with savage longing.

While regarding her more intently than he knew, her eyes—those lovely eyes, more green than brown, and to-night more golden than green—met his, in a questioning, entreating fashion, and the look stirred him strangely. A warm flood poured over his heart. His veins pulsed heavily with an incomprehensible fever never known before, and the pain of it was nervous and sweet.

As he had felt for a brief moment when he stood by her side in the



mysterious twilight, so he felt now, only the strangeness, the pain, the delight, were intensified a hundredfold. He drew his breath with a feeling of awe.

After dinner he sat down to read. It was useless. His heart-beats were hot and thick. A medley of indefinite speculations crept between him and the printed page.

He threw himself upon his bed and tried to think what he should do, now that he had forsworn the ministry and the possibility of success as a dramatist had shrivelled under that day's blight. But that was useless too. He started to his elbow and looked with excited eyes into the darkness.

He felt he was not alone. It was as if a presence stood at his side, a new truth upon its lips, a gift within its hand.

"Do you not know me?" a voice of crystal sweetness seemed to whisper. "I come to all men sooner or later. Some find me early, and some when youth is gone. I come by strange ways. I weave strange spells. The heart that once feels my lava touch is never the same again. There is naught to withstand me. For I am Love."

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### CHAPTER III.

It was close upon eleven when at length he quitted the house. The mood of the night had changed. A light drizzle filled the air; a red vapor rolled across the sky, broken in places and giving glimpses of deeper murkiness beyond. Fog-horns bellowed from the river. Freight-trains like dingy serpents crawled past the western boundary of the college campus and went hissing into the fog. He paused irresolute for a moment after the gate clanged behind him, then crossed the street and entered the college grounds.

An unquiet spirit possessed him as he strode along the familiar paths. He was only a trespasser in this place where hitherto he had roamed at will, but whether he was seen or not was of little consequence. He had escaped from his quiet room into the wet, massy darkness to question himself. The vapor that garbed every tree in ghostly robes, the light sweep of the wind passing his ear like a woman's sigh, the peace here, and the reminders of life on the river and market-places beyond, were all old and dear to him. They had helped him before.

It was not of his rejected play he was thinking. Somehow the keenness of the sting left by failure had subsided. In fancy he saw a woman's face,—Virginia's face. It seemed to float before him, sometimes the eyes hidden as with a veil, sometimes the sweet, proud mouth.

He was filled with this new feeling that in the twinkling of an eye had rushed over him. Was it love? Love! Oh, the ecstasy ringing in the soft vowels, as he murmured them in a tender semitone!

Hitherto he had written of love, had believed that he understood it. But to-night in every fibre he felt the illimitable, untranslatable difference. He had been like a blind man dwelling on the beauty of the light he had never seen,—a stay-at-home describing the marvels of

lands never journeyed through; his heart had been sleeping while in his writings he had prated of passion.

But this sweeping forgetfulness of self even in a bitterly critical moment, this reaching out to and flooding immersion in the personality of another, this madness that shook him, trailing its seductive sweetness over his soul and making him light-headed, this insistent burning in his blood, this yearning newly born,—this was love.

He flung himself into a restful position against a tree and looked over at the windows where at times Virginia's shadow touched the shade. His face had grown haggard, his eyes were alight. Oh, he loved her. It seemed now he had always loved her.

"To tell her—oh, to tell her!" was his unuttered cry. "Oh, if I had something to offer worth her taking!—not my beggar's portion, not the ashes of my dreams. Virginia—dear, tender, sweet-voiced, strong-hearted Virginia, I am not fit to love you."

And now a state of feeling beyond expression or definition assailed him and held him as in a coil. It was strange, subtle, exquisitely sad. The mist and rain were part of it, the blustery darkness, the troubled breath in the trees, the longing and indecision in his soul, the ache of passion, the ambition so limitless and unavailing, the dull acquiescence of the conquered.

How merciless destiny seemed in that moment! How empty the world! The race so long, so tiring, ending—even at the best—in what?

He was stirred to an ecstatic sadness. Something vital quickened in his consciousness.

The serenity of his fair, untempted years sank from sight, and he seemed to look down an illuminated depth into the very heart of life. Love and death were there; agony and sin; joy, derision, temptation, despair; the curse of the suicide, the laughter of young girls, the sorrow that cries in the night. It was all so terribly clear. It racked him, inundated him, knitted itself to him.

One after another faces arose, young and old, hands seemed outstretched. He heard words that contained the glory and fire of diamonds, so real they were, so trenchant. Oh, if he could but write them as they thronged into his mind,—if he could tell the wonderful story that unfolded itself before him like a scroll upon the darkness,—might not some stand and listen?

He shivered and looked around, emerging from his waking dream as from a trance, and almost startled to find himself alone.

What was this marvellous change? He seemed on the threshold of a secret, the door open to his hand. He was as one born again under new conditions, with keener faculties for reasoning and feeling. A fire had touched him,—the fire of love. It lightened the dark places of his nature, melted the crust that held the currents of knowledge imprisoned, and he felt stimulated to walk victorious where before he had stumbled.

He thought of the play that but a short while since had been so dear a thing to him. Crude, false, and sterile it seemed now.

And yet to venture again,—dare he do it?

Even while he questioned, he knew he must. His fingers tingled

to grasp a pen. The delight of the artist, the creator, quivered through him. It was tempered by a sickening edge of dread, but still it was delight.

In a little while he was again in his own room, tearing the leaves of the rejected play to pieces. He flung them into the grate and touched them with a match.

"Virginia was right," he said, his voice broken, as if he had run a long way, and indeed his inner self had journeyed to far, undreamed-of heights that night: "you are false. Not a word of you shall live."

He stood with bowed head watching the papers. They rustled in a swirl of wind and flame, subsided into spasmodic flickerings, and nothing was left but a handful of charred fragments, light as thistle-down.

"God, help me! Give me my dream," he murmured, his lips scarcely moving.

A sustained burst of deep-toned sound

from the organ floated to him through the closed doors. It thrilled him to the heart. He seemed to hear Virginia's stanch words in their delicate intonations:

"I believe in you, Tom."

Louder the music rolled, higher, sweeter, one keen minor note transcending the heavier volume and crowning it like a star. The man's longing eyes brightened as he listened. The festival of harmony augmented his strength. His love rushed out to meet it, like flood meeting flood. Virginia seemed playing a psalm of sanctified victory fit for a Crusader who holds his standard aloft, though a rankling wound pales his lips.

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"YOU ARE FALSE. NOT A WORD OF YOU SHALL LIVE."

He would accept her message.

Until the last vibration had sunk to a caressing whisper, he stood entranced.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

THE inspiration did not desert him. All day, and far into each night, he wrote with felicitous ease. No hint of his love passed his lips to Virginia. Pride with a promise of ultimate victory in its warning voice bade Passion wait:

"You are nothing, you have nothing now, but some day you will. Some day you may dare ask her to add her love, the richest jewel, to a measure already full."

And so the time went by with an outward seeming of uneventful quietude, and October came.

Virginia sat alone one bright afternoon. She was painting a panel for a fashionable shop that was pleased to accept her work and pay as little as was possible for it. Her head was bent low, and a loosened strand of hair swept her cheek. Her figure in its inclined position revealed a supple strength and complete repose.

The little maid who helped her about the house had departed, and the room was quiet, save that a tiny white kitten purred before the stove and the clock ticked upon the mantel. And how a clock can tick in a silent room! Question it, it answers you. Sit mute, and it voices your thoughts. Virginia laid her brush down and listened to it. There was something pathetically childish about her as she sat there, her chin upon her open hand, her dilated eyes couched under the delicate brows, mirroring the passionate regret that of late had poisoned all her days.

She was not in Tom's confidence now. She did not share his walks. The gay familiar companionship, so unutterably dear, was ended. He did not know—he never must know—how often she had crept to his door late at night, to listen to the scratch of his impetuous pen.

Perhaps her words had stung him to such violent activity he would soon leave them to fight fortune in a wider field. A startled breath broke upon her lips. What would this place be without him? What would her life be? The clock answered with a cynical, knowing tick.

A shadowy wave of desolation rushed over her, and the room grew dark. Her hands fell down helplessly. The clock ticked louder, like a garrulous crone foretelling disaster.

"Virginia?" fell upon her ears with a soft suddenness that startled her. The panel slipped from her knees, and, grasping the arms of the chair, she turned her head, to find Tom standing above her.

"I have been watching you for a full minute," he said, throwing his hat down and drawing over a low stool, so that he faced her.

In the hushed, masterful whisper she recognized something unusual. Something unusual was in his face, too. Repression was there, excitement, joy.

"I didn't hear you come in," Virginia answered, her voice sounding thick and far away in her own ears.

She half stooped to draw back the piece of satin on which a bunch of daisies was still wet. He caught her hand, and with gentle fingers that brooked no resistance took the thing away and placed it out of her reach.

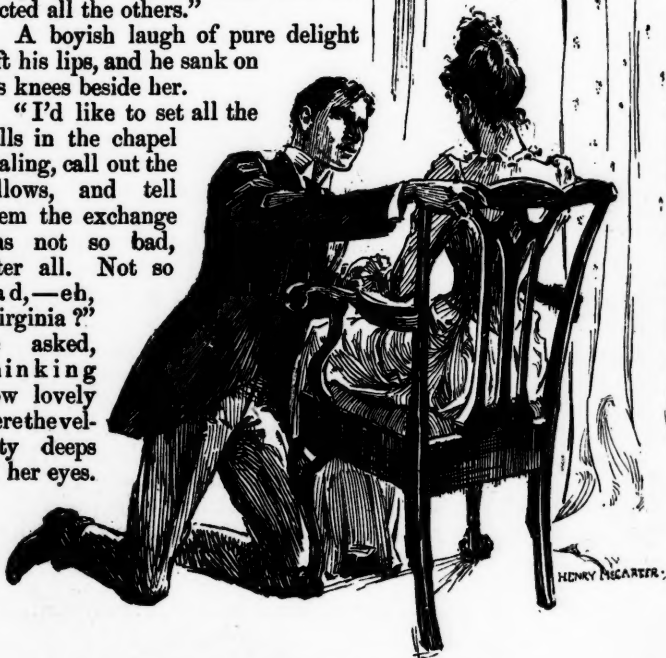
"Dear little hand!" and his voice was heavy with love, "dear, faithful little hand! Let it rest awhile here, Virginia."

The girl shivered as one does who rushes from a cold vault into the sunlight.

"Look at me!" she heard him saying in a half-suppressed voice of intense exultation. "I am the happiest fellow in New York. You told me you believed in me. You told me that. Oh, Virginia, how those words have stayed with me! And you were right. I have succeeded. My last play was accepted, and by the man who rejected all the others."

A boyish laugh of pure delight left his lips, and he sank on his knees beside her.

"I'd like to set all the bells in the chapel pealing, call out the fellows, and tell them the exchange was not so bad, after all. Not so bad,—eh, Virginia?" he asked, thinking how lovely were the velvet deeps of her eyes.



"THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE I MUST TELL YOU FIRST."

"It is so sudden, so strange. But, oh, there is such gladness and light in my heart for you, Tom! Tell me more, tell me all about it."

He leaned closer; she felt his hand upon her shoulder; his mouth in its lithe, boyish curves was very near her own.

"There is something else I must tell you first," he said, slowly.



In that long, sultry look she knew all. Her pulses quickened, a fire grew in her heart. He loved her, then? Oh, he did, he did!

Their faces were so close, there was a resistless impulse, a moment of confused, delirious joy, and their lips clung in a kiss that drew Virginia's heart with it.

Tom's lids fell heavily. He was very white. A great sigh came from his lips:

"Virginia——"

But the door opened. Tom had scarcely time to stand up before her father came in, followed by a boy with a package.

The old man was aglow with pleasurable excitement. He closed the door after the messenger, crossed the room in his graceful, stately way, and shook hands with Tom.

"I have had a pleasant day," he said, briskly. "Such a delightful coincidence! What would life be without the unexpected? Have you ever thought of that, Tom?"

"I am thinking of it now, sir," and he exchanged a fleeting glance of arch meaning with Virginia. "But I differ with you slightly. The unexpected can prove—well, at some moments—an out-and-out nuisance."

"When it's of an unpleasant nature, yes, of course,—My slippers, Virginia; thank you, my dear,—but when it carries you back to a pleasant time, and surrounds you with happy memories—ah, then!"

"Tell me about it, dad," said Virginia as she leaned over him.

Her face was glorified. She looked with naïve tenderness straight at Tom, as she spoke,—looked, until her eyes fell under the fire in his.

"It happened this way," and Mr. Kent ambled drowsily on, ignorant that the splendor of youth and love was eddying in warm glances around his frosty head. "I had just cashed my check, and was walking up Broadway. As I came near Bond Street I chanced to look up, and saw an auctioneer's flag over a dim shop in a basement. I went down. The place was packed, the bidding was brisk. Pieces of quaint pottery went for a song, old miniatures, shawls and rugs. I went nearer. Ah, how I longed for money, money, money!"

He paused, and Virginia gave an uneasy glance at the package.

"But you didn't buy any of those lovely, useless things?" she interposed, in a whisper. "You didn't, surely, dad? You know the quarter's rent——"

"Never mind the quarter's rent, Virginia. You always will drag in these purely private matters before our guests."

With a delicate impatience he moved to the stove, and held out his white hands to the warmth.

"Where was I when you interrupted me? Ah," and he took off his glasses, lightly flicking his coat-sleeve with them, "I remember. I controlled myself. I bought nothing until I saw a gem that almost made me give a cry of recognition. Against the red cloth, in the lamp-light and dust, stood a piece of statuary that I parted with in an evil day long ago." He looked at both his listeners with a dim smile, and his voice became retrospective. "How it recalled the bright spring



morning I picked it up in Paris! Ah, dear me! I commenced bidding for it. At last only one voice was heard competing with me. The owner of it peered at me through the crowd. I peered at him. Who was it but the son of a dear old friend! Ah, it was a sight to see him look at me only half convinced. 'Is your name Kent?' 'It is, and you are Richard Monklow,' I answered. Well, he withdrew, and the bust became mine. I spent the rest of the day with him. We lunched at Delmonico's, played a game of poker in his rooms afterward. Ah, he's a fine fellow, this Lieutenant Monklow. He's just left the navy to inherit a great fortune. Oh, what a life he has had!—teeming with adventure, with experience. Lucky dog! But open the packages, Tom, and see 'The Masker.' It cost me sixty dollars to regain it. What matter? It is worth hundreds."

In a moment Tom had the wrappings off, and the bust was placed on a little stand. The head and shoulders of a girl gleamed whitely in marble. She was represented laughing with unrestrained gayety, her eyes half closed from sheer weariness of so much mirth, her curling mouth with its range of little teeth just showing above the small mask that one daintily-curved hand had pulled down in a capricious moment.

A lovely thing indeed, but sadly out of place in that poor room. It seemed strange to Virginia that her father did not recognize the singular unfitness.

The girl was laughing at them all! And to have spent sixty dollars for it! Oh, it was wanton, cruel!

"Touch it reverently, Virginia. It belongs to my past," sighed Mr. Kent.

"But, father dear, how—how could you do it?" she burst out, with uncontrollable reproach. "Sixty dollars, and so many things needed here!"

Tom saw the old man's eyes flash, as he straightened himself from the waist:

"That will do, my dear. I do not see that we lack any of the plain comforts,—which, alas! are all I can at present provide,—and if I choose to add a luxurious trifle, something associated with the dear dead days, I will not," he said, in a clear, studied voice,—"I will not, be interfered with. Now, if you please, my child, we'll say no more about it. Whenever you want to talk over household matters with me, I am always at your service—in private."

Nothing more was said, and the bust was placed near the melodeon. But Virginia could not bear to look at it. Poverty was biting, their needs urgent, and debt abhorrent to her. How many panels she would have to strain her eyes over before half of sixty dollars was earned! A burning mist fell over her sight. She looked up and met Tom's compassionate eyes. They counselled her to be patient. Ah, what did these small briers matter, since he loved her?

There lay her hope, her refuge.

## CHAPTER V.

"I DON'T know," and Mr. Plunket sat back, thoughtfully crossing his legs, "but it seems to me, that strong speech of Lemaire's coming so closely upon Miriam's denunciation takes the ginger out of Miss Stone's lines. Tone that down, Murray, or hold it back a bit."

The rehearsal of "The World's Way" was on. Raw gaslight flooded the stage and showed the auditorium beyond, a shadowy pit that echoed every word. Tom stood near the manager, the prompt-book in his hand, interlining it with new suggestions for stage business, and sometimes altering a line to be more effective.

He was accustomed to the theatre by this time. For two weeks he had been coming and going, spending much of his time among scene-painters, and holding long interviews with the manager. He no longer felt resentful at hearing the text slurred at rehearsals and only the cues given with distinctness. He was accustomed to seeing the players go through the "business" like automatons, and climaxes his heart had stood still in creating, arranged with mechanical exactness.

The skeleton of the player's craft,—without the simulated passion and humor,—the hardship and disillusion, were all familiar now.

The days were too short for all he found to do, and sometimes it was past midnight before he thought of returning to Chelsea Square.

The interrupted avowal of his love to Virginia had not been finished. But in a vague, happy way she understood that even that must remain abeyant to the success of his play.

Ofttimes the thought that it might fail gave him a soul-sickness that embittered his food and kept sleep away. It was not enough to hear it praised and feel its reality himself. The final verdict must come from the crowd, the vague mass called the public, depending upon its mood. What this would be, who could foretell? He heard on every hand of plays teeming with promise that had gone down like ships at sea with flags flying and cargoes of gems on board; of others of only doubtful value that had made fortunes and established reputations.

Doubt left him no peace, and the first night of "The World's Way" found him with every sense quivering and alert. Behind the scenes the air was freighted with fever. Everybody was whispering, peeping, speculating, except Tom, and he leaned against one of the wings, waiting. He could do no more. Opal-like gleams of excitement flickered in his eyes, nervous tremors ran through his blood, and behind an easy smile his teeth were clinched. He could not breathe freely until the first act was over.

Five minutes before the curtain went up he peeped over the gasman's shoulder and looked eagerly at the upper right-hand box. He saw Mr. Kent first, standing well in front, leisurely surveying the house through an opera-glass, as familiarly as if boxes on first nights were quite every-day matters.

A little more in shadow sat Virginia. Tom scarcely knew her in

the new gray gown and the feathered hat with bent rim. How pretty she was! Happiness was a tonic that had softened every curve of her face. Her eyes, dilated to a starry radiance, rested dreamily on the still undrawn curtain; her cheeks were a burning pink.

A tenderness swept over his heart, and the thought of all she was to him rose triumphant above every other feeling. Was it not good to know that one in that crowded house was thinking with tenderness of him, not as the new dramatist making a bid for fame, but just as "Tom," whose every hope was at stake?

Perhaps as they went home he might whisper those three words that hold imprisoned in their small circle the harmony of the world. He might tell her in the crowded car, or for a moment before parting in the hall. It mattered not how or where, if only he received in a word the assurance of the belief that she loved him.

The first few moments following the tinkle of the bell he never remembered clearly. Save for the rustle of the prompter's book, there was absolute silence behind the scenes. The house was as still. On the hush voices swept to him speaking the words he knew by heart. The music commenced faintly like the distant sob of waves, a swaying melody painful and sweet. Tom dared to lift his eyes and watch the scene, then by degrees the painful sense of trepidation left him. For this was the pregnant action he had dreamed of; these were the words fire-laden, scorching, living,—the passion that had put on the garb of reality,—the humor, sweet, surprising, and irresistible. Sometimes a gust of laughter swept over the house, intermittent applause that showed critical appreciation, or dead, absorbed silences.

But when the curtain fell, a sound like a thunder-bolt leaped across the footlights and made the scenery quake. It sank only to revive again, its clamor swelling like a storm at its culmination. Ah, then he seemed lifted up. The sound made him sick with delight. His hour had struck.

The players stood around him, a flushed, triumphant group.

"It's a go."

"A hit."

"Went swimmingly. Every line told. I never played to a warmer house."

Words like these and the persistent applause followed him down the narrow passage to the street. He wanted to feel alone for a little while the rapture of triumph. They lied who said that hope was a fallacy, life a failure. The world had widened and grown so fair. The years teemed with rosy possibilities, mystic, beckoning. His heart was full with a rush of joy.

It seemed to him there never was a fairer night than this, which marked the first important ascent in his life. Frost glittered on the pavements like pale dust. The rays of the moon blanched window-panes into squares of pearl, and sketched the outlines of chimneys and door-posts in fanciful, black angles.

As he strode along, his blood tingled in the seductive confusion of a dream where passion and triumph walked hand in hand. Virginia!—he loved her so. She was so necessary to him. He would make up

for all she suffered now. Ah, would he not? It would be sweet to lavish upon her the dainties and elegancies that all women love. She should have done with pinching and worry in that happy time.

Wonderful visions these, which Tom saw revealed in the moonlight. Stainless, they buoyed his spirit and beckoned him on.

When he reached the theatre the second act was over. He felt a little tired and his breath came fast, yet in his exaltation he was scarcely conscious of having walked.

At the box office the manager stood chatting with some friends. A low, thick laugh gurgled from his lips, his face was radiant. Everything about him told of a crowded house and big box-office receipts. He saw Tom and beckoned to him.

"Shy, are you?" he asked, with a rollicking wag of his head, an expanding wave of his white hands.

He was a large man, red-faced, pale-haired, one who had always a genuine welcome for himself, and whose every action was climactic. If he were only offering a cigarette he plunged into his pocket with an air of mystery and brought it forth a triumphant surprise.

"You stole away from us all after making the biggest hit I've seen in fifteen years. Come, come, that will never do. You want to pull yourself together, youngster, and get cheeky, for you'll have to face the crowd by and by."

"Face the crowd? You don't mean——"

"Yes, I do. They'll call for you. Then you'll go out with a pretty speech, and all the girls will fall in love with you. This last is most important, by the way. It will bring crowded matinées. The women keep the theatres going, just as they elect the Presidents. They're the ones we want to please. You'll please 'em, my boy; you'll please 'em."

He laughed knowingly, his friends joining, then his face grew suddenly sharp and serious, something hawk-like chasing the lazy good humor from his expression.

"Here's Delatole. Be nice to him, and he'll make your fortune doubly sure. I heard him asking for you a minute ago."

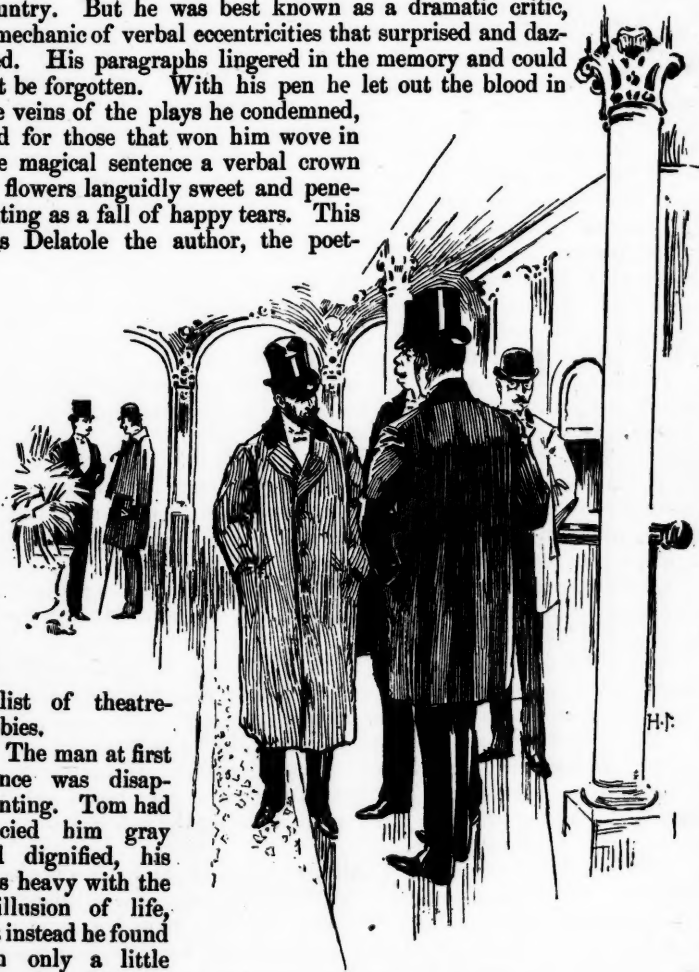
"Delatole? The critic on *The Challenge*?"

"The same. See here, Murray. A little flattery goes a long way with him. If he likes you personally the dictionary doesn't hold words strong enough for his praise. If he doesn't, he can do the wet-blanket business in the most exquisite diction you ever read. Ask him to supper. Cultivate him. He's a bit of a schemer, two-faced as they make 'em, and I wouldn't trust him around the corner,—no, not around the corner—Ah, Delatole, how are you? You're the very man we want to see," he cried, as the new-comer strolled up to them. "What do you think of the play? Some of you fellows would rather roast us than do the other thing any day. But you'll do us justice. As I was just saying to Murray, he can rely on you for fair play."

The lie was spoken with impressive earnestness, suggesting a deeply-rooted, long-tried confidence, but was accompanied by a thumb-thrust that left an aching memory in the region of Tom's ribs.

He moved from the thumb's vicinity and found Delatole critically regarding him.

So this was Delatole, the feared, the brilliant, the applauded. The very children were familiar with his name. Essays, poems, reviews, had trickled from his untiring pen in crystalline phrases, the pattering music of a mandolin in their light swing. He had been pioneer in reforms in the political, social, and ethical centres of the country. But he was best known as a dramatic critic, a mechanic of verbal eccentricities that surprised and dazzled. His paragraphs lingered in the memory and could not be forgotten. With his pen he let out the blood in the veins of the plays he condemned, and for those that won him wove in one magical sentence a verbal crown of flowers languidly sweet and penetrating as a fall of happy tears. This was Delatole the author, the poet-



realist of theatre-lobbies.

The man at first glance was disappointing. Tom had fancied him gray and dignified, his eyes heavy with the disillusion of life, but instead he found him only a little older than himself, small and pompous in bearing.

His spare face was sallow, and ended in a pointed black beard. His eyes were hollow and of that dense blackness that resists light. A sardonic flippancy had curled his upper lip to one side.

As he languidly drew one hand from the pocket of the great, shaggy coat enveloping him like a blanket, Tom noticed it was pale and force-

SO THIS WAS DELATOLE.



less as the hand of a delicate woman, the tips of the fingers senna-brown from the use of tobacco.

"I've been looking for you. I wanted a word with you," he said, tone and glance connoisseur-like. "Is it true 'The World's Way' is your first play?"

"The first that has not died almost at birth."

As Tom spoke he felt the sensitive pleasure all who first came in contact with Delatole experienced in some degree. The restful assurance of his manner, the flashes of his shrewd eyes, the musical, drawling voice, were all insinuatingly attractive to Tom, and filled him with admiration. By comparison he felt himself too brusque, too impetuous, almost an artless savage.

"You interest me," said Delatole. "I must have you tell me more of yourself. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, New York won't be averse to hearing a little about you to-morrow. After the play, if you've nothing better on hand, suppose you come and sup with me."

The act had commenced, and he scarcely paused to hear Tom's murmured acceptance. It was a foregone conclusion that a new author would not dream of refusing Anthony Delatole.

When the curtain fell, the excited audience rose and cheered. They wanted the leading actors, the manager, and lastly the author. Virginia gave a little, excited sob in her muff as she listened to the hoarse, irregular cry. They wanted Tom. Oh, to think of it! They were calling for him, as for a victor. Her heart throbbed exultantly under a pressure of happy pain, and when he came, an expectant hush awaiting his words, when she heard his rich-toned, familiar voice across the footlights, a tear did fall on the new pearl-colored gloves.

As he retreated amid more "bravos" and hand-clapping he sent her a glowing glance, and she waved her hand to him. It was worth having lived for that moment.

He was waiting outside the theatre, but only to say he could not return with her, and he introduced Delatole, who stood by, his chin luxuriously buried in a great fur collar.

Before turning away he managed to say, in a low voice,—

"Have I justified your belief in me, Virginia? Tell me that."

"You need not ask. The public has answered; but in case you have any doubt, let me tell you I wanted to hug the audience *en masse*, and—just look at my gloves."

He left her, laughing, and half looking back, and she was glad—yes, glad—of this chance that made him the guest of a brilliant man on this happy night. But something cold fell upon her heart as in crossing the street she turned her head and saw Tom striding away in the shower of moonlight by his new friend's side.

It was a foolish, womanly apprehension, without root or reason, such as, born in the darkness, die in the morning. Fight it as she would, however, it came back and clung to her as the dampness clings to the walls of a sunless room, until every semblance of cheer died under the depressing chill.

"It will be different to-morrow," she said, with a heavy sigh, as she fell asleep that night.



## CHAPTER VI.

"WE won't dine *tête-à-tête*," said Delatole, with a dry smile, as he led Tom across Madison Square. "I'm going to have you meet some other fellows, friends of mine. It will be well for you to know them."

And he ran over a list of names, all familiar to Tom, and young like himself,—artists, writers, painters, and wealthy dilettanti. His heart grew large with pride. He tingled with anticipation, and tremors of ecstasy passed over him as if he had drunk the distilled witchcraft of the moonlight. The artistic world was his to enter, and Delatole, a leader, was holding the door open for him. Like a companion picture in shadow rose the memory of the night when he walked alone in the rain in the sore travail of spirit out of which this first success was born. Was he that man? Was the illuminated blue above him the same sky he had looked at then?

"It's so awfully good of you to give me this opportunity," he said; and Delatole understood all that the joyous inflection in his voice expressed.

There was not much about the ingenuous young fellow beside him that Delatole did not shrewdly understand. It was his custom to study the people he met, and adapt them, if possible, to his requirements of the moment. He used his friends. When they tired of serving him he turned his secret enmity to account whenever opportunity offered by making them the subjects of scintillating, scathing attacks in the press, that added to his fame. How Murray could serve him he had not yet determined, but his gratitude was what he wanted. Such fresh and promising material, which would easily receive whatever impress he might place upon it, was not met with every day.

"Oh, you needn't thank me, Murray," he said, with his acid smile, and shivering even in the depths of his cumbersome coat, as an icy wind swept across the square: "I'm a little bit proud of this chance to take you up. You mustn't be too modest. You are a success. You've written a play that's caught the town,—a play that will live. How you did it is a mystery to me. You haven't lived long enough to know the awful truth of all you've said. Once or twice there was a pain in the place where my heart used to be. Read what I've said of you in *The Challenge* to-morrow. I went out during the act and dashed off a criticism in a beer-saloon. In a few days I'll go into the subject at some length and—well, you'll see! But tell me now how your inspiration came. You're something of a problem to me."

"I haven't known much of life," said Tom; "and I suppose I'm unsophisticated and credulous. But somehow I understand this game in which as yet I've scarcely taken a hand. Somehow I seem to know how I would suffer under the stress of the temptation I described. Some of the words burned me as I wrote them—I lived in the scene. Within my own consciousness I loved, struggled, fell, and repented with my hero."

"Go on. I like to hear you. You sounded the depths of your

emotional possibilities before the water was troubled. I understand. The plummet went to a dark depth to have given you even a shadowy insight into such intensely human mistakes and pain. Think of it, by Jove! you who've hardly known a sorrow made the women weep! And that small, pale ray of promise at the end was masterly."

Tom felt a nearness to this stranger, almost an affection, as he listened. By degrees his uneventful history was won from him. He felt a little abashed at its nothingness, the narrative of days flowing quietly in an unfashionable neighborhood, and his almost friendless condition.

"Of course there are Mr. Kent and Virginia," he said, more brightly; "but I know few people in New York. I didn't care for the fellows in college. My father died four months ago: that was my first grief, as I don't remember my mother at all. I would often have felt desperately lonely if it had not been for Virginia."

"The girl I met to-night? Ah, yes. Pretty eyes. Rather a dangerous sort of friend, I should think, for a fellow like you."

"You don't know what she's been to me," said Tom. And then, morbidly fearful of appearing sentimental, he relapsed into silence.

Delatole asked no question. There was no need of one.

"Isn't it strange," said Tom, after a pause filled only with the crunch of their footsteps on the frost-hardened snow, "I used to think myself awfully wretched and forsaken sometimes? I had an arrogant idea that I was the most abused fellow in New York. But after I had grouped my characters and grew to know their imagined faces, after I had knotted the tragic thread that held them, then I knew the difference. Poverty and the small perplexities of my life lost their sting when I faced the picture of a stricken soul of my own creating. No, I can never be bitter or discontented again. I have learned a new and sweet philosophy,—to accept the littlenesses of life gladly, if only peace go with them."

Delatole's eyes were fixed upon him now. The burning end of the cigar between Tom's lips threw a red gleam upon his darkly handsome face at every respiration. The dreaminess softening it, the lingering tenderness with which he spoke the last slow words, told his companion that what he had half divined before was true: if Murray had not lived, at least love had not passed him by.

A species of envy mixed with Delatole's alert attention. He thought of his exhausted sensibilities, and of the jaded commonplace which even the best and brightest in life had become to him. What would he not give to have back the youth of heart he saw in Tom's eyes!

"Fresh for the feast with spurs valiantly won in the fray, and under the domination of a romantic passion, perhaps his first. And he is so untried he doesn't know he has cause to cry aloud and beat his hands for joy. It won't last. It never does. By and by, when life has left a bitter taste in his mouth, he will remember with wonder and longing that he once thought one particular woman worth this impulsive worship. He's quite capable of making a fool of himself. I know the tone. I know the look. So her name's Virginia, and she's

been much to him? But I needn't laugh. Was I not just such a deliriously happy idiot once?"

They had reathed a broad, wind-swept street that crossed Madison Avenue not far above the square, and Delatole turned the corner.

"You have heard of Max Glendenning, of course. He leaves for Japan to-morrow and gives a farewell hurrah to-night. Quite informal, you know: meats on the sideboard, help yourself, come and go as you please, plenty to drink, some good stories, some pretty women. Any friend of mine is his. We were chums, had chambers together, and lived a free, ideal existence, until"—and a savage sneer twisted Delatole's lip still farther to one side—"he went down before Madeline Sorel, the burlesque-woman. I never saw a man so madly in love. She kept running after him, too, making herself confoundedly at home in our quarters with her rouge, her songs, and her cigarettes. I wouldn't



stand it. We split and parted irrevocably, but with no hard words. He'll marry her yet,—the fellows are making bets on it,—and when he does—bah!" Delatole stood still in the street. "Have you ever thought, my young friend, to what lengths a man's infatuation for a woman may lead him?" Raising his elbow, he lowered his extended index finger with a jerk: "Straight down. There's no help for him."

DELATOLE PAUSED AND ABRUPTLY LAID HIS HAND ON TOM'S SHOULDER.

"A woman like that!" exclaimed Tom, with sweeping disgust.

"Any woman, if she becomes necessary to him, can kill ambition in an artist. Perhaps she does it with sugared poison, but the dose is sure. Oh, don't suppose I haven't loved romantically, wildly, and not a woman of the Sorel type, either. The girl who fired my heart—it seems a century ago—was a lovely little thing with heavenly eyes, and I used to sing hymns with her. When she sent me a little note as sweet as herself telling me she had flung me over for a rich fellow, I almost lost my mind. Ah, but that blow saved me. If I met her to-day I'd thank her for it. Look at Glendenning. Nature intended him for a painter. Riches at first stood in his way. Necessity did not drive him, whip in hand. Pleasure in art was his only incentive. Even so, he did good work; some day he would have done great work. That's all over now. He is under a spell. What does it matter if the woman who weaves it is unfit to tie his shoes? It's the absorption of love I'm speaking of,—good, bad, or indifferent. Once you surrender to an influence stronger than the charm of creation, the richness of fancy will pale, the hand weaken, the artist be lost."

Tom blew a cloud of smoke into the air and remained silent. The words had startled and shocked him a little. They set a new circle of impressions moving in his brain. Could love wield a weakening influence? Was it not love—passionate love—which had taught him to see?

"Here we are." And Delatole stopped at a house.

It was square, solid, chocolate-colored, capped by the sky's frosty blue. Half a dozen cabs stood at the door. A great, jutting window on the second story was flooded with rose-colored light.

Half-way up the high flight of steps Delatole paused and abruptly laid his hand on Tom's shoulder:

"Look here. Now, you mustn't think me officious, you know. You mustn't, for you know I like you, Murray, and I always speak my mind. I'm frank sometimes to rudeness. You won't be angry?"

"I'm sure I won't. But if I can't accept your biting scepticism you mustn't blame me. Are you going to tell me not to fall in love?" And, throwing away his cigar, Tom feigned a careless laugh and met his companion's alert, serious gaze.

"You regard me as a cynic who reviles romance because he has lost the power of feeling it; but you're wrong. I reason, looking backwards with a horribly clear vision, and I see how love becomes a weariness, a curse, or a farce. You hope, dream, and revel in a glorified haze. Now, I have the most profound respect for youthful enthusiasm; I hate to try to brush it away; it is a beautiful thing! But it has caused more irretrievable mistakes than any other species of delusion I know of. Be careful; oh, be careful. You have made a brilliant start. If you don't want to plunge like a meteor into darkness and be remembered only as one who perished gloriously, keep yourself unshackled. I've done now. Come."

## CHAPTER VII.

DAWN, a monotone in level gray, hung over the town ere Tom with the last of the revellers left Glendenning's.

"Ugh, how cold it is! My blood is thin at this unearthly hour," said Delatole, lighting a cigarette, as they paused to separate at Madison Square. "I've often thought if I ever do assist my own departure from this perpetual dressing and undressing, it will be in this gray stillness when one seems to feel the pulse of the world. Will you be on the stage to-night?"

"Yes; but suppose—now, suppose you dine with me," said Tom, with a hazy recollection of the manager's advice.

His speech was thick and wavering. Delatole's head seemed spinning round like a top. The trees in the square were certainly dancing a minuet.

"Charmed. And now go home, Murray, and go to bed. Not used to wine, are you? You might forget my address, so I'll put my card in your pocket,—there. Come down at four and have a smoke in my den. Not such a fine place as Glendenning's, but cosey, you'll find."

When Tom reached Chelsea Square the sparrows were chattering as if mad. Their shrill clamor and his own unsteady footfalls made the surrounding silence seem more dense. The college buildings, like great, gray watchers, frowned upon him from behind a blue haze, trembling and mysterious.

He had walked down the street only the preceding evening on his way to the theatre, and yet in a bewildered, hazy fashion he felt that between that hour and this there had come a rent in his moral fibre, like a narrow cleft in a riven rock.

A blinding pain stung his tired eyes; there was a burning in his chest. The thought of reaching his room unseen and letting slumber blot out the medley of impressions besieging him was so seductive, he quickened his steps.

How the sparrows kept chattering among the denuded boughs!

"Here he comes," they seemed to chirp rapidly. "Look! look! Here he comes. Oh, see! oh, see! Here he comes. Here he comes."

Was there an accusing note in their shrill chorus? Or did he from an unexplained sense of guilt only fancy it?

He stole like a thief through the deserted halls. When he had locked the door of his room he threw himself half disrobed upon the bed and sank into a feverish, broken sleep. It was a sleep of dreams. He was again in Glendenning's house, filling his senses with a surfeit of the delicious coloring, the evasive fragrance, wandering among the treasures gathered from mosques and throne-rooms, the rugs everywhere changeably glowing like huge chameleon-skins, the armor looming with feudal significance in shadow.

His memory floated back to a blur of wine and smoke; the soft bite of the champagne was again in his throat, its delicate fire mounting to his brain and shedding over it a confusion soft and witch-like. Nor



did he forget the jesting slings at things he had hitherto viewed as sacred, nor the laughter that turned virtue to ridicule. They were recalled with the same genial palliation that had marked his acceptance of them.

The rosy light, the crowd, where women fluttered like bright-hued butterflies, the evidences of reckless wealth on every hand, the complete absence of all restraint, had captured him, and in a mental saturnalia he heard the toasts and saw the money changing hands at cards, the refrains of songs that shook the windows, and the dances that called forth screaming cheers. As half wakeful he tossed upon his bed his memory revelled in



VIRGINIA, OUTSIDE THE DOOR, CALLING TO HIM, WAS FEARFULLY REAL.

every detail of this new phase of life,—a wildly joyous thing, holding no thought of the morrow, only the delight of the dear, the living moment.

A faint tapping sounded through the nebulae. At first it seemed that Glendenning was knocking on the table for silence. No, it was rain beating on the window. But as it sounded still clearer and woke him to full consciousness he opened his heavy eyes and listened. Some one was gently knocking at his door.



"Tom," came softly to him, "here are letters for you."

Virginia's voice! He started up, leaned his head on his hands, but kept silence. The gay delirium of his dream departed, and he felt sick at heart. He seemed strange to himself; the room was strange; only Virginia, outside the door, calling to him, was fearfully real.

If she should see him, she would know—she might even guess from his voice—that he was——

He could not finish the thought.

"Tom, it's two o'clock. Are you ill? Don't you hear me?" And now the voice had an accent of fear.

Ill? Yes, that would be his excuse. And surely it was true. A dreadful nausea surged through him, red-hot pincers seemed holding his head. Feigning a yawn, he coughed and said,—

"Who's there?"

"Oh, you are awake at last. Sir Lazybones, do you know it is well on in the afternoon?"

He made no answer. Virginia must not see him; she must not know. That was all he could think of as he sat on the edge of the bed, his hands clasped to his hot forehead.

"Your lunch is ready now. Will you be out soon? Mr. Plunket has sent over a dozen or more letters from the theatre."

"I'm not well, Virginia. I couldn't eat a thing. Let the letters wait."

Silence followed for a moment, and he could fancy the undeserved pity in her sweet eyes.

"Isn't there something I can do to help you? Isn't there something that would tempt you to eat? I must go out, but I'd like to leave you comfortable first."

"Nothing, thank you. My head is aching, that's all. A little quiet, and I'll be all right. You mustn't wait in on my account."

"You've worked too hard, Tom," came the delicious voice, with tender severity. "The strain is telling now. No wonder your head aches, you poor fellow. I'm sorry I called you. I'll leave lunch ready for you." And she added, with determination, "Now do try and eat a little by and by."

She gave a short sigh as she turned away, and Tom felt himself a monster of deceit. He remained quite still, with closed eyes, and something very like self-contempt flowered in his heart. In one wild night he had become better acquainted with himself and the dark possibilities of his nature than in all the peaceful years gone by.

Weak. That was the word an elfin voice seemed whispering in his ear. Brilliant, impetuous, tender-hearted, with aspiring motives, but weak, vacillating as water dimpling in new circles with every pebble thrown.

If he were not weak he could not so easily have thrown away his shy reserve and lent his voice and ear to words that stood forth now stripped of all captivating glamour, coarse, cynical, shameful. Distinctions would not so soon have grown misty.

He loved Virginia as dearly as it was possible for him to love. Yet for a night he had forgotten her. Her resistless eyes and guiding hand

had not stayed with him to lead him away from the flattery and easy comradeship of women unfit to breathe her name. He loved Virginia. But was he worth her love?

Thrown amid varied temptations as he saw now he must be in a crowded, worldly life, would his heart remain unsoiled? Could he keep faith with her? Yesterday, without one wavering doubt, he would have said "yes." To-day he felt a gloomy, tormenting fear. No, he dare not say that the bright wave of success would touch him and in its backward surge bear away no moral wreckage.

He sprang up determined that a first failure should not rob him of courage. He would not think. He could not fancy his life apart from Virginia's.

When he entered the sunny front room he found the round table drawn close to the window. The sun struck scintillations from the glass, and eddied in swimming beauty around a bowl of fresh hyacinths placed beside his plate. He picked out a cluster and pinned it in his coat, caressing for a moment the uplifted, perfumy bells.

"They are like herself,—fair and sweet and pure. I wish she was here now."

Just before him his blood-shot eyes flamed from a mirror. They seemed repeating the question,—

"Are you worth her love?"

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

DELATOLE's apartments were in the University Building. He loved the weather-stained pile because it was old,—so little was old in New York. He loved the gloomy halls and the high, dusty windows. His rooms were a medley where discord in the extreme blended into a startling harmony. Curiosity-shops had been ransacked for treasures, and he had even paid flying visits to ship-chandlers' shops upon the wharves in the desire to collect antagonistic bits. Fish-nets that had the salt of the sea woven into their fibres took the place of more conventional hangings. Mugs of every size and the most fanciful shapes, some of them very old, hung in a line around the mantel, each a mirror for the crackling fire below. Divans swathed in Turkish stuffs jutted from shadowy angles, and held palpitating gleams from hanging lamps in their Oriental, bespangled folds. His bed had curtains of pale tapestry fragrant as spice, and looped up by spears; it was screened by a leathery Indian mat resembling the back of a huge turtle and suspended by hooks from the ceiling.

Delatole had many sides to his character. He was a rake, a parasite, but he was also a genuine artist and loved his work. He loved the sombre dreams which stole in upon his solitude, in this old house, in this old street. They tipped his pen with cabalistic power. When the wind howled and the snow fell, the draughty passages seemed trodden by ghostly feet, and Fancy often crossed his threshold, garbed in some fluttering rag of the dead years. Sometimes he had but to half

shut his eyes, and, looking across his untidy desk to the limits of the spacious square beyond, see the roof-tops stretch away into a sun-kissed desert, and the hanging smoke become the white tents of a waiting army.

Yes, he loved the place, but it must go, and his life there be remembered as a dream. On this November afternoon while he waited for Tom he held in his hand, which was trembling with rage, a notice to leave these self-same apartments or pay a very large sum in a very short time. Curious that a man should prefer as a tenant some commonplace fellow with money, instead of a brilliant critic, who made cigarette-lighters of his dunning letters! A few oaths that reduced creation to chaos, and a few puffs of a cigarette, cleared his brain. He sat back to think.

So much money had gone at the gambling-table, so much on the races, so much in speculation. And the result? Enormous bills flowing in from every quarter, chief among them an appalling array of figures for more than a year's rent.

"There's not a hole or corner where I can borrow a third of it," he exclaimed, impatiently; and, tightening the girdle of the Eastern robe enfolding his slight figure, he strolled to the window, and through the tangle of bare branches looked across at the snowy grass-plots of Washington Square.

He scarcely moved for many minutes. Was there nothing he could do? Nothing? One plan after another was dismissed as impracticable, until his eyes fell upon Tom coming across the Park, the orange light streaming from the west behind him making a moving silhouette of his vigorous figure.

Delatole's eyes became inscrutable, the smoke-wreaths curled furiously around his head, and he caressed his lip with the point of his tongue, as if he had literally tasted a palatable thought.

"You fool! Why didn't you think of him before?" he said, aloud, and burst out laughing.

When the sedate English valet, who had almost forgotten the look of American money, opened the door for Tom, his host strolled from the window with hands outstretched.

"Only half an hour late!" he said, airily, in his drawling voice. "Not bad for a new celebrity. Did you see *The Challenge* this morning? Good—wasn't it? Here, read this."

He picked up some loosely-scattered pages covered with his delicate, cramped writing, and pushed them into Tom's hands.

"This will be in on Thursday morning. You see, it's a minute review of the play. You certainly can't complain."

Tom carried them to the window, and turned one rustling page after another. Glorious words were these,—magnetic, intense. And how true!—how marvellously true! His own intimate struggles in writing the play had been divined by the keen critical understanding of the writer. The lines flowed delicately, subtly, and were sweet as incense. They throbbed in his brain, his eyes lightened.

"I had not hoped for this," he said, with a grateful glance, as he came back to the table, while slowly drawing off his gloves. "How

awfully kind of you! My conviction that you mean it all is far dearer than that New York will read these words."

"Yes, I mean it all."

Delatole handed him a cigarette, gave an abrupt glance at his harassed, weary face, and said, musingly,—

"You don't look like yourself to-day. Aren't you well?"

"I'm quite well."

"But you seem depressed."

Tom smoked for a moment in silence.

"Not so much depressed. I am disgusted," he said, fiercely. "Did you know that I was—drunk last night?"

Delatole opened his eyes very wide, and softly laughed as if infinitely amused.

"I wish you wouldn't laugh," Tom said, a little sullenly, a streak of color crossing his cheek. "It was the first time, and is not pleasant to remember."

Delatole's eyebrows twitched, he lowered his eyes, and thoughtfully moved some trifle on the table.

"But, I say, are you going in for respectability?—for that cumbersome respectability that 'strains at a gnat'? Are you?"

The languid curiosity of his tone was more contemptuous than his laugh.

Tom was troubled by a strange feeling as he listened. He did not like Delatole in his usual genial, unreserved way. Just to watch the slow movements of his listless hands held an enigmatical fascination. He felt a strong desire to emulate his ease and sagacity. But underneath and through it all there floated an ill-defined repulsion.

The man seemed the product of a forced, perverted life. Something about his dark pallor and sneering lips dimly reminded Tom of a flower forced into a semblance of bloom by the aid of a noxious gas, but with life and color and strength missing.

"You see, my dear fellow," Delatole continued, "I know you are fresh from a religious environment, that you are young. Therefore I don't accept your views seriously. Perhaps they are but natural. I won't label you 'prig' and give you up. I'll only give you time. Here comes my man with some brandy and soda. Perhaps your saintship won't have any?"

"Of course I will. You don't suppose I meant to draw such fine distinctions. Surely you understand," said Tom, earnestly, and he looked away into the leaping golden heart of the fire. "Last night's events gave a blow to my preconceived ideas of life. I mean to hold to them, you see."

"Rubbish! A little laxity only makes a man's nature wholesomely expand. Now look here, Murray," and Delatole spoke impressively, as he stroked his pointed beard, "I'm going to transplant you, and to a soil where you'll grow mentally. If you don't astound us with a play even more unforgettable than 'The World's Way,' because more mature, it won't be my fault."

A question darkened Tom's eyes, and he leaned eagerly forward.

"You made a wonderfully good guess at life's flavor in 'The

World's Way.' But I'm going to make you taste of it in truth, the brackish and the sweet. In short, I'm going to ask you to pitch in your fortunes with mine and share these rooms with me. Since Glendenning disappointed me, I have preferred to live and dream alone. But—frankly—I like you. The suite is large. We would not clash. Besides, just across the hall is an atelier left vacant since De Courcey ran away only recently, to escape his debts. You'll probably find the drapery of a departed model still upon the platform. You could furnish it as you please, and have it as your own particular den."

He watched Tom's eyes travel half wistfully around the odd, artistic place.

"Charming," he said, at length, and added, slowly, "but impossible. You see, I'm going to marry very soon."

Delatole stared at him as if incapable of grasping the statement.

"Yes," said Tom, and now a blunt tenderness rang in his voice:

"I am going to marry Virginia Kent."

"Are you mad?" and the words were a slow exclamation.

Delatole rose as he spoke, lifted one of the fragile glasses on the table, and contemptuously flung it from him. It lay upon the hearth, a mass of opaline splinters.

"In another year you will be as artistically ruined as that glass."

Not dreaming of the selfish motive prompting this violent objection, and listening to words that were a passionless prophecy, Tom could not resist the shudder that ominously passed over him.

"One would think I talked of committing a crime." And the words were breathless.

"And so you are. Isn't it a crime to yourself to throw away your chance? Life doesn't offer too many of them. Let me tell you, too, my dear fellow, that you do not strike me as one who would cultivate the virtues of patience and humility under the stress of failure and poverty. Marry now, when you have just crossed the line, before your strength has had a fair test, and you'll not only fail, but probably break your wife's heart in a year. You remember what I said to you last night. I did not dream then you were thinking of the madness of an early marriage, that you stood on the verge of the abyss strewn with the ruins of good beginnings."

As Tom listened his face grew stern, his eyes searching.

"Why should I fail because I keep my word to a woman, better, truer, a hundred times, than I am?—not a woman to retard any man's progress. She has been my inspiration. You don't know Virginia. She is more to me than anything in the world. I need not fail. I will not fail."

He looked very stalwart, very determined, as he towered above Delatole, his blue eyes flashing in his intense face.

"What interest can I have but for your good?" asked his new friend, and the silken voice held a soothing gentleness after Tom's strained, hot tones. "Let us look at this matter dispassionately. You are young. You have written one play of startling strength and charm. It will bring you so much money. Alone, independent, you would have a good income, be able to mix with the world, travel a little, and



feed your brain until it teemed with digested impressions gathered from boudoir and bar-room. The same money will not support a home and a wife except in a cramped, obscure way. Your love for her will be another drawback to earnest work. The treadmill of your dull, loving, respectable existence day in and day out in some little flat will afford no feverish impetus to your imagination. You will never write a play worth having type-written on the inspiration offered by a baby's fists. Ah, have I not watched the mental paralysis set in before? Love is bad enough; but love and poverty——!"

Tom turned away and faced the window. He did not see the Park. For just one moment the gray picture Delatole sketched rose before him, and an acute, unmeasured despair took hold of him.

He beat it back fiercely. He would not believe. But the resistance was no longer buoyant; it was forced.

"Then there is the other side; freedom, knowing no limit," continued Delatole, in a soliloquizing tone, as he walked up and down smoking, never once glancing at the silent, erect figure in the window; "Freedom. Only those who have surrendered it know the full sweetness of that word. Every door would be open to you. You need not be only a Bohemian. A fellow like you, of undoubted talent, well-looking, clever, independent, and with some money, would not have to knock at society's golden door for admission. It would fly open to you. For myself I hate the stiff set, but it is always well for an artist to become acquainted with every sort of human. Under conditions of this sort your artistic vein would warm and expand, your nature vibrate to change after change. The man who enters a race fettered is a fool. When I have said this, I have said all."

There was silence after these words, and then the rustling of paper. Tom hastily turned and saw Delatole leaning against the table, looking scornfully over each of the pages whereon the criticism was written that had so delighted him. A painful premonition made him cold, but he said nothing.

"Ah, well, I wish I had known that you contemplated this idiocy, before I wasted time and ink on you, Murray. You didn't tell me, of course. No reason why you should. But I assure you had I guessed what manner of man you were, I wouldn't have plunged into such a bewildering prophecy about your future greatness. I'm not usually so impulsive." And he rent the sheets half across, before Tom's voice made him pause:

"Is this fair? If you really liked 'The World's Way,' why won't you say so?"

The mysterious violet-gray of twilight, stealing through the high windows behind him, touched his young face with shadows. It was pinched, eager, watchful.

"Oh, I'll do that, of course. A few lines, a paragraph, will suffice; but not this psalm of victory, this heralding of a new voice that is not to be stilled, but will rise again and again,—not that. You'll have to prove all I've said false before I write of you in that strain." And he was the incarnation of bland, impersonal regret as the papers once more fluttered in his hands.



He looked them over half regretfully.

"It's one of the best things I've ever written, but, in submission to my honest opinion, I must destroy it."

In a few strides Tom was beside him. They looked intently at each other. Tom's eyes wavered and fell.

"Don't,—don't," he said, and his voice was half choked. "Give me time; let me think."

Half an hour later they were walking up University Place. They dined at a chop-house frequented by Bohemia, where tables were bare and beer was served in mugs.

"Better than Delmonico's in certain moods," said Delatole as they crossed the sanded floor: "the food is excellent, and cooked to suit Lucullus. As accompaniments you have art, devil-may-careism, smoke, and even socialism."

His friends were scattered through the long room, and merry greetings were called out to him, which he repaid in kind. The hours passed in sparkling reminiscences, jests, and laughter. Delatole's levity became astonishing, and in this impudent wag, who soon formed a group around himself, there was not a trace of the cynic, the philosopher, the serious man of letters. Much that he said was coarse, but so audaciously humorous it was impossible not to respond.

Tom found himself moved to enthusiasm and laughter; his pulses were alive, his eyes glistened. Yes, let him reason as he would, he was attuned to this reckless brilliancy, this mingling of wits, this clatter of defiant freedom and spontaneity. Delatole was right. Chance words here and there gave him a new insight into a happy, modern paganism that filled his brain with imagery. The witchery, the sweep of it was intoxicating.

He regretted when nine o'clock came and Delatole parted with him to keep an appointment at his club. No word had been exchanged between the two men upon the subject that so nearly concerned them both. Now, as Tom hurried up-town the undecided question danced before his eyes, his heart became suddenly weighted.

Should he cast the old life behind him utterly, and enter upon a new one—free?

He reached Union Square. It sparkled in crystal whiteness; the branches patterned on the pavements waved fantastically about his feet, as he strode on, his head down. Passionate indecision went with him like a wraith in the white rays. He thought of his enchanted dreaming of the night before. Only last night! Ah, he had learned much since then. Had he ever really reasoned or understood before?

"Keep yourself unshackled. The man who enters a race fettered is a fool."

The frosty breeze that whistled past his ears seemed whispering these words to him.

His memory flew back to a miserable childhood, spent among the rigors of a poor Western farm, and he shuddered. Only by a hard fight and incredible sacrifice had his father saved the money necessary for his support and education.

Poverty! How he loathed and feared it! How he had always

loathed it! Ingrained in his nature was a love for the poetry of life, a hatred of the commonplace; and now—let him be careful, lest by one ill-advised step he taste all the old bitterness again.

The fragrance of the hyacinths in his coat came to him in the crisp air, so penetratingly sweet it gave him a heartache,—the flowers she had given him.

With a groan he flung himself into a seat.

"I love her! I love her! And she? Have I not had the confession in her eyes?—in her kiss? Who has helped me—who has understood me, like her? How can I pain her?—how can I leave her?"

For himself, if the reckless ambition mastering him required it, he could put love away, blot it from his life, and the thought had some of



HE FLUNG HIMSELF INTO A SEAT.

the ecstasy of martyrdom. But Virginia loved him, and he knew it. The thought of hurting her was cruel, and in the agonized tumult of the moment cold drops stood on his brow. Again as in the morning came the inward avowal of his own weakness. Oh, what if Delatole had spoken truly, and the sovereignty of love meant the enslaving of the talent he had sworn should make him famous? Then—oh, then, to what depths his ruined hopes would fling him! And he would drag her with him in his fall, perhaps making her taste a bitter

anguish to which this younger disappointment was but little. And the other side of the picture,—the life of the artist purely, the untrammelled, easy, earnest life, where great things would be accomplished,—was it not better?

Hours passed in this mute conflict. Love with dove's eyes first pleaded, then changed to a fury and scourged him. Doubt, fear of himself, insatiable ambition, passed in mocking line, and with shadowy lips whispered predictions that terrified him.

When he rose from the seat, he was benumbed. The frost seemed to have made a casing for his heart. The midnight traffic of the town, like the throbbing of massive machinery, swept across the white silence of the square, imperatively rousing him to a sense of action. Yes, there lay his world, his life. No more dreaming. He had dreamed long enough. The conflict was finished. Love had received its death-wound.

## CHAPTER IX.

DAY by day the breach widened between the life Tom had led and the one newly opening before him. The atelier had been transformed into an Eastern nest, fragrant, harmonious. He had given Delatole the money that paid the bills, had also advanced half a year's rent for the suite, and stood hopelessly committed to the agreement.

The hours spent in Chelsea Square were like the rigor of an unsought penance, but the days drifted on while his new home awaited him, and still he could not find courage to cut the old ties. He was in continual antagonism to his better nature; his honest instincts asserted themselves only to be stifled, for his decision had been taken, his steps set upon a road that allowed no turning back.

So a fortnight dragged by, bringing Christmas snow and greens to the town. Chelsea Square was a patch of crystal brightness, the snow undisturbed in the seminary grounds. The bells in the chapel pealed gladly morning, noon, and night.

But the benedictory chimes were like mockery to Virginia. These days when every window and shop gave evidence of Christmas cheer were black and cold to her. Tom was changed. He avoided her eyes. When left for a moment alone with her, he relapsed into a constrained silence. His life became daily more irregular, his moods more uncertain. The simplicity that matched his blue eyes was slowly vanishing before new, insincere mannerisms. When Virginia remembered the kiss that had opened Paradise to her, shame burned her and her pain changed to fierce self-contempt. It was the fruit of a moment's passing impulse with him, and it had meant everything to her. He had forgotten or set aside the unfinished sentence that had shot like a rainbow across her life. He had forgotten and she had remembered. She had hugged these things to her heart as memories precious beyond words, a half-spoken promise of a love that matched her own.

Furious pain, wounded, aching pride, sometimes made the defiant little head droop wearily and a passion of wild sobs leave her lips in a stifled cry. But only when she was alone. Let him come and go as he pleased, let him hurt her by this other side of his nature daily revealing itself more fully, but he must not guess she had dreamed of that which might never be hers.

But, oh, to see him, speak to him, and never by a single glance mirror the mutiny that kept singing one question in her brain,—“Why—why—why has he changed?”—this was pain of that cruel and particular kind that dwarfs in its penetrating torture the endurance required for larger griefs.

And worse to bear than all was her father's assumption of a secret understanding existing between them.

“I say, now, you and young Murray are not quite so indifferent to each other as you'd have me believe, are you?” he asked her one morning as he lingered over his paper and cup of chocolate.

“Tom will always be my friend, I hope,” Virginia answered, steadily, but almost inaudibly.

Mr. Kent gave a sharp side-glance at her pale face, and a shrug.

"You don't mean to say there's nothing else? Stuff and nonsense! He was in love with you, whatever he may be now. Just before that play of his was put on, when he was on the tenter-hooks of anxiety, I saw him watching you many a time. The tender passion reveals itself now just as it did when I suffered from it, and Tom looked sheepish. I dare say I used to look so: I know my rivals always appeared so to me. Has anything changed him?"

No word came from Virginia's quivering lips; no word could come.

"Then you are not secretly betrothed to him?"

She went hurriedly to her father's side, and, holding his arm tightly, looked at him with dry, burning eyes.

"You must not fancy such a thing. I am nothing to him. Oh, you wouldn't speak to him about this, father! You wouldn't! No: it would kill me, if you did."

"Speak to him? I? What are you talking about? Am I likely to do so? Do I strike you as that sort of person? The man who wants to marry my daughter must sue for that honor."

He studied her face hard for a moment, and his lips settled into a thin, straight line. The tragedy in her dilated eyes told him the truth, and a haughty anger against Tom awoke within him. Virginia's love won and thrown away seemed an insignificant thing beside the thought that any man should indulge in desultory love-making with his daughter and then repent of it. His daughter. There lay the sting that was unbearable.

It was after eight o'clock that night before Tom entered the house. Delatole and he were to leave for a visit to the South in the morning. He could no longer postpone his going. But how to tell them? How to say good-by? Would Virginia remain his friend? Would she understand? Oh, she must, she must. He could not bear to think she would hate or despise him.

As he walked slowly up the stairs he met Mr. Kent coming down. The old man's greeting was chilling, but courteous. Tom drew his breath hard and plunged into explanations at once. The words were feverish, rapid,—polite regrets for his necessary departure, mingled with a recital of his future plans.

Mr. Kent heard him unmoved to the end.

"I don't wish to bandy any words with you, Mr. Murray," he said, in a calm, colorless tone. "One thing I must say, however. When I was young, people did not repay hospitality as you have done. Pardon me, if you please: don't interrupt. Without plunging into stupid detail, I am sure you understand me. I will say good-by to you now. You cannot go too quickly to please me. I dare say you will succeed. The sensitive and forbearing man is often left in the background, but men of your stamp, never."

He passed down the hall, leaving Tom hot and indignant. Had Virginia told him, or did he only guess? It was impossible to retaliate, impossible to tell this selfish dreamer he had never been his guest. Besides, the words did rankle, oh, so deeply! for, though uttered from

a partially mistaken sense of wrong, they were true. He had acted a cowardly part.

His face was worn and reckless as he turned to the hall window, endeavoring to conquer the quivering of his pulses before facing Virginia.

It had commenced to snow again. He could hear the students practising a new Christmas hymn in the chapel opposite. In a moment the years spent in the college, so different from his present life, passed in a series of pictures before him, and with them the thought of all he owed Virginia. But for her "The World's Way" would never have been written. Looking back, he saw how clearly her companionship had nerved him to continual effort. Hers was the voice that had urged him on, hers the dauntless optimism that had sent a rift of glory into his darkest days.

An ache rose in his throat; the snow, in the light from the open chapel door, whirled mistily before him. Now that he was actually going, the thought that he was leaving her was exquisite pain. The familiar landmarks frowned an unbearable reproach.

"What a fool I am!" he thought, and gave his shoulders an impatient shrug. "When I'm with Delatole I see I've done right. When I'm here—pshaw! what's the use of these regrets? They lead nowhere. I can't turn back. I must go on. I'll never forget Virginia,—we can be friends still,—and some day, in a year, maybe, when I'm sure of myself, if she but loves me, all will somehow come right."

He went first to his own room, and sat down, looking before him in a dazed way. Would it all come right? Did he believe that? Was he trying to deceive himself at the last? Then for the sake of action, and to keep thought away as much as possible, he put his clothes and books in his trunk, locked and addressed it. Even when that was done he hesitated. A tumult seemed striving to tear his heart asunder; his hands were like ice.

"I must go to her. I must. Why delay longer?"

He found her leaning against the melodeon, her fingers buried in the fur of the little white kitten he had often teased. Her face was perfectly colorless. She looked at him steadfastly, coldly, and uttered no word. It was evident she had heard his voice in the hall and was waiting for him.

There was a long and painful silence. The words that came thronging to Tom's lips were those he dared not speak.

"You have come to say good-by," Virginia said, abruptly, still bending upon his face that full, disconcerting gaze. "I heard all you said to father. There is no need to go over it again."

She held out her hand, and he seized it eagerly, only to find it cold and unresponsive. Oh, if she but uttered one pleading word, one reproach, that he might in some measure defend himself! but this chilling repose was a wall which shut him away from her.

"Do not misjudge me," he burst out, passionately, his voice broken, and at the words she looked away. "I am going away for a time, to work hard, very hard. And I want to believe that your good wishes go with me, that you still remain my friend."



No reply, but her eyes were upon him again, as eloquent with reproach as the eyes of the murdered Cæsar gazing on the face of Brutus.

That look told all. He felt it in his inmost heart. He knew himself contemptible. But Delatole's worldly-wise, humorously cynical counsel was with him, impressive and significant as the tenets of a new creed to a convert.

He dropped her cold hand in silence, and half turned away.

"I'll come and see you very often, Virginia, if I may," he said, haltingly; "New York is not a wilderness, you know. Whenever my work permits, I'll come and have a chat with you, just—just the same."

The words died on his lips. He knew he lied. He knew it would be long ere he should choose to see her changed face, if indeed ever again.



"HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY, VIRGINIA?"

Her silence maddened him.

"Have you nothing to say, Virginia?"

"Good-by," she said, and smiled,—but such a smile!—there was agony and scorn in it.

"Is that all?"

She held up her little head proudly, and again from her pale, tense lips came a murmur clear and defiant,—

"Good-by."

Then her eyes closed. When she looked up he was gone.

Her body seemed weighted, and she moved with an effort to the window, finding a dreaminess that soothed the hurt in her heart, in watching the even fall of snow.

The chapel yonder was ablaze with light, rainbow coloring from the windows falling in bars upon the fresh snow that lovingly outlined every twig and angle. And now the students came thronging out, still singing the chorus of the Christmas hymn, passed from her sight, and silence fell again.

A light touch on her arm made her turn, and she saw her father. There was an angry light in his eyes, although he smiled.

"So our young gentleman has gone?"

"Yes."

"M-m," and he pursed up his lips reflectively, as he swayed lightly to and fro, his hands behind his back; "just so. It's the way of the world. I know it. I have seen my friends depart, one by one. Only the few staunch ones have remembered and remained. But there is one consolation. We haven't lost much. Our young friend was a fair specimen of the genus cad."

Virginia winced at the word and shielded her face with her hand.

"We don't want him. I've learned to snap my fingers at the pleasures that won't stay, and make the most of those that will. We'll snap our fingers, Virginia. He's gone away like a puppy with a bone he wants to eat alone. -Let him go."

But still Virginia looked out at the snow, and felt each of the city's muffled sounds like the surge from a sea on which her dearest had embarked, leaving her alone.

"We'll not miss him, Virginia," pursued her father, in the meditative voice that maddened her to a dumb fury in that moment. She opened and closed her hands and set her lips hard. "I say we'll shed no tears for him; we'll forswear all sentimental dreams, if we had any. We'll remember that his leaving the church for the stage was, viewed in this latter light, but an evidence of the rowdiness inherent in our young friend. Very, very rowdy. We will console ourselves by remembering how much we are above him, and that we couldn't have expected more from a man whose father was a brown-fisted Irish emigrant, his mother an ignorant girl of the plains."

He lit a cigar with a nice deliberateness, and put on his cape and hat.

"I'm going for a walk in the snow now. This room depresses me. Stir the fire, and turn up the light. When I come back I'll have you play that little thing by Mozart."

He turned her lightly to him and kissed her on the brow. If her flesh had been touched by marble lips, the caress could not have chilled or sickened her more. She could not cling to her father and sob out her pain. He had always quietly transferred his griefs to her: how could she expect him to help her now?

But when he was gone the loneliness became unbearable. His voice could at least keep the shadows from closing round her like a tomb. Her heavy glance took in each familiar thing. The girl with the mask laughed at her from the corner, the keys of the organ flashed back an eerie intelligence.

"Never again," they seemed to say; "never again."

A trembling seized her. She fell face downward on a couch, and threw her arms out wide. How cruel it was, this sting of human love flung back to feed in bitterness upon itself! Oh, was there nothing more in life than this? Was this all? How had she failed? What had she forgotten or passed by that might have held him?

For, say what we will, a woman's heart does not beat only for the strong and true. Weak men and bad ones have without effort controlled a love the angels might have coveted. There is sometimes sufficient fascination in a trick of manner, just the fall in a voice, to outweigh, in love's inconsequent balance, all the Christian virtues.

It was Tom Virginia loved. No one better, no one higher. He alone had understood her. His sympathy, his smile, had made her sunshine. And now he was gone.

A soft purring at her side, an animal warmth against her throat, aroused her, and she saw that the white kitten had crept under her arm, and now lay cuddled against her like a ball of down, lapping her flesh in soft sympathy with its scrap of a tongue.

A cry broke from her. She caught it wildly to her heart. It was something living that pitied her. But the little thing wriggled from the violent embrace, spat at her, and scratched her on the cheek.

Virginia started up, laughter heavy with sobs leaving her quivering lips. She pushed the kitten from her with a frantic movement, and then with contradictory tenderness picked it up again and held it against her lips, weeping wildly, as women do when pain is robbed of hope. Why should she hurt it? What had it done more cruel than Tom? She had held him too closely to her heart: he turned and scratched her.



## CHAPTER X.

A YEAR went by, unmarked for Virginia by a single incident out of the common, gray as the wastes of a sea unruffled by a storm, unmarked by the approach of a sail.

Another year came, and when the opulent sunlight of early summer was deluging with its gold the dusty streets a coupé stopped one day at the door of the house in Chelsea Square, and a man, a stranger, asked for Virginia Kent.

Crossing the threshold of her home, he had entered her life. Looking into her eyes, full of unforgetten days, something of his lost youth had awakened in his heart that could only die with death.

This man was Richard Monklow. Virginia had often heard her father speak of him, especially of his meeting with him in the auction-room the day he had purchased "The Masker."

The first glance at him gave an impression that forever remained: he had followed the sea, and followed it as a commander. His straight, powerful shoulders had a fearless poise; his glance was level, soft; his face, its first youth faded, brown as sere grass, under the shorn, glittering frost of his hair. His humanity was deep, strong, far-reaching, as one could see who looked into his eyes, and his smile had a warm, bright sympathy. There were times when he looked startlingly youthful with his white hair. There were unguarded moments of sadness when the chronicle of his years flared eloquently, a confession in every deepened line. Then one knew he had lived the full life of a man in a crowded forty years, in the sowing and the harvest-time, had garnered barren hopes and pain, yet without bitterness had tied the sheaves.

He had come to bring Virginia to her father's bedside. The tremors against which the old man had struggled so long had culminated, after an excessive debauch, in a paralytic stroke resembling death. He had drifted to Monklow's rooms, and lay where he had fallen.

As she drove away with him that day Virginia did not dream that the summer would be past ere she returned to live again at Chelsea Square, but so it was. In Richard Monklow's home, where the softness and fragrance of modern luxury were more caressing than the breath of the perfect summer mornings, she nursed her father to a semblance of health.

Her lonely heart won back a little of its freshness in these surroundings. Her lips again voiced joyous laughter. Friendship that rang like gold had been generously poured into her life. Her gratitude went out with equal strength to Richard Monklow, and to his sister, a soft-voiced, sympathetic woman, who made her dimly realize what her mother's love might have meant to her.

Then she came home again, and the days settled back to their wonted placidity, but with this difference, that a bent and shrunken figure lay limply in a great chair, and the energy and pride in her father's still stubborn heart could only be read now in the hollow, morose eyes flashing beneath the puckered brows.

She stood beside the window one September morning, a letter crushed between her hot hands. A mild rain was drifting like tangled skeins through the gray air. Beyond lay the college grounds, a vista of damp greenness.

She opened the crumpled sheet, smoothing out its creases almost tenderly. Her lips quivered like a child's.

"You know what I am going to say," she read again. "During the summer that has been like no other to me, many times the words I longed to speak have trembled upon my lips; but something in your eyes always silenced me. Virginia, I can be silent no longer. I love you so! The years are dark before you, dear, but I would keep you safe. No harm, no pain, should touch you. Too old and sad, perhaps, you think me. The years have left their ashes on my hair. I am asking too much when I ask for your youth. Yes, yes, I know. But oh, child, your eyes lured me to dream again. You woke my poor, chilled soul, and it is yours. It but responded to your unconscious call. Turn from me, if you must, and I will put away my dream, but my soul is forever yours. You possess it, and I would not have it back. But, oh, if you could come to me, Virginia!"

How the words awoke all the old pain! She drew her breath in hard, the lids fell over her heavy eyes, and, reading Richard Monklow's letter, she thought of Tom. These words of searching strength, quivering with the rejuvenating breath of love, had been the lever that rolled the stone from the old grave, and she stood looking at memories she had believed were crucified.

"My soul is forever yours. I would not have it back."

The words were in her mind. She seemed speaking them in the darkness to that other who had not listened. Was it so always? Must one speak and one not hear?—one live, the other wait?

"You have a very interesting letter there, Virginia. You haven't made a sound for half an hour." And at her father's voice, reduced now to a petulant piping that anger made shrill, she started guiltily and thrust it in her pocket.

"It's from Monklow. He's asked you to marry him. There, there, I know. When a man is robbed of almost every faculty but sight and speech he uses them to advantage. Of course you're going to marry him. Of course you are. He is genuine. He is stanch. He has a few more years than a novelist would allow an impatient lover—what of it? He is younger than half the emasculated, juvenile dudes floating around this town. He is the most picturesquely handsome man I have ever seen, and in the meridian of his strength. He is a gentleman by birth. The blood of ladies and gentlemen for generations flows in his veins. Ah ha!—lots of girls in his own set would stay at home and chase no more the poverty-stricken duke, if they thought there was a chance of catching Richard Monklow. I have no objection to him. He is everything I admire and commend. I give my consent, Virginia."

Since his illness Virginia had grown accustomed to treating her father like a pettish child. She went to him, laid both her warm palms on his bald crown, and, smiling, looked tenderly at him.



"No, daddy: I don't want to marry. I'll stay with you yet awhile."

The sudden fury of his gaze was like the leaping of an unlooked-for flame from a dead fire.

"So you'll be a fool, will you? You'll say no? You'll fling away wealth that could give me, in my last accursed days, a few of the luxuries I was accustomed to? And why? Oh, you fool!" and his blue, quivering lips seemed to spit out the words; "and why? Because you are still thinking of that fellow, that scamp,—that Murray, who gave you the go-by. Don't I know? You sentimental idiot, he had no romantic memories to hold him back! He has looked to it that his bread will be plentifully buttered. Read to-day's paper. After a splurge in Europe, a courtship on the steamer coming home, he's going to marry General Baudoine's widow,—a woman worth millions. Do you hear? Refuse to marry Monklow, and I'll never forgive you."

He was a terrible sight in this sudden spasm of rage,—repression, his life-long habit, fallen from him like a garment loosed by his palsied fingers.

Virginia straightened her young figure, her arms hanging loosely at her sides, and as white as "The Masker" laughing beside her.

The patience and silence of the past fled away like shades, and resistance, fully armed, took their place.

"Then you'll never forgive me, for I do refuse," she said, steadily, but scarcely louder than a breath. "What sort of life have I lived here at your very side? Will you hear, now, at last? You flung away your money, while you could. You thought wholly of your pleasures. You gave me nothing. You didn't think; you didn't care. And I have worked with my hands, my brain, at anything I could find to do,—yes, often while you slept. Now you have said all you could to wound me,"

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SHE WENT BLINDLY FROM THE ROOM.

and there was an angry, sobbing break in the accusing voice; "I could bear even that. But you shall not take all, father,—not my body, my soul. They are my own."

Everything was dark as she went blindly from the room. She had a faint intention of going out in the rain,—a sense of supreme and awful loneliness. The door closed upon her, and she would have stumbled had not strong arms caught her. She looked up, and saw Richard Monklow. One glance at his face, drained of the hue of life underneath the brown, the lips contracted, the kind eyes sad, and she saw he had heard all.

"I asked for too much. Forget my words, Virginia," he said, when he could speak. "Forget all, save these,—that I can only live if you will let me serve you, see you sometimes, be near you. I am yours. Use me as you will."

## CHAPTER XI.

DELATOLE was dressing to dine out. As he struggled with a collar-button he turned his head to listen to the lazy lilt of a song coming from a room across the hall. His face wore an ill-humored frown. It was very evident that the song and the singer impressed him with equal unpleasantness.

"Do stop that humming, for God's sake!" he cried out, at last. "It's enough to drive one mad."

There was no reply, and a few moments later Tom lounged across the hall.

He was very different from the wavering, tempted man who rushed from Virginia's presence that snowy night almost two years before. His face had lost the flashing earnestness that rose from an ecstatic heart. It had taken on resolute lines and an expression of worldly subtlety. The cheeks were slightly hollowed, the eyes placidly heavy, cold, showing the haggard lines of dissipation.

"Was I singing? I swear I didn't know it," he said, languidly.

Delatole surveyed him with a cold, unchanging glance.

"Still in your blouse and slippers. Won't you look in upon the theatre-party at all?"

"I don't care a hang about it."

"Aren't you afraid Mrs. Baudoine will send out a search-warrant for you?"

"Let her send."

"Cool, for a prospective bridegroom."

"Prospective idiot!" And Tom settled himself very comfortably on his back on a low divan. "I'll never marry Mrs. Baudoine. As the girl in the song says, 'Something tells me so.' Couldn't you, with your managerial tactics, help me out of that scrape? You know she did all the running,—not I."

Delatole drew on his gloves in silence. He grew very white, and when he came to the foot of the divan and let his eyes travel slowly over Tom's supine length, a rage only half controlled made his lips tremble.

"In my opinion," he said, slowly, with emphasis, "you'll be in a fair way to need the material help of Mrs. Baudoine's money very soon."

"Really? Oh, then there are times when marriage seems good unto you?" And a burning glance was flashed at him from beneath Tom's lowered lids.

"My opinion about marriage has not altered in the least. But if a man can only fail, if he can't even support himself, the most practical thing is to find some woman silly enough to shoulder the responsibility."

"Go on. Your English grows more vigorous day by day. It's really a liberal education to be allowed to hear you. Surely you haven't finished yet? You said more than this yesterday."

"No, I haven't finished. I want to remind you once more that you owe me money. More than that, I want it. I'm sick of your spiritless languor. I never knew a man let himself drop as you have done. Because you go at a rapid pace is no reason why you should die mentally. I haven't. But you can't drink at all, without drinking too much and keeping it up too long. In fact, you are an extremist in everything. There's a genius in moderation."

"Don't stop for breath. I am athirst for the rest. More,—more," said Tom, without moving an eyelash.

"You shall have it all. The time has come for plain talking," and there was a savage snarl in the words. "I want my money. It seemed there was some hope of getting it from this Baudoine marriage, as I don't believe you'll write another word."

"Don't you?"

"No. It may be you've tried and can't,—it may be you don't care. In either case I've been bitterly disappointed in you. You're the last embryo genius I'll put on a pedestal. Genius? By heaven! that's rich. Why, you've fallen into psychical ruin. You exhausted yourself in 'The World's Way.'"

An unwilling, dusky red started up in Tom's hollowed cheek. It ebbed slowly away, as, opening his eyes wide, he smiled at Delatole with an expression of positive hatred.

"That is one of those charmingly soothing speeches we must learn to expect from those we live with. But you are wrong. The trouble lies here. I unfortunately must still be sincere, and must put something of myself into everything I write. When one believes in and cares for so little, it is very hard. I have not yet matched your stride, you see,—you who with one arm round your neighbor's wife could write an essay on the beauty of morality."

The door banged, and Delatole's footsteps grew fainter in the echoing passage. In the silence that followed, Tom still lay motionless, his wide-open eyes fixed upon the ceiling, the small unobtrusive sounds of a quiet room fluttering the loneliness that settled around him.

"How I hate him?" and, though the words were but a whisper, their reality was intense.

He thought of the past.

That year in Paris,—every detail of it returned to him as he lay there,—that crowded, riotous, unholy year. His first taste of pleasure; his exuberant appreciation of life carrying him along with the rush of a laughing stream going down-hill; the new, fevered atmosphere; the days spinning by in a sort of moral vertigo; the crowd that called him to follow where it was brightest, that brightness lining the sheer descents of vice.

And now? Now he was back in familiar New York, bound by honor to a woman who wearied him, inclined to rid himself of the obligations he had assumed in the beginning through sheer disinclination to the trouble of resisting, following pleasure with a foreknowledge of weariness, in debt to Delatole while straining at the worn-out cord that bound them, struggling against the maddening inactivity that palsied his faculties in the art still dear to him.

A sharp, quivering breath came from his lips.

Delatole had spoken truly. Something had withered within him, or in the degradation of his life he had lost it forever. He had striven to write, and always in vain. His ideas were no longer vivid, stirring, flowing to a logical sequence, but dim, abortive, a haze of tangled threads. Heaps of closely-written paper, upon which the best efforts of his brain had been expended with the feverish intensity a man feels in running a race, had been cast aside as worthless. The day was surely coming when his world would know the truth, and liken him to a plant that puts forth radiant blossoms once, and withers in a night.

How miserably he had failed! Was there no escape from social annihilation, except by trading on the infatuation of a woman ten years older than himself? And once—once—when he had thought like one inspired, and honor was a shining reality in his life, he had betrayed love for a chimera. But he must not remember that, and least of all to-night, in the silence, when his thoughts were like knives in his heart.

He stood up, shivering, and from habit turned to the sideboard. He half filled a goblet with brandy, and laughed aloud as the decanter clinked against the glass in his hand, a laugh that subsided to a chuckle and rose again, beating upon the stillness like the wings of a caged bird.

“It wouldn’t be out of order to drink a toast to my own defeat.”

When he re-entered his studio a few months later, his eyes were flaming, though the smile, a hideous contortion, lingered on his lips.

An open letter on his disordered desk faced him as he sat down. The closing lines caught his eye:

“I will finally withdraw ‘The World’s Way’ from the road in a fortnight. Now that four-act society drama is what I’m waiting for. In two years I’ve had only two curtain-raisers from you,—rags of things that only drew at all because your name was to them. If I can’t rely on you, I must look elsewhere. If you’re not going to write any more, for God’s sake say so.

“GEORGE PLUNKET.”

He read it and tore it to bits. There was a sob in his throat as his eager hands went searching through the mass of papers for half-sketched plots and notes of ideas, not worth the leaves they were scrawled upon. He would not even leave a scrap. All should be destroyed.

And these crowded, dusty drawers, they too must be emptied, lest some day when he had sunk into comfortable apathy, with only a profound respect for the well-being of the body, he might open them, and hear each fluttering leaf whisper how he had once dreamed a dream.

He worked with an eager intensity, as if following his heart's desire, even went on his knees and scattered the scrawled sheets right and left, then paused abruptly and looked with puzzled eyes at what he had dragged out,—a long roll of manuscript, dusty and tied with gray tape. He did not remember it, had never seen it before. Yet—wait; now that it lay unfolded before him, a fully-written play, he did recall the title,—“*Doctor Fleming*.”

Just before his departure for Europe, a distinguished-looking man, in the traditional shabbiness of unrecognized genius, had called on him with this play, asking in a shy, embarrassed way that he, the splendidly prosperous young author, would read it, and tell him what its merits were. His papers were never touched by his servant. It had lain forgotten in his desk for more than a year. And the man who had brought it—where was he?

Still kneeling among the mass of dusty papers, he turned the leaves. A letter fluttered to the ground:

“DEAR SIR,—

“I enclose this note, as it may not be possible to have an interview with you. The play ‘*Doctor Fleming*,’ which I beg you to read as a favor to me, has for its basis incidents in my own life. The scene in Russia is particularly accurate, and I think presents a dramatic situation distinctly new.

“Yours respectfully,

“FELIX DAWSON,

“No. — Bedford St.

“P.S.—If you can find time to look it over you will be doing me an inestimable favor. I beg that you will be careful of it, as I have no copy, and, even though it prove commercially worthless, it is very dear to me.”

“Very dear to you,” Tom said, slowly. “I know just how you felt, Mr. Felix Dawson, when you wrote those words. ‘Very dear to you.’ You shall have your treasure back.”

He turned the first page with a pitying, half-languid interest, but only the first. After that he knelt amid the destruction of his own work, paying tribute with enraptured senses to the genius of another man. The manuscript fluttered to the floor when the last climax was reached,—a climax that made every nerve vibrate and awoke his senses like a trumpet-call,—and with strained, hot hands he grasped the chair.



He looked around the silent room and down at the bundle of half-furled papers. Oh, that imagined life pictured there through laughter and sighing, like gems through dust and tears! It was more precious than a magician's wand.

"If it were mine!—if it were mine!" he said, aloud, and a woman's laugh drifted up from the street, as if she had heard that cry and mocked him.

He sprang up and turned the key in the door. Then he stood listening. The action was guilty, almost before the thought:

"No one will know—if I make it mine."

It was foolish to tremble so, of course. The cold drops on his forehead were foolish too, and his fast-beating heart.

"No one will know," he said again, and there was a note of defiant joy in the breathless cry as he picked up the play.

A sound attracted his attention. It was the far-away throbbing of a street-band, the air a German battle-march. It was long since he had heard its heavy, rolling sweetness, with that flowing under-beat of sadness creeping in like a knell for many of the multitude who marched onward to its swing. A flicker of pain crossed his uneasy eyes. He knew that march. Virginia had often played it, and it pulsed through the warm night with a wake of memories. Her face in its diurnal beauty rose before him, then a slim, white-robed body floated to join



"IF IT WERE MINE!"

the face, an arm, a hand with finger pointing at the play, crushed in his grasp. Yes, her very voice was in his ears.

"You will not—you will not steal it, Tom; you could not fall as low as that."

He dropped into a chair, hiding his face upon his clinched hands. A sudden nostalgia weighed sickeningly upon him.

"You will not steal it, Tom," rang the voice in his soul.

But he looked up again after a while. The face was gone. The German march had dwindled to an echo.

"Yes, I will," he said, steadily, as if defying an invisible mentor. "I'll take it. I'll not be a fool. It's a chance to redeem myself; and I cannot let it go. I can't. The man who wrote it must be dead—he is dead—and—there's no copy of it. I can choke down Delatole's sneers, —I can pay my debts—I can start afresh. It will be life, hope, bread to my soul. I'm not going to let a fancy befool me. If it had fallen from heaven it could not have come more opportunely. Conscience? Bah!"

But for all his bravado the violence of the temptation made him stand petrified peering into the shadowy corners. Every creak in the silent house appalled him as he mentally weighed the chances for and against detection. He passed his hand across his trembling lips, his narrowed eyes upon the locked door.

"I'll do it," he whispered.

All night he bent over the pages, copying the play, here and there touching it with wit that came to him then with diabolical readiness. His heart warmed over it. It seemed to become his own by the mere changing of the names of places and people.

He left no chance fragment of the original play to betray him, nor of the letter, and even tried to forget the man's name. By morning all was done, and done well.

As he stood up, a wan and haggard ghost, a crimson haze swept in, enveloping him like a blur of blood, and the lamps of a new day were lit in the east.

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## CHAPTER XII.

FROM that day Tom was never alone. His secret went with him everywhere. When after a month's hurried preparation the play, rechristened "*In the Name of the Czar*," was put before the public and he knew again the intoxication of praise and applause, his secret had much to say to him of a confidential and contemptuous nature:

"If these people only knew the truth! Can't you fancy how the friendly hand-clasp would grow startled, cold, and the fingers leave yours as if they had touched something unclean? You have the arena all to yourself. The plaudits are all yours. They do not know. But I do, I do."

He listened with a growing equanimity to these whisperings. He saw the philosophy of getting on the friendliest terms with his secret, since it would never leave him. Besides, he possessed it absolutely. He never considered that some day it might possess him.

It was now early in December. The theatres had just deluged Broadway with thousands of *matinée-goers*. The evening was slushy, the air damp and warm. Rose-leaf tints flecked the smoky vapor of the sky. At the perspective of the crowded street, crawling like a luminous cleft between vast masses of rock, the humidity had heaped itself into a low-hanging, pink cloud.

Tom came out of the stage entrance, paused to light a cigar, and strolled toward Broadway. He had not risen until three o'clock. The day was just beginning for him. His face had the opaque whiteness

debauchery leaves, and, warm though it was, the occasional dabs of damp air struck through him, carrying a depressing chill.

As he turned the corner the currents of people eddied around him. His wandering glance alighted with butterfly swiftness on the trifles that sway a crowd, then darkened, dilated, fastened upon one face.

One face. It seemed to leap up from the sea of other faces to meet him, the eyes strained, piteous, dark with an arraignment, a challenge.

Tom's jaded heart suddenly livened with an awful fear. But he did not pause. The streets swayed around him as he walked on. Once he turned as if to glance at some flowers in a florist's shop, and he saw the pale lamplight and the gray dusk casting a weird radiance over the face. He was being followed. He seemed to hear those dogging steps above the multitude of footfalls on every side.

A hansom stood idle at a corner. He sprang into it, telling the man to drive fast, and sank back, feeling bewildered, stunned, sick.

Felix Dawson, the man he had defrauded, was alive.

It had been so easy for Tom with the comfortable suppleness of his nature to assume that this man's long silence had meant his death, and gradually to assimilate this supposition until it became a surety. He had never realized the enormity of his act before. Felix Dawson had been but a shadowy memory to him, a name. He had taken his play, and by a tortuous, sophistical vein of reasoning this fact had grown to seem scarcely worse than if he had only destroyed it, since no one was injured.

It was so different, now that he knew Felix Dawson was not dead, —no longer a memory, but a man, following him, his heart fired by this wrong; a man with eyes to scorch and voice to be raised in condemnation; an opponent to face, to fear.

His coming meant ruin, disgrace before the world, but it meant also a sudden, sickening awakening to the nature and consequences of his act, a shame and hatred of himself. He was a thief in the commonest sense.

When the horse was pulled up at the curb before his door, it was almost a shock. He had been sitting upright, his hands grasping the apron of the hansom, looking straight ahead, but blind, not even aware that it had commenced to rain.

Delatole called to him as he went down the hall. He paid no heed, and, entering his study, flung himself into a chair. His face was clammy and wan.

Something must be done. What? What could he say when Felix Dawson faced him? What defence could he make? That he was coming he was absolutely sure. He must be near now. Perhaps in five minutes he would cross the threshold. Suppose Delatole heard him. Suppose the blow fell that afternoon.

He sat absolutely still, his eyes fixed upon the door, his veins holding a fluid, icy terror instead of blood.

At last, to his intense relief, Delatole thrust his head in, saying,—

"Are you going to dine here? Well, I'll be back in time to have a demie-tasse with you. I want to see you. Don't go out."

The danger of betrayal over for the moment, Tom breathed more freely. He crossed to the window and flung it up, letting the rain dash upon his face. The chaos in his brain was rent suddenly by one sententious thought:

"This man you dread has no proof."

No proof. The words sang in his brain, the denuded trees creaked them, the wind laughed in glee.

"Defy him. Defeat him. He is powerless. You are strong."

The bell in the passage gave a whispering tinkle. Tom turned, scarcely surprised. The moment had come.

"Mr. Murray, sir, a gentleman to see you," said the English valet.

"Show him in here. If any one else comes, I'm out. Remember."

He was lighting a cigar with an affectation of carelessness, his back to the door, as the visitor entered. In reality his muscles were braced to a painful rigidity, his face was greenish white. He was prepared to deny the charge absolutely, to decry the man as mad.

"No proof. No copy. No eye saw you. It is your word against his."

Braced by a dogged, passionless assurance in the stability of the lie on which he had surely builded, he looked Felix Dawson in the eyes, and then his plan of defence shrivelled, his heart melted within him for very pity. This was not an accuser come to demand justice. This was a man in whom the fires of life had died. His eyes were graves of dead illusions. So might one look who had parted with hope and stood with outstretched, empty hands, crying to fate, in tones of embittered triumph,—

"Pass by me now. Leave me free. You have taken all."

"You remember me." And his quiet voice was peculiarly sad and strong.

Tom stood like one arraigned before a superior, a judge.

"Yes, I do."

"A long time ago I left a play with you. This afternoon I saw it acted at Palliser's Theatre, your name on the programme as the author."

This was the moment of supreme dissimulation, and Tom knew it. All the forces within him were roused to a throbbing sense of self-preservation. But he could not lie to him. He could be very wicked but for one strain inherent in his nature; the waywardness rolled like a sea, only to break upon this as upon a bar, and surge back strengthless and abortive. No, he could not lie to him. His glance wavered, the cigar dropped from his trembling fingers, he moved a little nearer Felix Dawson, his heart in his eyes.

"What will you do? Wait, before you speak. Hear me." He stopped suddenly, pierced to the heart. "My God! what must you think of me?"

"What do I think of you?" asked Dawson, the low, resonant voice suddenly quivering with contempt. "I would not touch your hand for all the money in the world, if I starved to-morrow. You seem to me like a rich man who searches through a beggar's rags and steals

his last coin. You are utterly detestable to me. You coward! You thief!"

Tom started and flung back his head.

"No, I'm not that. I'm not what you believe. I didn't rob you of your one possession and add it to my many. I took it when I was mad with despair. You must believe me; you must. It was here in this very room," and he held out his arms, looking around the place, an almost childish pleading in his eyes. "I came in knowing I had failed. I accepted defeat with what agony perhaps you can guess. It was then I read your play for the first time. More than a year had passed since you left it, and I thought you dead. It would mean nothing to you, everything to me. I took it. I ask you again, what will you do?"

There was understanding in Felix Dawson's eyes, but no softening. His heart was like a wrung-out sponge; it knew no extremes. The one passion left him was a morbid love for the play he had written.

"Poor, wronged dead men. They cannot all come back as I have done. But unfortunately for you," he said, with a slight curl of his lip, "I was not dead. I came here three times in the summer following. The place seemed shut up. The rest of the time I have spent in a hospital. Facing death and eternity, I forgot life, I forgot you. God has cursed me for many years, and I never bent to the rod. And now, when I had thought the long, bitter day was to end in storm and darkness, there is a promise of a new dawn."

"You mean——?" and the words were a terrified breath on Tom's lips.

"What can I mean but that you are to give me my play?" he cried.

"I can't. Don't you see that is impossible—now?" The prayer had gone from Tom's voice. It was dogged, desperate. "I'll give you every penny I get for it, but my name must stand as its author. To acknowledge your right would be confessing my theft. That I refuse to do. It would mean social disgrace. Do you understand?"

Dawson's face was terrible in its scorn.

"Money won't content me."

"See here: I could have denied your right to this play,—lied to your teeth. But I didn't. Face to face in this silent room I have been honest with you. I would undo it all if I could, God knows how readily." He paused, and his voice, though quiet, was like the strokes of steel upon steel. "But before the world it will be different. If you have no mercy on my position, I'll have none on you. I will swear, if need be, that the play is mine from the first word to the last. I tell you it will be an unequal struggle, and I will win. Cranks and blackmailers abound in New York. You will be classed among them, and be forgotten. You'd better accept my terms. Think again: take the money. I'll be glad to give it to you. But the play must remain mine. It is too late for anything else. Don't you see? Can't you see?"

Dawson seemed scarcely to listen to him. He was looking past him, a faint, dreamy smile upon his pale lips.

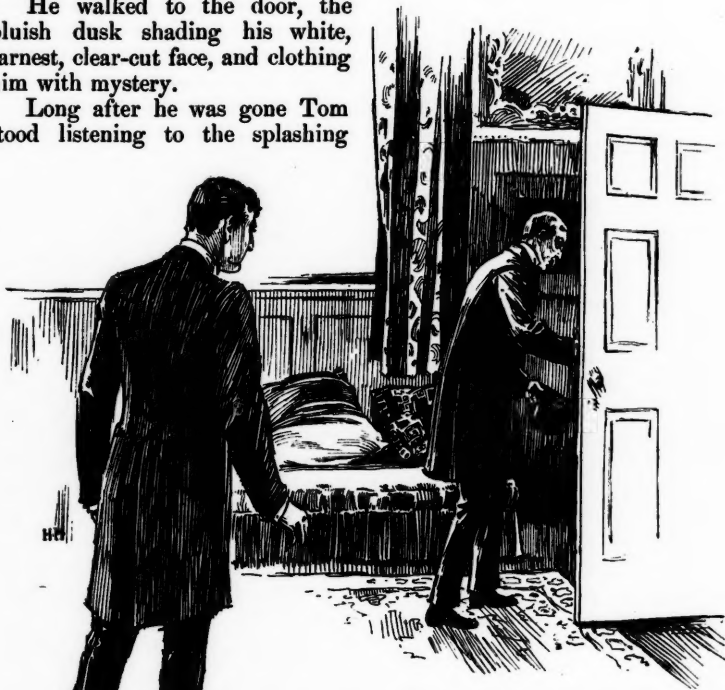
"That's your view of the situation. Now hear mine. I've been



trying for fifteen years to touch success. I've always just missed it. I made my last throw when I wrote 'Doctor Fleming;' and it won. Money? Do you think money will make up for the loss of the thing most precious to me? Deny me as you will, I'll take my chances. You've robbed me of what I love. That play was friend and sweet-heart, fire and food, to me, for a year. It is part of me: all I have hoped and suffered appears in its lines like a reflection in a glass. Oh, yes, I'll have it back."

He walked to the door, the bluish dusk shading his white, earnest, clear-cut face, and clothing him with mystery.

Long after he was gone Tom stood listening to the splashing



of the rain. His brain was afire with questions.

Dawson would accuse him, but it would amount to nothing; he would be thought a man driven frantic by misfortune. But the money,—that was a different matter, and an unpleasant one. He would never put another penny of the play's payments to his own use.

They must be saved for Felix Dawson,—saved secretly,—and some day he might be induced to accept them. This meant sudden poverty for himself, and might excite curiosity. He could say he was paying his debts, or some of the speculations recently indulged in might be fortunate. He was not afraid. He felt secure.

Coffee and liqueurs were on the table when Delatole rushed in.

"OH, YES, I'LL HAVE IT BACK."

"Pass over the absinthe, Tom," he said, with a smile and a comfortable kind of shiver. "Gad, this room looks cosey after the rain. Hear it, splashing in bucketfuls. I had to go to Emerson's and have a bite with him,—listened to nothing but praises of you from the soup until I broke away before dessert. He says you're a genius. But that's nothing new. Haven't I always said you stood alone? This last play settles the point beyond dispute. The Russian color is admirable! How the deuce you caught it I can't tell, when you never had your nose in Russia. But who can explain the vagaries of genius? When you wrote that play, Tom, you prepared a delight for posterity."

Ah, it was to hear words like these that Felix Dawson demanded what he created. Money, after all, was the smallest part of the triumph. Tom roused himself, and found Delatole smiling at him in his most engaging way. His smiles were usually very expensive dainties and augured frowns for somebody else.

"Do you know, Tom," and his black eyes sparkled as he looked down at the opalescent liquor swaying under the movement of his fingers, "the time has come when you can do me a favor?"

"Can I, indeed?"

"You don't seem overjoyed," he said, in a purring tone. "Look here: I know we've had a few small differences, but can any two people of marked individuality live together in a state of unruffled peace? Tom, give me your hand."

"Don't be mawkish. Come to the point. You want something. What is it?"

"Why, you're positively brutal, you uncompromising young dog!" said Delatole, with a laugh, and then leaned confidently on his arm, something terrier-like in the intensified sharpness of his face; "but here goes: I know you'll help me, now that you are a *Cresus* again. I'm tired working for *The Challenge*. The pay, large as it seems, is beastly small for all I do. Emerson is anxious to sell *The Morning Cry*, and I want to buy it. Whew! What a chance for me! I'd make it yell. Why, I'd be rich in a year. Now, if I can only pay him a third of the required amount down, it's mine. I want you, Murray, to lend it to me."

It was triumph that flickered deeply in Tom's level glance. How often in his luckless moments this voice had sharply prodded him, that now, sunk to a caressing tone, asked help of him!

"Quite impossible, my dear Delatole," he said, promptly, with a shrug; "I need every penny just now."

"You're jesting." And Delatole grew visibly paler. "What is your pressing need, pray?"

"I must pay my debts. As you so often reminded me, they are legion. I owe you nothing more,—thank God for that,—but there are others."

"Murray, this is bosh. Let them wait. I should certainly be first with you. This is a critical moment for me. You can't refuse."

"I do. I refuse."

There was a sullen, red point in Delatole's purplish pupils. He felt very much as an elderly hen does who sees a half-feathered

chicken leave the shelter of her wing and with a defiant chirp make its hesitating way alone. It was a moment before he could control himself, and speak.

"Surely Mrs. Baudoine's money——" he commenced, with a forced, insulting laugh.

"You've talked a good deal about that money, Delatole. I'm sorry it must be left out of your calculations. The engagement's off. Sink or swim, I go it alone. Mrs. Baudoine understands, and we remain good friends."

"So that's the way the wind lies? You must be growing sentimental again. Well, then, your own money will answer. You're drawing big royalties from your play, and it's one to last. I tell you,



"IT'S ENDED NOW."

Murray, if you refuse to assist me you are a contemptible ingrate." He stood up, placed his palms upon the table, his voice coiling serpent-wise around the words. "It was I who made you. Don't forget that, my friend. You were an unformed stripling, a youngster groping in the dark, without polish, without suavity. Why, without me——"

The blood rushed to Tom's face.

"Don't remind me of what I was—without you. Don't let me think of what I have become, following you," he interrupted, fiercely. "You made me, you say? I've ruined myself, rather, and you have ably assisted at the wrecking. You can no more remake me now than can I myself."

He stood up, his eyes flashing with their old impulsive passion. The words came slowly, deliberately.

"Perhaps it's just as well we speak plainly at last. Delatole, you've robbed me."

"What?"

"Yes, you've lived upon me successfully for two years. I'm negligent about money, and I let you go on, but I'm not a fool. You have bled me in a most consistent and masterly manner, doubled my expenses with a lavish recklessness, and I knew it all the time. But I kept the peace, for I had made up my mind to end it at the first opportunity." He leaned forward, his face close to Delatole's, and his clinched hand rang on the table: "It's ended now."

During his adventurous life Anthony Delatole had many times been surprised, but never so thoroughly confounded before. He stood leaning upon the table, and watched Tom out of the room. There was a craven malignity in every line of his sneering face. A longing, almost irresistible, gripped him, to knock Tom down and kick him until the hot, brutal desire for retaliation had been glutted.

"Stumped, by God!" he muttered.

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#### CHAPTER XIII.

THE next fortnight saw an important change in Tom's life. He left the University Building and took a cheaper suite of rooms on Irving Place, one of the bivouacs of Bohemia. Delatole and he had parted in a silence that was sultry.

His plunges in Wall Street kept him well supplied with money for the time being, and of the future he thought little.

The secret had changed its aspect; he no longer cared to face it. It was now a monstrous fear maddening him with whispers of a hundred possibilities, prodding him, sending out false alarms, and slowly chilling his assurance into an ever-present premonition. Since the day Felix Dawson had left him with the declaration, "Oh, yes, I'll have it back," he had not seen nor heard of him. This absolute withdrawal was more significant than threats. Suppose he had incontestable proof, after all? What if he lied when he said he had no copy? What if he could produce witnesses to prove he had written the play? Would this man some day appear again, relentless in his quiet way, and hurl the bomb-shell that would bring his false life in ruins about his ears?

His rupture with Delatole,—that, too, made him uneasy. Oh, it was a load from his heart to have told him the truth, to have seen the sullen surprise deepen into a stolid hatred in his horrid eyes. It was a relief, a balm, but it brought a danger in its wake. Suppose they met, these two who for different reasons would rejoice in his overthrow? Then indeed might he shudder. Delatole would follow the scent insatiably. He would come like a vulture to pick his bones. Even if proof were not possible he would so damn him with suspicion, so besmear him with the trail of his innuendoes, so riddle him with the darts of his acrid humor, his prestige would be lost forever. Delatole had the

power, the opportunity, and the unswerving patience to write an enemy down and out of existence.

These dangers lay in wait for him at some turning in the darkness beyond his vision. But there was something more terrible,—a voice that spoke to him as no living voice could. Mystic and personal, it came from his soul. Conscience, like the giant of fairy lore, sometimes awakens refreshed and hungry from a seven years' sleep. In this interval of inaction it was impossible for Tom to look back on the short life he had so quickly and completely degraded, and feel no pang.

The heart-burning, the anxiety, left their haggard marks upon his face. He grew thin, he became morose and melancholy. His world lost sight of him, but hidden in some corner of the crowded theatre, driven there by a restless fascination, by the same resistless impulse which forces the murderer to feast his shrinking eyes upon his victim, he nightly watched the play that told him in every line he was a thief.

His nights were sleepless and filled with fears,—intolerable links between morbid, feverish days. He drank heavily, trying to find in the flaming odors of brandy an assuagement for the ache in his heart.

This was Tom's life now. And across this waste, like a pale ray trembling from pure, open skies, came a longing, persistent as a thirst, to see Virginia.

He could not account for it. It was not that he fancied their friendship might be in any degree renewed; indeed, he never seemed further from her than at this period, never more undeserving of a glance from her eyes. But the desire was there, not forcible enough to send him seeking her, yet with him always. While fearing, half expecting to come face to face with Dawson, he was unconsciously looking for her, on the streets, in shops, and at the theatre.

Two years had passed and he had never chanced upon her. Such a thing could only be possible in a city like New York, where interests



SAW VIRGINIA IN A LOWER BOX.



lie so widely apart, and life rushes in great circles, one within another, never meeting. Virginia was scarcely a mile from him, yet, not seeking each other, they could not have been more separate had they lived in different towns. Bohemia and Chelsea Square are antithetic; the one all fever, struggle, laughter, frailty; the other somnolent in an odor of sanctity, ruffled only by tremulous chimes as the days walk demurely on.

Yet, so strange is the affinity between thought and sequence, Tom felt scarcely any surprise when one night at the theatre he lifted his languid eyes and saw Virginia in a lower box.

There she was as he had so often pictured her through these useless, feverish, fear-haunted days. His sick soul raged with yearning, and in all the crowded, half-lit house he only saw her face. He scarcely seemed to breathe. His eyes devoured her. The dear face! There was no other like it in the world.

The light was in her eyes, the red in her arching lips, the soft fire of expecting, exulting youth not one whit dimmed. It is only in books women show upon their faces when they have passed the first milestone on the path of pain.

Would she see him? He hardly knew whether he most longed for or dreaded her glance. How would she look if she knew the truth about the play she watched so earnestly? What would her eyes say then?

A coldness began to steal over him, a desire to shriek. His head was whirling. Was he going mad? This dull, inarticulate grief preying upon his heart,—oh, if he could sigh it away!

And all the while in the rosy gloom thrown upward by the foot-lights, Virginia's face shone like a star. And all the while the old passion grew with the seconds, no longer single and pure, the ideal love of a man's youth, but a reckless, dominant craving for her, the fruit of past experience and present despair.

He remembered nothing more until he stood before her, their hands locked.

Oh, that moment!

He was dimly conscious of a strange man with Virginia and of an introduction to him, but he seemed an interminable distance away through a maddening, red blur; the crowd, the music, too, had receded, and Virginia's upraised eyes, her warm, confiding palm, were the only realities.

What he said to her he never knew,—something muttered, incoherent,—words seemed of such little value then, beside the longing to crush her to his sore heart.

Then for a moment he looked away, his eyes drawn upward as by a spell.

A cry wavered from his paling lips, he reeled backward and flung her hand from him. Above, among the sea of faces, was Felix Dawson's, the light from his eyes shooting through Tom's guilty heart like a vein of electricity. To his blinded, maddened senses the face seemed distorted by a terrible menace. His doom was written there.

In a moment he was fleeing from it, pushing through the waiting crowds in the aisles, as a man breasts a sea.

## CHAPTER XIV.

VIRGINIA, at the door of the box, stood facing the crowd where Tom had disappeared. A shudder shook her from head to foot. She still seemed looking into a pair of tormented, blue eyes alight with a shifting flame; the choked, broken accents of a familiar voice were in her ears.

And yet—oh, could it be?—was it really Tom who had stood there? That gaunt figure and sickly face, the dissolute eyes and coarsened mouth, were like a travesty on the memory cherished so tenderly. The pity of it!

Her raised arm drooped against the curtain in the shadow, and she laid her face upon it, closing her eyes and letting the slow, heavy tears fall as they would.

A love born of long association is not an easy thing to kill. Virginia's died hard in that piteous moment, but it died surely. She scarcely knew it herself, so keen, so deep was the rush of compassion, almost maternal in its intensity, that took its place.

But gradually, as the tears fell, and the throes of the awakening continued, she saw the truth. The passion that had held her to the past was like a worn-out coil whose strands in the weak places she had persistently kept mended, until Tom's own hand had cut it to-night, leaving in her grasp only a handful of worn-out shreds. The old feeling was like something done with and put away forever. Weak and morbid natures cling to a sentiment when the ideal that projected it is lost; a proud and virile heart leaps exultant, free.

But there was none of the triumph of freedom tempering the first acuteness of Virginia's awakening. She was thinking of Tom as she had first seen him, years ago; he had stood on the steps of the chapel that April morning when the square was a glory of white clouds and young, rustling leaves; the stiff student cap threw a pointed shadow



"VIRGINIA?"

across his glowing eyes; his gown was pushed roughly back, one hand deep in his pocket, as he laughed aloud and snapped his fingers at a little terrier rolling on the grass, mad in the caress of the sunlight.

The then and now! Ages had rolled between that moment and this one. Was there nothing to be done?—no price she could pay, no sacrifice she could make, to give him back that innocence and know him again as he was that day?

“Virginia?”

There was a new significance in Richard Monklow's touch upon her arm, light as it was. She felt it in her blood. There was a sudden shyness in her glance. She drew back, a new recognition startling her, and looked intently at the bronzed face under the shorn white hair. How composed it was, how earnest and gentle!

“You know who that was,” she said; “you’ve heard father revile him often enough.” She paused, and again a biting mist swam across her sight. “Poor Tom! His bitterest enemy might pity him now.”

“Perhaps you would like to follow him. Would you? If he lives alone, has no one to help him——”

“What do you mean?” And her burning hand was on his arm.

“He seemed to me on the verge of a collapse. I saw a sailor once whose face wore that look. He shot himself. If he hadn’t I think he would have gone mad.”

She threw out her hands in a gesture of pain.

“Yes,—come. We can get his address at the box-office. If not, I know where the manager lives. Come. You will go with me, won’t you?”

He made no answer in words, but, gazing down into her questioning eyes, a flood of fealty poured from his, a long, yearning, inspiring glance of passion that thrilled her to the core of her troubled soul.

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## CHAPTER XV.

SCARCELY ten minutes later Tom entered his sitting-room. It was dark. He hated the darkness: he wanted light,—light to keep the terrors from crowding upon him, an invisible, awful horde. He lit the lamp, staggered to the sinking fire, and fell exhausted into a chair, where he sat with heavily-hanging arms and head fallen forward. His breath came in spurts, his heart was in his throat, his wide, circled eyes were sightless, but his inward vision was the more hideously acute. Oh, God! the pathos of what he saw!

One after another he reviewed the weaknesses, the degradations, of his life. How closely they pressed together, a series of steps, each one lower, forming a stairway and descending into a gulf! He stood faltering upon the edge of the last, the darkness hungry for his soul, the roar of an incoming torrent in his ears.

To-night he had stood face to face with Virginia, not with the white memory which had always followed him, but with the living woman whose warm, fragrant lips had surrendered to his kiss for one ecstatic moment, long, long ago. Oh, that fervent, remembered kiss!—oh, her deep, mystical eyes!

Those eyes!—ah, they had read him through and through, making his blood leap and shiver. Her power was still unshaken in his soul; nay, she was indeed his soul,—for near her he felt and understood more keenly, and life took on a deeper meaning. She was his light, his breath, his revelation, with power in the small compass of one glance to save him, even from himself.

But she was lost to him forever. With the sight of Dawson's face had come the thought of what he was,—not fit to stand before her, not fit to touch her hand.

With a cry like an animal strangling, he threw out his arms. Oh, if he could be better—or worse! But to have always seen the good and loved it, and yet with unstable feet to have drifted away to all that was vile, even while keeping his eyes fixed upon the beacon that shed its light in vain for him,—this was torture. Oh, if he could go back!—if he only could, like a child, go back and begin all over again!

He got up slowly and fumbled among the glasses on the table until he found the bottle he wanted,—a little wine to help quench this aching regret, this self-reproach in every heart-throb! He drained the glass thirstily, let his folded arms rest upon the table, and laid his head upon them.

The things of the actual world slipped away, and his sleep was troubled by a dream.

He was alone. The night sighed around him, the moon swung in the high, misty spaces. He felt a sense of predestination as he moved along, as if each step had been ordered by a will other than his own, as if he must walk that road and eventually see what lay ahead in the mystery of the far, blue shadows.

His vision became clearer, and he saw himself clad in a long, white gown, made pilgrim-fashion, a staff in his hand. The silver at his feet became the sand of a beach, and the sweet, monotonous whisper stealing through the desolate whiteness, the incessant sobbing of the sea. Yes, he was walking on the very edge of the fretting waters.

A warm hand slipped into his, and Virginia walked beside him. Her hair was unbound. It softly lashed her cheeks, and sometimes he felt its silken caress. He drew her to him, seeking her lips.

"Stay with me, dear," he whispered. "Stay with me now."

He felt the warmth of her young, red mouth on his, but her eyes remained wide and beseeching. She murmured his name and led him on, until they stood before a building of austere and awful structure. It seemed to have risen from the waters. The waves broke in greenish tongues upon its steps, and within he saw a fallen lamp sputtering before a ruined shrine. As they paused in the shadow of its door they heard the sound of bare feet whispering upon stone, and

slowly up one staircase and down another a silent multitude poured, all garbed like Virginia and himself in the simple vestments of the antique world. Many of his friends were in the throng, many of his old class-mates; his enemies, too,—Delatole and Dawson. It was a curious thing that those going up smiled at him, but those returning poured down and passed him with reviling glances or cold faces turned away.

In silence, with his love's hand clinging to his, they joined the ascending line. Up, up, until his body was weary and his veins throbbed with pain, and still beyond were other shadowy stairs under appalling arches. Faint and battling for breath, they reached the top at last. A vast hall wrapped in luminous gloom stretched away into immeasurable space. From its strange, circular windows they could see the green of the sea, far, far below, the waves rolling in with a languorous movement.

Tom felt a numbness seize him. He sighed again and again, at length tearing away the white folds of cloth from his breast, in an effort to ease its burning.

"What place is this?" faltered from his dry lips.

Virginia did not answer. She seemed stricken dumb with grief.

Before a door leading to an inner chamber an old man stood on guard. His shoulders were curved as if he had toiled with the spade; his hairy, labor-twisted hands were crossed upon a staff. One sentence only left his lips in a monotonous sing-song:

"The Hall of the Sinful Copy."

Tom hesitated before him, joy welling in his heart. The simple, trusting, adoring old man was his father. Oh, here he would find love unspeakable.

"Father!" he whispered, with vehement tenderness.

But the worn, gentle face took on a look of hatred it had never worn in life, the gnarled fingers flung his arms away.

"I sacrificed myself for you. Hunger, despair, were my portion many a time, that you might be happy, free, and, some day, great. This I did for you. But you have poisoned Eternity for me," were the words that left his lips with the fury of a malediction.

Tom could not linger to question or appeal. The throng pressing behind him bore him on to the centre of the inner hall, where a Presence, awful in its austerity and grandeur, hung like a shadow with eyes of fire above a parchment outspread upon a marble ledge. Around this the crowd circled, looked, and moved on, one by one.

He bent over it eagerly. Here lay the explanation, the quest of this vast throng. He looked,—and his breath seemed to cease. Before his eyes lay the stolen play. Its pages were charred as if it had been passed through flame; it was blotted with tears and smeared with blood. His name was written there for all to see, and far off he still heard his father's quavering, husky voice—the voice that once sang lullabies to him—repeating to the curious thousands,—

"The Hall of the Sinful Copy."

The dews of terror for some unknown but approaching disaster



broke from every pore, and he sank to his knees, drawing Virginia with him.

"Oh, kiss me once, love," she whispered, her white cheek hard upon his, "we must part so soon!"



"Don't leave me," he pleaded. "I love you. To be near you is delight even in this fearful place. I'll give back the play. In the light of truth I will stand unmasked. I'll do it gladly, let them

revile me as they will. Then I'll have peace,—and your love, dearer than all the world."

Oh, her lovely, melting eyes, her kiss heavy with farewell!

"It is too late," she sighed, and he felt her lips upon his throat. "All that is past." And for another moment she clung to him.

"No, no. We will be happy yet," he cried, in anguish.

But the words were hushed upon his lips. In some occult way the truth was revealed to him. He knew that all the faces he had looked upon were those of the dead. He too was dead, and Virginia. Life and earth were gone forever; repentance was vain; redemption impossible; parting, shame, and despair, eternal.

In the sudden blackness that swept down like the shadow cast by a monstrous wing, Virginia's body slipped from his longing arms, and he was alone.

The cry that broke from his humiliated soul sent the vision whirling, and he awoke, conscious of a bursting heart and a quivering body, bathed in cold dews. He made an effort to rise, and as he did so felt a hand upon his shoulder, heard a voice speaking his name.

"What else?" he cried, flinging back his head, his eyes flashing a maddened defiance and clouded with blood. "What else?—Oh, God!"

Mr. Plunket's commonplace face was close to him:

"Murray, you must be ill. You've been dreaming,—crying out as if some one were hurting you. Wake up. Don't stare so, man. Wake up."

Staring, trembling, his tongue thick, Tom sprang up. The sense of utter loss, the tragedy of Virginia's last kiss, were still with him. He looked around, startled, dumb. Yonder in the crimson circle cast by the lamp stood Delatole, smiling. Just beyond him were the gaunt form and lonely eyes of Felix Dawson. Both were waiting.

"My dear Murray, I am here under protest," said Plunket, wringing his fat hands in a loose, soft, helpless way as he stood with his head on one side. "This man's story is absurd—now be quiet, don't get angry, but—but—he says your last play was one he sent you, and which you—er—er—er—appropriated. He hasn't a shadow of proof: how could he? Why, it's preposterous! As if I wouldn't know your style anywhere. I pooh-poohed him, but Mr. Delatole persuaded me to let him face you with his story. That is all, my dear Murray; that is all."

Tom regarded him vacantly while he spoke. He started blindly forward, and paused midway in the room, leaning upon a chair.

He was not dreaming still? No: these were men, not shades. This was his familiar room,—Virginia was not far away. All was not over. The living moment was still his. Considerations so important but a little while ago were lost sight of, his tortured sensibilities overleaped them all in a maddening thirst to redeem himself in his own eyes while he could, to purge the soilure from his soul, so that never—oh, never—might he really know that sense of awful, final condemnation revealed to him in a dream.

"Speak up, Murray. Throw the lie in his teeth," cried Plunket.

A pallor suddenly struck Tom's face from brow to chin, a pale smile came and went upon his lips. Wretched and wild though his face was, there was something of inexplicable triumph in that smile,—a light above a wreck.

He looked straight at Plunket:

"The lie? No! The lie was mine. Do you hear? The horrid, damnable lie was mine. The play was his. I stole it. I called it 'In the Name of the Czar,' and when he came to me I wouldn't give it up; I wouldn't do it. But now—oh, take it—and with it remove the curse that has followed me!"

A groan of agony came with the words. His eyes looked past the amazed and startled group to the open door-way.

Was Virginia's gray, drawn face as he had seen it in his dream still before his fancy? He looked again. Then he saw she was really upon the threshold, her eyes mirroring the pity and horror her trembling lips could not speak. She had heard all.

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#### CHAPTER XVI.

THE snow was falling through the black night. Chelsea Square was silent, and the wind among the line of trees standing sentinel-wise came like a tremendous sigh ascending to a moan. The year would die and the new year be born in a whirling whiteness, winding-sheet and baptismal robe in one.

The lights in the lamps flared lonesomely or bent to the rush of the wind. Their uncertain flicker fell upon Tom, and sent strange, leaping shadows across his face. He walked as one without purpose, and kept close to the palings.

Following his confession had come Delatole's attacks in the press, each word an adder-bite. He had expected them, but they drove him mad, and for a week he had been hidden in the nether circles of the city. Such a week!—a conflagration in which he had tried to burn every vestige of honorable manhood left him.

But he had not succeeded. No, for he was here in this last hour of the year, making his indeterminate way for a last look at the peaceful old square he had once thought so stupid, a last look at the walls that had frowned on his froward hopes, perhaps a last word with Virginia. And then? The river,—a sleep in the snow,—an end, somehow.

At the tree where the knowledge of his love and power first came to him, he paused. His arms were loosely folded on his breast. His eyes were shadowy and grieved as those of a beaten animal thoroughly cowed.

Suddenly the shade at Virginia's window was raised, and she stood with her body pressed against the glass, her hands arched over her eyes, as she peered into the night. Oh, was she watching for him? Oh, had she one thought for him?

With a yearning sob Tom made a movement forward, and then re-

treated. He could see the whole room. A man had entered. He remembered him as Virginia's companion at the theatre. He carried a bunch of flowers as white as the snow clinging to his broad shoulders, and as Virginia went toward him he took her hand and gave them to her.

What words was he speaking now? Tom could see his strong, quivering face, his moving lips, his submissive yet impassioned attitude.

He loved Virginia,—yes, and the enchanted whisper of his love seemed to steal out to the watcher through the drifting snow.

A moment they stood closely together, then Virginia was in his arms, clinging to him, and he had kissed her.

A sharp breath of longing broke from Tom. To shut out the picture he turned his face to the wet bark of the tree, shuddering and sobbing like a woman. Virginia another's; he, not the slightest influence in her life ever again; fallen into darkness; utterly forgotten.

Faintly the first chimes fluttered from the belfry, and he looked up.

Virginia had left her lover, who stood just behind her. She was again at the window, still under her curved hands looking into the darkness, and now he could plainly see the pity, the tender, searching look in the wide, clear eyes.

He was not forgotten. No, no, not even in this first moment of her new happiness. It was for him her gaze tried to pierce the deep gloom, for him—poor wanderer—the light burned brightly in her window, as if she knew, who knew him so well, he might stray back that night.

He stepped into the deeper shadow, but his spent heart felt one quivering thrill of hope. A tumultuous, anguished craving to live again swept through him. If he were worth her remembrance, if she wanted him back, might he not yet make something of the ruins of his youth?—not the marvellous structure he had once dreamed of with turrets in the clouds—yet something—something—

He covered his face with his crossed arms, and the bitterest moment of his life was upon him.

A picture seemed to rise before him, thrown outward in bold lines upon a misty whiteness. He saw a disheartened miner laying down his spade before a worked-out mine which had failed in its golden promise. Before him into the west and the falling night stretched a new road, and toward this his face was set. But he looked back once over the blue prairie, back to the east, a farewell in his eyes. It was a moment's halt, a little space for dreaming and regret.

Tom's nerveless hands fell down. He gave a quivering sigh like a man coming up to breathe after the waters had passed over him.

His artistic life was complete in its terrible incompleteness. This was his moment of transition. Was there a new road for him? Its beginning might lie in shadow, but did it lead anywhere? Could he go on? Where? How? He did not know.

But Virginia in the window still watched for him, and now the chimes were pealing like mad. Oh, their rise and fall, their

winged clamor, their ecstatic repetitions reasoning down his pitiful hesitation!

He turned his face from where the river lay, and walked eastward through the falling snow. His heart was bathed in a strange, warm peace. The chimes followed him, a silver, celestial voice.



THE END.



## HEARING MY REQUIEM.

[JOURNALIST SERIES.]

**T**WENTY years ago, a rich newspaper, through the eruption of a new managing editor, heaped tasks upon me, paying me by the column, and though I was not a member of the staff, so called, under any obligation to be sent hither and thither at the editor's behest, an affectation of feudal authority in the paper caused its instructions to me to be couched in peremptory tones, such as, "Proceed immediately to Russell County, Virginia; go to Forsytheville and interview Judge Stam; find out all about the homicides!—SNORKEY."

Consulting my map, I found no such localities in the State; but I was so well aware of the hap-hazard way of sending forth commands from that place that I started for Virginia, and telegraphed for more instructions to meet me upon the train. The Richmond agent of the paper also missed me, but forwarded a letter which I received in North Carolina. Some private inquiries had rendered it probable that the scene of my investigations was to be the latter State, and the key to explore that region was the city of Wilmington. It was, I think, the year 1872.

An occasional correspondent of the paper at Wilmington set me in order. He took me to the president of the railroad which skirted the South Carolina boundary, proceeding westward toward Charlotte, but at that day this railroad, since completed, terminated in air, in the midst of the swamp and forest lands about the sources of the Pedee River. The president had been a Northern man, and had a cool head. He told me that a conflict between the authorities of one of the interior counties and certain free mulattoes had been going on since the middle of the civil war, and had become worse by bloodshed until within a recent period some twenty startling assassinations had taken place. The whites for the moment were cowed, and unable to capture the ringleaders of the mulattoes, who were known as the Lowery band or family. The president said, with the habitual caution of white men in the minority at that time, that he thought I would find wrong on both sides, and not all the wrong on the part of the mulattoes. "But," said he, "there can be no question that they will have to be exterminated. You can take sides or you can occupy middle ground, but you had better proceed cautiously, as much ignorance pervades that sequestered community, and I advise you not to publish your conclusions until you have left the region."

I spent a day in Wilmington, as only one train proceeded to the seat of disturbance every twenty-four hours, and visited the jail, where some of the mulattoes had been brought for safe-keeping until the court at Lumberton should begin its sessions, which would be the next day but one. Though I was very quiet and private in my researches, it was soon apparent, when I took the train next day, that my business was understood, for the conductor, to assist my sketching the different

localities, would hold the train up until I had finished. In the train was a sheriff, or deputy sheriff, taking cousins of the Lowerys, persons by the name of Oxendine, I think, to Lumberton: they were heavily ironed, but their appearance was generic; they were nearly white mulattoes, of a Highland Scotch admixture, relics, probably, of the Jacobite emigration to this province after the defeat of the Young Pretender, whose particular guide, Flora Macdonald, had married her cousin, a leading man of the clan Macdonald, and both had settled in North Carolina a little previous to the Revolutionary War, where, not intending to figure in two rebellions against the king, they organized his loyal subjects, and Macdonald was captured and taken to Pennsylvania, where he was kept a prisoner during much of the war. Upon the train was a strange, sporadic judge, a native of the State, I think, who had been reconstructed under what was called the Scallawag dominion and commissioned to try offenders. He seemed to know very little about these homicides in that extensive State, and somewhat muddled the thread of the sheriff's conversation with me by his asseverations that if he found thus and so when he got to the seat of justice he would in person go out among those outlaws and summon them in the name of the court to come in and be punished. "Yes, sah! I'll do that to-morry or nex' day, sah!"

We were a long time reaching Lumberton, and I marvelled at the primitive character of the country and its petty hamlets, as we steamed along at little more than a trotting horse's pace. My head was bruised with reminiscences and my pocket-book full of notes when finally we arrived at Lumberton, some time in the afternoon, and found a scattered town of wooden houses, weather-blackened by time and want of paint, and at the principal hotel I had given me the bang-up room, next to the judge, which was a sort of attic, with low, flat windows. Nearly everybody in the place had a Scotch name, blacks as well as whites. The court-house was a large building, like a two-storied church, as I now remember it, with an open area or field before it, in which I think was an old pole well. The town seemed to be crowded with persons who had come to attend the court, and among them were a good many exceedingly handsome mulatto girls. It seemed to me that if I had been in some distant province of Asiatic Turkey I could hardly have found a general society so unaware of any greater world and so disconnected from its methods and understandings. Little booths of groceries were the centres of public concentration, and the trade seemed to be of that character which one might encounter in the oases of the sandy Sahara Desert at the times of caravans and fairs.

As I must either take a buggy and drive out to the locality of the outlaws, twelve miles or more distant, which bore the name of Scuffletown, or await the next day's train, which would carry me to a station called Shoe Heel, somewhat nearer the trail of blood, I took advice from the better townsmen, and particularly from the merchants and those politicians who were in sympathy with the political *status quo*. All told me not to venture into Scuffletown with a horse or buggy, or if I went there in such fashion to be sure to go alone or to take no one with me who could be identified as of the white majority. In

any event it seemed to be the notion that I would have trouble, or, if not trouble, at least privations, as Scuffletown was not a place, in the usual conception of an instituted hamlet. Neither hotel nor stores would I find, they said, but merely little cabins in the woods among sandy streams and swamps, and if benighted out there I might never again be heard of. In short, the population was a good deal scared, for, as they described it, several of their "best people" had been put to death, and the temper and hardihood of the mulattoes were increasing wickedly.

A weekly newspaper was published in Lumberton, of which I procured a file from the editor, running back several years, and sitting in my twilighted room I annotated all the paragraphs I could find there about the crimes, threatenings, and escapes of these mysterious people. These paragraphs were seldom more than a few hundred words in length, but after working several hours I came to some intelligent comprehension of the task before me.

The next morning the court opened, with more *éclat* than we ever see in the populated North. A crier would come either to a door or to an upper window in the gable of the court-house, and cry aloud, "Neil McNeil! Donald Macdonald! Angus Macpherson! Come into court, as you are this day ordered, to render testimony as to the things on which you will be questioned." At these Scotch summonses I would frequently see, not white men walk forward, but mulattoes, of the type I have described, and in some cases I noticed that these had bushy red hair, showing that the Highland progenitors of these partial Africans had been able to dye their posterity's wool down to the third and fourth generations.

I was about thirty years old, and had been a correspondent in the civil war, and had generally managed to cut out some plan of campaign, but this particular job was something of a foretaste of what my old contemporary war-correspondent Stanley was about that time doing in the wilds of Africa. He had something of an expedition, and could command an audience of the wild tribes among whom he went. Nor was there any war to impede Mr. Stanley's advance toward the hidden camp of Dr. Livingstone. Here in North Carolina was a race of Africans as old in the land as the oldest whites by descent, and for a long period of time, how long nobody seemed to know, they had been free, possibly manumitted in the early portion of our century, when, through the influence of Benjamin Lundy, "Emancipation Societies" had been formed in many of the Southern States, and these had been nowhere more numerous and effective than in North Carolina, where Quakers and other peaceable sects listened with docility to the mild teachings of liberty which preceded Garrison's rougher hectorings and more uncompromising propositions. Probably the white owners of such slaves had moved westward beyond the Blue Ridge or into Tennessee and even Indiana and Illinois. Thus made free, a light mulatto generation had arisen, at the brink of the civil war, which had the audacity of free people, the revengefulness of their Highland antetypes, and the looseness of the Africans.

Nothing had happened in the Old North State after the Revolution-

ary War to excite or ferment its population until the great Rebellion or Confederacy came to be organized, after the election of Mr. Lincoln. Then, as State after State met in convention and seceded from the Federal Union, North Carolina also took the stand that the Union without slavery must be resisted. From the bottom up came the spirit of war, the poor men having it perhaps even more resolvedly than the planters and politicians.

Among these volunteers were the young free mulattoes of the Scuffletown district.

It was not thought meet, however, that these should stand in the ranks in defence of race slavery. They were not considered to have military rights, but only laborers' duties, and they were conscripted to go down below Wilmington and throw sand out of the ditches upon the fortifications. At this they rebelled, and some were ill used and others ran away, and in their absence from their native districts the whites, it was said, had outraged their households.

In course of time graver subjects of quarrel arose. There was a prison-pen at Florence, in South Carolina, nearly south of the Scuffletown district, at a considerable distance, from which at times Northern soldiers escaped, and, working their way up through the swamps and untrackable parts, came to a settlement almost exclusively of negroes, in the Scuffletown region. The fugitives were gladly entertained by the mulattoes, and to provide enough food for these numerous and unexpected guests some raids were made upon the hogs of the nearest whites, and these hogs, being all marked for identification, were traced to the house of an old man named Lowery, who had sons and daughters. The story was told to me, but whether true or not I refrain from passing judgment, that old Lowery in punishment of his hog-stealing and disloyalty was made to dig his grave and stand beside it to be shot dead.

He had a young son, who has passed into local history as Henry Berry Lowery, who made the further complaint that some of his young companions were killed because they had threatened white men of the conscription corps who had made nameless trespasses upon their households.

Whatever the circumstances, the younger mulattoes who grew to manhood after the war found deadly arms, and proceeded to kill such whites as they disliked or feared, and after every white man's assassination a raid was made upon the outlaws or their kin, who continued to be treacherously peaceable, and thus by the unreasonableness of a vendetta the strife had gone on, until it now attracted the attention of the external world, and a managing editor desirous to serve up something red and spicy for his columns had taken the initial step of sending me in to make the ragged narrative tangible.

I took the train the next day for Shoe Heel, still making sketches, as I went along, of the different stations, at each of which some murder had been done. These were published in *Harper's Weekly*. At one place the chief outlaw had waylaid constables as they were carrying off his wife and family for hostages, and had shot the former to death and delivered the latter. As near a race insurrection as has

taken place in the South at any time was probable there, and there seemed to be an idea that the United States would come to the deliverance of the State authorities, after I should have developed the facts.

Shoe Heel was a good, large country store and a few sheds, and in a grove of pines near by was a frame house, newly constructed, which, for a consideration, entertained passengers. Here I conducted my investigations as people came in from the Scuffletown district.

I found the whites there suspicious of every new-comer, and several scamps in the guise of detectives had come among them who were suspected of having sold arms and ammunition to the Lowerys. I did not know until afterward that my own errand was regarded askance. The idea of a newspaper in New York sending all that distance to describe a quarrel with negroes seemed absurd.

A poor old colored woman at one end of the store served my dinner, and, being alone with her, who was possibly a connection of the Lowerys, I questioned her closely, and found that she was the best witness in all that country. She alone seemed to grasp the idea that a newspaper had some connection with public opinion and might prevent crime or justify the resentments of an inferior race. I fear that the old woman suffered for some of her disclosures afterwards. My purpose, however, was to disclose a disconnected series of murders, lasting from 1863 down to the time of my visit, and numbering twenty-two.

As long as daylight lasted I kept cramming and analyzing upon this topic. Finally the shades of night descended, and I went over to the house in the pine grove to sleep.

It was the house of a Major —, who appeared to be looked up to in that district as the type of public spirit who would finally bring the Lowerys to bay.

He was not at home, but his wife was there, with a very young baby upon her knee, sitting before a pine-wood fire, and having nothing to say.

A mysterious gloom, almost like foreboding, came upon me, in this residence so far from any town, and so near Scuffletown, with its ever-lurking and now incarnadined fiends.

There was a drummer from Charleston, selling phosphates, in the house, and he had learned but a part of the story, and after we went to bed together we talked a long time about the Lowery episode.

It was nearly midnight when I attempted to go to sleep, and then the pine-trees moaned deep and sad, and now and then we could hear the baby cry down-stairs. I found it impossible to sleep, and at last I spoke to my companion, and said he, "This bloody story has made me feel so queer that, though I was in the war, in many a battle, I feel afraid in this house, as if something was going to happen to us!"

We did sleep, however, at last, and next morning I took the train for the all-day journey back to Wilmington. I did not commence to write anything on the subject of the Lowery band and its mysterious "queen" and "king," as they were called, until I was on the waters of the Chesapeake.

The accounts, being published in a series of four or five long let-



ters, were widely read, and a young man living in Pennsylvania, among others, was so affected by them that he offered to keep up the sensation by going into Scuffletown and interviewing the bandit "queen," who was the wife of Lowery.

He confirmed what I had intimated, that the principal outlaw was already dead, having shot himself accidentally. Neither element upon the spot was particularly pleased with my descriptions: the whites thought all the blame ought to have been thrown on the negroes, and the negroes considered that every victim on the other side had been a persecutor. A play was presented at one of the Bowery theatres, called "The Swamp Angels," which was the highly colored head-line put over my letters in the newspaper by the intellectual or office department, and the hero of the play was made to be a reporter.

In the course of some seventeen years I was taken, in San Francisco, to the office of a daily newspaper, and introduced to its managing editor, whose name I at once identified as that of the young man who had embarked in our profession by the opportunity my Lowery disclosures had opened for him. In the mean time, after the usual mutations of an out-of-door writer, and figuring in the Cuban insurrection, he had arisen to be a managing editor.

Said he to me, "Do you know how close both you and I were to meeting our death at Shoe Heel?"

"No."

"Well, after you wrote your descriptions, the man who lived in that house where you slept read them, and he suspected that you had some knowledge of a criminal intimacy of his."

"I never heard anything of the sort."

"Nevertheless, it was true. When I followed you into that country I went to a woman's cabin, was entertained by her, and, after the usual fashion of those women, she told me this secret. Of course, all those people around there knew where I had gone. The instinctive wrong-doer followed you to kill you before you could leave that region and publish the tale in which he supposed his private scandal would appear. When I came to that country he resolved to kill me, lest he might be published in the same rôle. In either case he thought he would be burying an unpleasant secret. Fortunately, I did not go back to Shoe Heel, but took another course, and escaped, for I was warned that I was doomed to die that night.

"Well," concluded my friend, "you know what happened? That white man made an appointment, of a treacherous sort, with the remaining Lowery brothers and their cousins the Stronges. He meant to betray them, and they understood it. As he went to the rendezvous they waylaid him from behind one of the old log 'blinds' they were so deadly at manufacturing, and they filled him full of buckshot, and he died with the unforgiven thirst for murder in his heart. Another train waited for by you would have altered both your fates."

Hearing this, my mind went back to the night at Shoe Heel, when there seemed to be something ghostly and ghostly in the moan of the pines, and we could not sleep.

George Alfred Townsend.

## THE PRAYER-CURE IN THE PINES.

A KIND of a purty boy was Hank,  
With a girlish face, an' an honest, frank,  
Confidin' light in his big blue eyes,  
Thet looked with a sorter half-surprise  
At the things they seen in Stiggins' camp,  
An' suthin', somehow, thet seemed to stamp  
Him diff'runt from us, an' give him just  
A triflin' flavor of upper crust.

Nothin' put on, but nateral—see?  
Friendly an' social, but not too free.  
A gentleman born was young Hank Shaw,  
An' he didn't drink, nor didn't chaw,  
An' never cussed,—thet is, not much,  
An' when he did he did it in such  
An awk'ard way you could tell for sure  
He was more or less of an amachure.

Never said nothin' about his kin,  
Never let on whar his home hed been,  
Worked right along with the rest of us,  
An' held his own with the best of us,  
Till Big-Foot Zekel, who used to laff  
At his genteel manners, quit his chaff,  
An' give out the statement, cold an' chill,  
He'd lick the duffer as used Hank ill.

Now, the boy was young,—jest turned sixteen,—  
An' the work was hard an' the chuck was mean,  
But he tuffed it out through cold an' damp,  
Till, jest as Stiggins was breakin' camp,  
He tuk with fever so mighty bad,  
He couldn't be moved to town, poor lad;  
So me an' Zekel an' Long Dan Drew  
Stayed thar in the woods to see him through.

One day—'twas Sunday—he'd got so weak  
He couldn't move, nor he couldn't speak,  
But lay in his bunk so still an' white  
We 'lowed he could never last till night,—

When 'long in the mornin'—say near ten—  
We heerd the jangle of bells, an' then  
A woman dashed through the shanty door  
An' knelt by Hank on the rough plank floor.

Her face was lit with a look of joy,  
As she cried, "Thank God! I've found my boy!"  
But he didn't know her. An' then she prayed.  
No other sech prayer was ever made.  
I sorter reckon the angel bands,  
As she begged Hank's life at the good Lord's hands,  
Must hev stopped to listen. 'Twas rather more  
Than I could stan', an' I broke for the door.

The others follered. "Say, lads," says Dan,  
"Do you think pra'rs ever cured a man?"  
"Dunno," says Zeke, "but I know ef I  
Was a-settin' up thar on the Throne on high,  
A-runnin' this yer concern, an' she  
Come prayin' an' pleadin' thet way ter me,  
I'd cure thet kid, ef it bust the plan  
Of the whole durned universe." "Shake!" says Dan.

An' jest three weeks from that very day,  
Hank an' his mother rode away  
Down the loggin' trail. Now, some may doubt.  
An' argy 'twas nussin' pulled him out,  
An' thet pra'rs don't go; but as for me,  
I was thar, an' I know what I hearn an' see,  
An' I hold thet thet day at the Throne of Grace  
Thet mother's pra'r was wuth its face.

*Clarence H. Pearson.*

## AT THE STAGE DOOR.

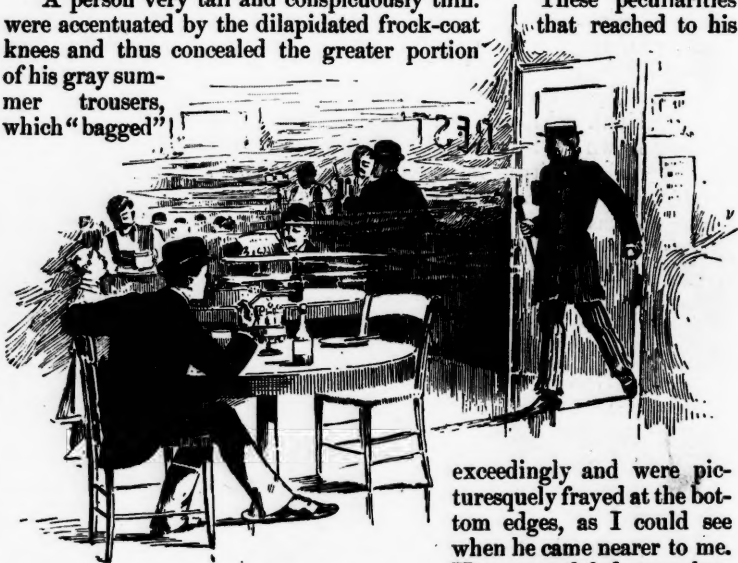
**F**IRST let me explain how I came to be sitting in so unsavory a place as Gorson's "fifteen-cent oyster and chop house" that night.

Most newspaper-men—the rank and file—receive remuneration by the week. Those not given over to domesticity, those who enjoy that alluring irregularity identical with liberty, fare sumptuously, as a rule, on "pay-day." Thereafter the quantity and quality of the good things of life that they enjoy diminish daily until the next pay-day.

Pay-day with us was Friday. This was Thursday night. I, having gone to unusual lengths of good cheer in the early part of that week, had now fallen low, and was duly thankful for what I could get—even at Gorson's.

As my glance wandered across my table, over the beer-bottles and the oysters, beyond the crowd of ravenous and vulgar eaters and hurrying waiters, to the street door, some one opened that door from the outside and entered. An odd-looking personage, this some one.

A person very tall and conspicuously thin. These peculiarities were accentuated by the dilapidated frock-coat that reached to his knees and thus concealed the greater portion of his gray summer trousers, which "bagged"!



AN ODD-LOOKING PERSONAGE, THIS SOME ONE.

exceedingly and were picturesquely frayed at the bottom edges, as I could see when he came nearer to me. He wore a faded straw hat, which looked forlorn, as the

month was January. His face, despite its angularity of outline and its wanness, had that expression of complacency which often relieves from pathos the countenances of harmlessly demented people. His hair was gray, but his somewhat formidable-looking moustache was still dark. He carried an unadorned walking-stick, and under his left arm was what a journalistic eye immediately recognized as manuscript.

From the man's aspect of extreme poverty, I deduced that his manuscripts were never accepted.

As he passed the cashier's desk, he stopped, lowered his body, not by stooping in the usual way, but by bending his knees, and, with a quick sweep of his eyes by way of informing himself whether or not he was observed, he picked up a cigar-stump that some one had dropped there.

Then he walked, with a rather shambling but self-important gait, to the table next mine, carefully placed his manuscript upon a chair, and sat down upon it. He was soon lost in a prolonged contemplation of the limited bill of fare posted on the wall, a study which resulted in his ordering, through a hustling, pugnacious-looking waiter, a bowl of oatmeal.

A bowl of oatmeal is the least expensive item on the bill of fare at Gorson's. When I hear a man ordering oatmeal in a cheap eating-house, my heart aches for him. I had just the money and the intention to procure another bottle of beer and a box of cigarettes. The sum required to obtain these necessities of life is exactly the price of a bowl of oatmeal and a steak at Gorson's. So I hastily arose to go, and on my way out I had a brief conversation with the bellicose-appearing waiter, which resulted in my unknown friend's being overwhelmed with amazement later when the waiter brought him a warm steak with his oatmeal and said that some one else had already paid his bill. I did not wait to witness this result, for the man looked one of the sort to put forth a show of indignation at being made an object of charity.

An hour later I saw him walking with an air of consequence up Broadway, smoking what was probably the bit of cigar he had picked up in the restaurant. He still carried his manuscript, which was wrapped in soiled blue paper. As I was hurrying up-town on an assignment for the newspaper, I could not observe his movements further than to see that when he reached Fourteenth Street he made for one of the benches in Union Square.

It was by the size, shape, and color of the blue cover that I recognized that manuscript two days later upon the desk of the editor of the Sunday supplementary pages of the paper, as I was submitting to that personage a "special" I had written upon the fertile theme, "Producing a Burlesque."

"May I ask what that stuff is, wrapped in blue?"

"Certainly. A crank in the last stages of alcoholism and mental depression brought it in yesterday. It's an idiotic jumble about 'Beautiful Women of History,' part in prose and part in doggerel."

"Of course you'll reject it?"

"Naturally. I'll ease his mind by telling him the subject lacks contemporaneousness. Have a cigarette? By the way, have you any special interest in the rubbish?"

"No; I only think I've seen it before, somewhere. What's the writer's name and address?"

"It's to be called for. He didn't leave any address. From that fact, and his appearance, I infer that he doesn't have any permanent abode. Here's his name,—Ernest Ruddle. Not half as much in-

dividuality in the name as in the man. I remember him because he had a straw hat on."

The burlesque production which had served as material for my Sunday article saw the light for the first time on the following Monday night. There being no other theatrical novelty in New York that night, the town—represented by the critics and the sporting and self-styled Bohemian elements—was there. The performance was to have a popular comedian as the central figure, and was to serve, also, to reintroduce a once favorite comic-opera prima donna, who had been abroad for some years. This stage queen had once beheld the town at her feet. She had abdicated her throne in the height of her glory, having made the greatest success of her career on a certain Monday night, and having disappeared from New York on Tuesday, shortly afterwards materializing in Paris.

There was abundant curiosity awaiting the reappearance of Louise Moran, as the play-bills called her. It was whispered, to be sure, by some who had seen her in burlesque in London after her flight from America, that she had grown a bit *passée*; but this was refuted by the interviewers who had met her on her return and had duly chronicled that she looked as "rosy and youthful as ever." Brokers, gilded youth, all that curious lot of masculinity classified under the general head of "men about town," crowded into the theatre that night, and when, after being heralded at length by the chorus, the returned prima donna appeared, in shining drab tights, she had a long and noisy reception.

My friendly acquaintance with the leading comedian and the stage manager had served to obtain for me an unusual privilege,—that of witnessing the first-night performance from the wings. As I looked out across the stage and the foot-lights, and saw the sea of faces in the yellowish haze, a familiar visage held my eye. It was in the front row of the top gallery, and was projected far over the railing, putting its owner in some risk of decapitation. An intent look on the pale countenance at once distinguished it from the terrace of uninteresting, monotonous faces that rose back of it. The face was that of my man of the restaurant and the blue-covered manuscript.

I stood, somewhat in the way of the light-man, where my eye could command most of the stage and a brief section of the auditorium, from parquet to roof. The star of the evening, having rattled off, with much *sang-froid* and a London intonation, a few lines of thinly humorous dialogue, came toward the foot-lights to sing. While the conductor of the orchestra poised his baton and cast an apprehensive look at her, she began:

I'm one of the swells  
Whose accent tells  
That we've done the Contenong.

When she had sung only to this point, people in the audience were exchanging significant smiles. There was no doubt of it: Louise Moran's voice had lost its beauty. The years and joys of life abroad had done their work. We now knew why she had given up comic



opera and gone into burlesque. The house was so taken by surprise that at the end of her second stanza, where applause should have come, none came. There was no occasion for her to draw upon her supply of "encore verses."

Unprepared for the chilling silence that followed her song, she bestowed upon the audience a look of mingled astonishment, pain, and resentment. But she recovered self-possession promptly, and delivered the few spoken lines preceding her exit gayly enough. Her face clouded as soon as she was off the stage. She abused her maid in her dressing-room, and sent the comedian's "dresser" out for some troches. The state of her mind was not improved by a hail-storm-like sound that came from the direction of the stage shortly after,—the applause at the leading comedian's entrance.

As the newspaper said the next day, the only honors of that performance were with the comedian. The star of Louise Moran had set. Not only was her singing voice a ruin, but the actress had grown coarse in visage. The once willowy outlines of her figure had rounded vulgarly. On the face, audacity had taken the place of piquancy. Even the dark-gray eyes, which somehow seemed black across the foot-lights, had lost some lustre.

Why had the once lovely creature come back from Europe to disturb the memories of her radiant other self and to turn those dainty photographs of her earlier person into lies?

Every man in the house was thinking this question at the end of the first act.

She had another solo to sing in the second act. It was while she was attempting this that my glance strayed to the man in the gallery. His face this time surprised me.

It wore a look of ineffable sympathy and sorrow. Surely tears were falling from the sad eyes.

This pity touched me. It was so solitary. The feeling of the rest of the audience was plainly one of resentful derision at being disappointed.

After the performance I waited for the comedian. He was called before the curtain, and a speech was extorted from him. There were but a few faint cries for the actress, to which she did not respond. She had summoned the manager to her dressing-room. While she hastily assumed her wraps for the street, she was excitedly complaining of the musical director for "not knowing his business," the comedian for "interfering" in her scenes, the composer for writing the music too high, and the librettist for supplying such "beastly rubbish" in the way of dialogue.

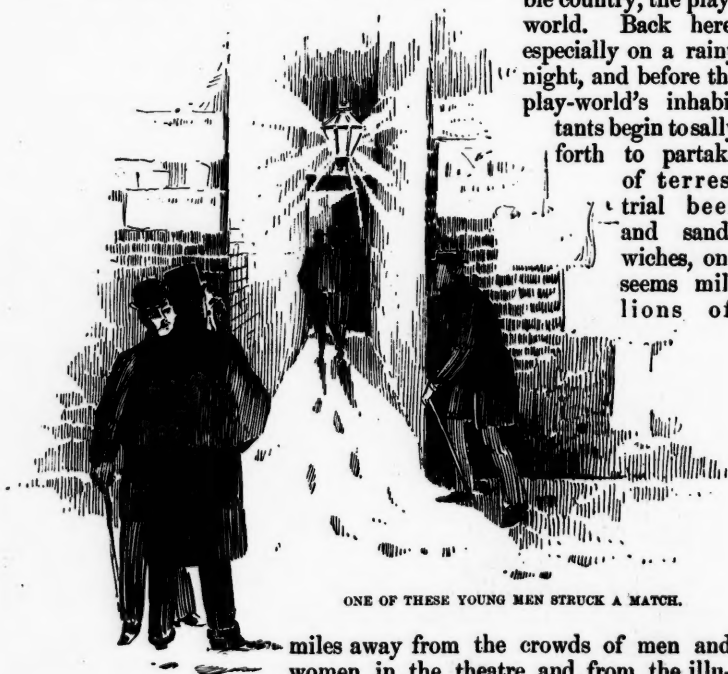
"Very well; I'll call a rehearsal to-morrow at ten," the conciliatory manager replied. "You talk to Myers" (the musical director) "yourself about it. And you can introduce those two songs you speak of. Myers will fix the other music to suit your voice."

"And you start Elliott to write over the libretto at once," she commanded, "and see that that song-and-dance clown" (the comedian) "never comes on the stage when I'm on, if it can be helped, or I won't go on at all. That's settled!"

The comedian and I left the stage door together. The actress's cab was waiting at the opposite side of the dark alley-like street upon which the stage door opened. This street or court, stretching its gloomy way from a main street, is a place of tall warehouses, rear walls, and bad paving. The electric light at its point of junction with the main street does not penetrate half-way to the stage entrance, and the blackness thereabout is diluted with the rays of the lonely, indifferent gas-lamp that projects above the old wooden door. Farther on, an old-fashioned street-lamp marks the place where the alley turns to wind about until it eventually reaches another main street.

This dark region, the feeble lamp above the stage door, the shadows opposite, have a peculiar charm, especially at night. One would not think that within that door is a short corridor leading to the mystic realm which the people "in front" idealize into a wonderful inaccessible

country, the play-world. Back here, especially on a rainy night, and before the play-world's inhabitants begin to sally forth to partake of terrestrial beer and sandwiches, one seems millions of



ONE OF THESE YOUNG MEN STRUCK A MATCH.

miles away from the crowds of men and women in the theatre and from the illuminated street in front.

The ordinary world when passing this strange place peers in curiously from the main street. Sometimes folks wait at the corner of the street to see the stage people come out. If the piece is a burlesque or a comic opera, much life moves in the darkness back here. Light comes from the up-stairs windows of the theatre, the dressing-rooms of the subordinate players being up there. Snatches of song from feminine throats, mere trills sometimes, isolated fragments of melody, break into the silence. These are always numerous during the half-hour after

the performance is finished and before the actors have left the theatre. Chorus-girls in ulsters emerge in troops, usually by twos, from the door beneath the light, and it is constantly opening and shutting. In the gloom opposite the door hover a few bold youths suddenly become timid, smoking cigarettes and trying to look like men of the world.

As the comedian and I came forth, one of these young men struck a match to light a cigarette. The momentary flash attracted my eye, and I saw in the farthest shadow, with his gaze upon the stage door, my man of the restaurant, the manuscript, and the gallery. If possible, he looked more haggard than before, and, as it was very cold, he shivered perceptibly.

"Whom can he be waiting for, I wonder?" I said, aloud.

The comedian, thinking that I alluded to the cabman half asleep upon his seat, replied, as he turned up the collar of his overcoat,—

"Oh, he's waiting for Miss Moran. She didn't always go home from the theatre in a cab. She acquired the habit abroad, I suppose. How she's changed! I knew her in other days."

"Really? I didn't know that. Tell me about her."

"It's a common story. She's the result of a mercenary mother's schemes. She's not as old as people think, you know. Her career has been eventful, which makes it seem long. But I was in the cast, playing a small part, in the first performance she appeared in, and that was only twelve years ago. She was about twenty-one then. She had waited on customers in her mother's little stationery-store, until one day she eloped with a poor young fellow whom she loved, in order to escape a rich old man whom her mother had selected for a son-in-law. She could have endured poverty well enough, if the mother hadn't done the 'I-forgive-and-heaven-bless-you-my-children' act, after which she succeeded in making the girl quarrel with her husband continually. She was a schemer, that mother! A theatrical manager, whom she knew, was introduced to the girl, who was more beautiful then than ever afterwards. The mother managed to have the girl's husband discharged by the bank where he was employed on the same day that the manager made the girl an offer to go on the stage. The boy naturally wanted to keep his wife with him, but the mother told him he was a fool:

"'I'll travel with her,' she said, 'and you stay here and get another situation.' The wife, intoxicated at the prospect of stage triumphs, urged, and the boy gave in.

"A year or so after that, the girl had drifted completely out of the husband's life, as they say in society plays,—the mother managed to bring about the estrangement so promptly.

"The husband stayed at home and got work in a railroad office or somewhere, so as to earn money with which to drink himself to death—I say, let's go in here and eat. If we go to the club, I'll be bored to death with congratulations."

We turned into the lighted vestibule and mounted the stairs to a modest little café over a Broadway saloon. There, over the cigars and Pilsner, presently the comedian continued the story:

"When the husband learned that to his charming mother-in-law's

machinations he owed the loss of his position and his wife, he bided his time, like a sensible fellow, and one day he called upon the old lady at her flat. Without a word, he proceeded to pull out much of her hair and otherwise to disfigure her permanently, which, as she was a vain woman, made her miserable the rest of her days. Then he disappeared, and hasn't been heard of since. It seems strange the thing never got into the newspapers. By the way, you won't print this story, my boy, until she or I leave the profession."

"Why not? Are you the only man who knows it?"

"No: it was general gossip in the profession at the time."

"How did you get it so 'straight'?"

"She told me. I knew her well in those days. Oh, use the story if you like, only don't credit it to me. She's very mad because I made a hit to-night and she didn't."

"But what was the name of her husband?"

"Poor devil!—his name was—what was it, anyhow? By Jove, I can't think of it! It'll come back to me, though, and I'll let you know later. He had literary aspirations, by the way. She used to laugh at the poetry he had written about her. Poor boy!"

The next night, radical changes having been effected in the burlesque, the prima donna made a more creditable showing. I happened to be at the stage door again when she came out with her maid after the performance, as I had under my guidance one of the newspaper's artists, who had been making some sketches of "life behind the scenes." She was in a gayer mood than that in which she had been on the previous night.

As she was entering the cab, I heard a muffled exclamation, which came from the shadow opposite the stage door. Dimly in that shadow could be seen a form with arms outstretched toward the woman as in an involuntary gesture. The cab rolled away. The form emerged from the darkness and wearily strode by. It was that of my manuscript man. He had the same straw hat, stick, and frock-coat.

"That queer old chap must be really in love with her," I thought, smiling. Such things happen often. I knew a gallery-god—but that will keep. Evidently here was an amusing case, not without its aspect of pathos.

Being in that vicinity on the following night, I strolled up to the stage door, merely to see whether the straw hat would be there again. There it was, patiently waiting, scourged by the most ferocious of January winds.

Doubtless the man came here every night to catch a glimpse of his divinity. He was quite unobtrusive, and I was probably the only one who noticed his constant attendance.

I learned at the newspaper office that he had called for the rejected manuscript bearing his name,—Ernest Ruddle. Then for a time I neither saw nor thought of him.

One night in the last week of January—the coldest of that savage winter—I happened again to be in the corridor leading to the stage door, having come from within the theatre in advance of my friend the comedian, with whom I was to have supper at the Actors' Athletic

Club. The actress's cab was waiting. The dark little portion of the world back there was deserted.

Along the corridor, through which the sound of chorus-girls' laughter came, strode the comedian, his cigar already lighted, and behind it his cheerful, hearty, smooth-shaven visage appearing ruddy from the recent washing off of "make-up."

"Hello!" he began, thrusting his hands into his overcoat pockets. "By the way, while I think of it, I just passed Miss Moran coming from the dressing-room, and suddenly that name came back to me,—the name of her husband. It was a peculiar name,—Ernest Ruddle."

Ernest Ruddle! The name on the manuscript! The man of the restaurant and the gallery! The tears, the waiting at the stage door, were explained now.

Ere we reached the stage door the actress herself ap-



"DRUNK, OR ASLEEP, OR DEAD."

peared in the corridor, on the arm of her maid. She was laughing, rather coarsely. We stepped aside to let her pass out into the night.

"So the manager said he'd give me fifty dollars more on the road," she was saying, "and I said he'd have to make it seventy-five more—Gracious! What's this?"

She had stumbled over something just outside the threshold of the stage door. Her companion stooped, while the actress jumped aside and looked down at the large black object with both fright and curiosity.

"It's a man," said the maid; "drunk, or asleep, or dead. He looks frozen. He's a tramp, I guess. Come, hurry away! We'll tell the policeman on the corner."

The actress passed on, with a final look of half-aversion, half-pity, at the prostrate body. The comedian and I were both by that body within two seconds.

"Frozen or starved, sure!" said the comedian. "Poor beggar! Look at his straw hat. Observe his death-clutch on the cane."

From down the alley came two sounds: one was of a policeman's approaching footsteps; the other, of a woman's laughter. What, to be sure, was the dead or drunken body of an unknown vagabond to her?

And it seemed strange that I, who never exchanged speech with either the woman or the man, was the only one in the world who might recognize, in the momentary contact of the living with the dead, a dramatic situation.

*Robert N. Stephens.*

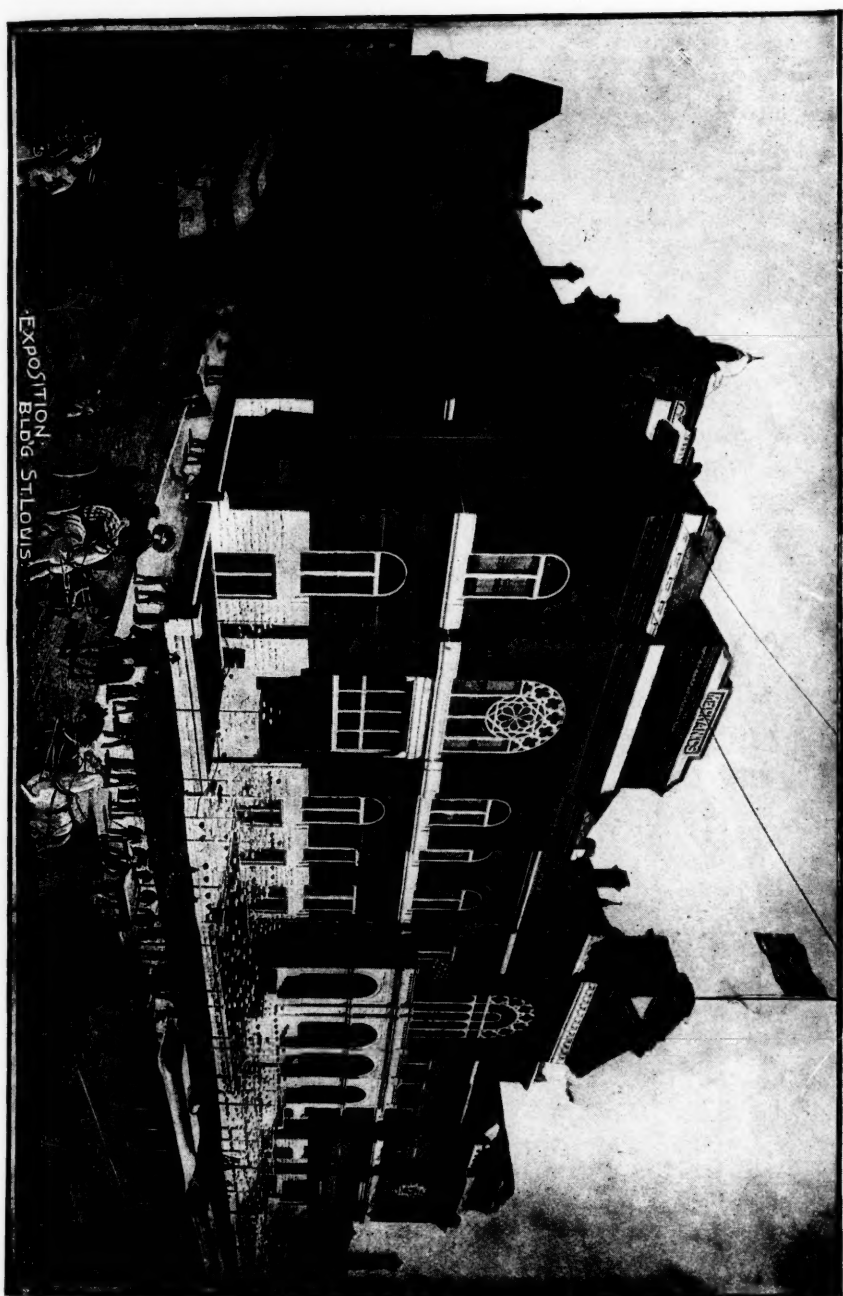
### THE GRAND CARNIVAL AT ST. LOUIS.

CARNIVAL is now reigning supreme in St. Louis. Every year the great Western city devotes forty days to festivities, and the attractions of 1892 commenced on September 7 with the ninth annual opening of the St. Louis Exposition. The city is crowded with guests from all parts of the United States, and an unusually large number of Europeans making tours through America have included St. Louis in their itinerary and are enjoying the continuous round of attractions in that prosperous and attractive city.

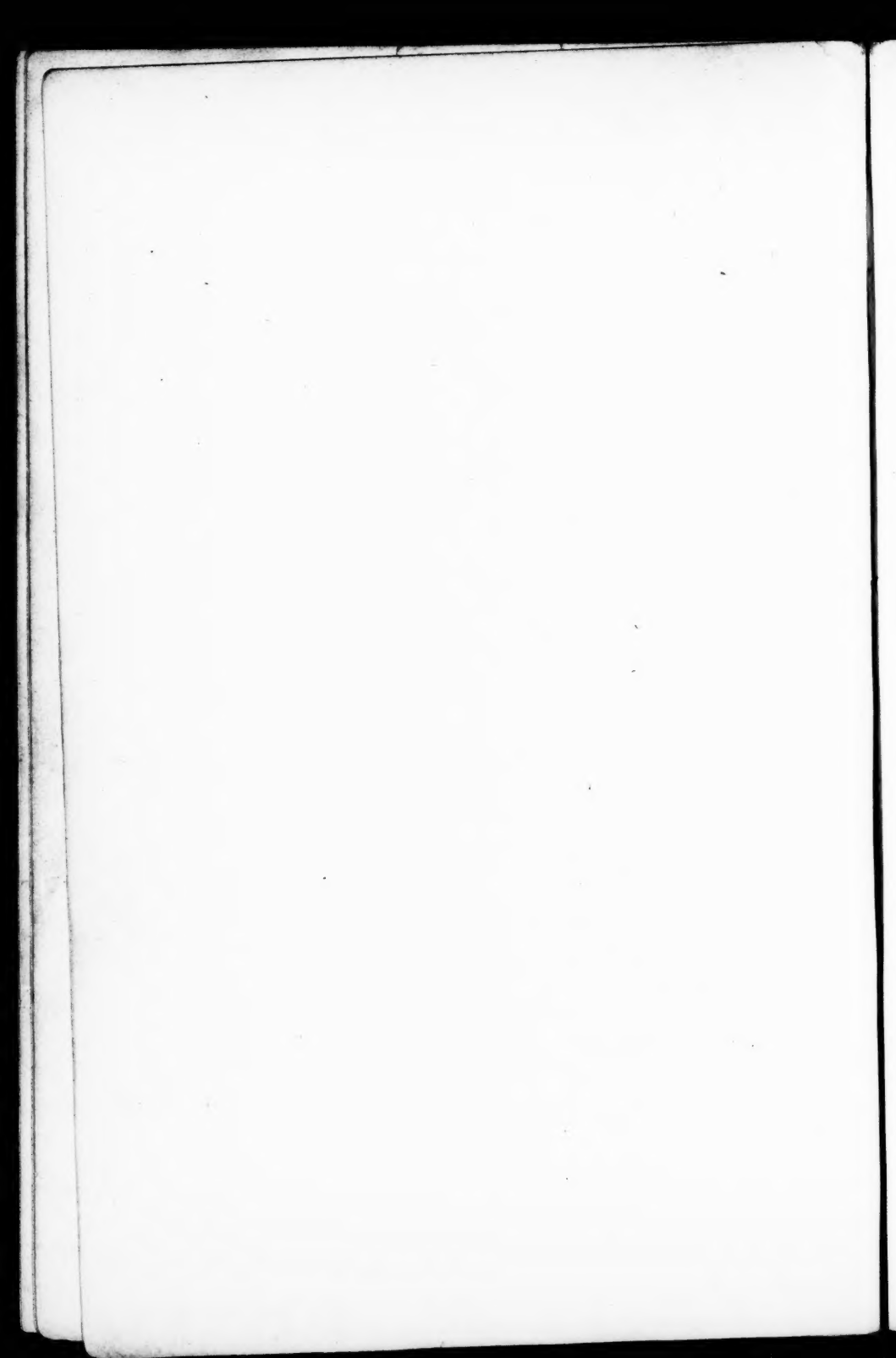
Many causes have combined to bring St. Louis to the front as an autumnal resort and as a popular halting-place for tourists. Her citizens, ever noted for their liberal interpretation of the word "hospitality," resolved at a meeting held in May of last year to subscribe the sum of one million dollars for the city's good and for the entertainment of visitors; and an association was formed, known as the Autumnal Festivities Association, charged with the duty, among other things, of beautifying the city during the carnival periods of 1891, 1892, and 1893, of celebrating the fourth centenary of the discovery of America in a suitable manner, and of providing attractions of an irresistible character for visitors from all parts of the globe. Few cities in the world would have ventured upon the task of collecting by subscription one million dollars for the good of the city and for carnival purposes; but there are few cities in the world as enterprising and prosperous as St. Louis, and hence, while the announcement of its ambitious but well-devised programme called forth much admiration and approval, it was not greeted with surprise.

When Addison wrote, "'Tis not in mortals to command success," the New World, or at any rate the western portion of it, was what mathematicians term an "unknown quantity," and the powers of prophetic vision of the author of "Cato" did not extend to the last decade of the nineteenth century, nor to the great Mississippi Valley, then an unexplored region, but now a scene of ceaseless activity, with a city for its metropolis, of the like of which no one dreamed in the good





EXPOSITION  
BLDG. ST. LOUIS



old days when the *Spectator* flourished and Addison wrote on men and manners. At any rate, the organizers of the St. Louis Autumnal Festivities Association ignored the poet's dictum and proceeded to command success in a manner for which they neither had nor needed precedent.

"It will require a million dollars to carry out our programme," explained the chairman at the meeting.

"Put our house down for ten thousand dollars towards it," said one of St. Louis's merchant princes.

"Our company will cheerfully subscribe another ten thousand dollars," was the remark of a member of one of the largest manufacturing establishments not only in St. Louis but in the world.

"You may rely on us for seven thousand five hundred dollars, and more if required," announced another enthusiast; and so the good work went on, four- and five-figure subscriptions being made with a spirit of generous enthusiasm which did something more than command success—it insured it.

The Association was fully organized, and its work outlined. It was pledged to secure the erection of another fire-proof hotel in the city, the meeting coming to the common-sense conclusion that crowding the city with visitors involved responsibilities which could not be ignored; and it was also decided, as already explained, that the years 1891, 1892, and 1893, and more especially the two latter, should be made famous in the history of America for the magnificence of the street illuminations and general out-door and in-door attractions to be witnessed in the metropolis of the West and Southwest.

Committees on Programme and Illuminations were appointed to execute the mandate of the meeting, and to a third committee was deputed the duty of inviting the people of America and Europe to St. Louis during the carnival period, and of enlightening the world in general in regard to the greatness of the city which was opening its gates to all and bidding every comer welcome.

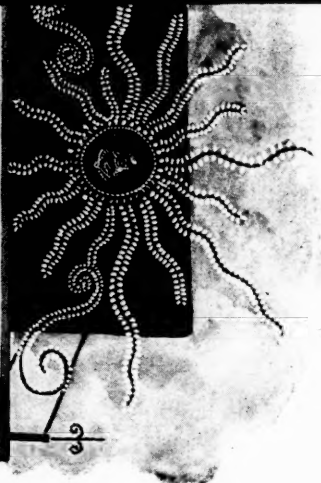
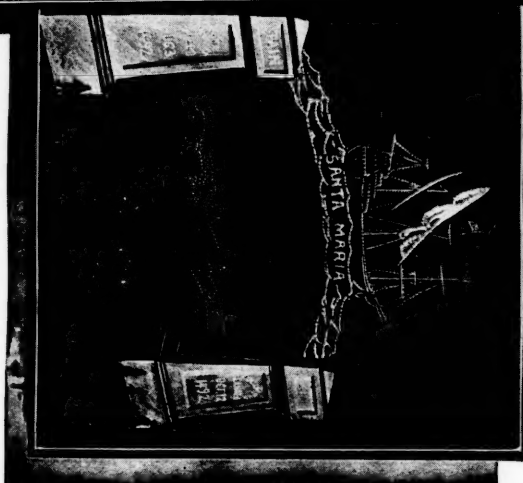
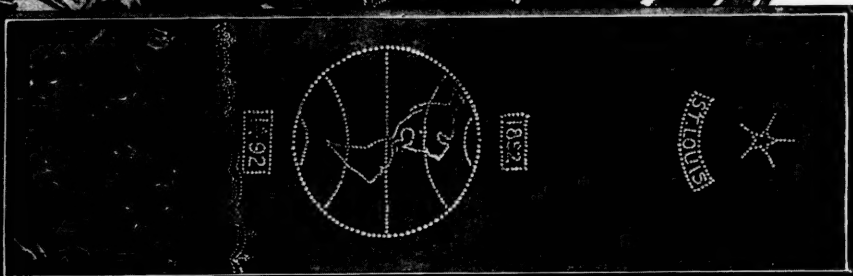
This committee, known as the Bureau of Information, promptly organized, and is now carrying out its work in a systematic and successful manner, the enormous attendance of tourists and holiday-makers at St. Louis this fall bearing eloquent tribute to its usefulness and energy. Another committee was formed to continue the work of raising subscriptions, and this branch of the Association has also achieved a splendid success. It was deemed advisable at the inaugural meeting not to encourage the announcement of subscriptions, and all promises were spontaneous, there not being the barest suspicion of begging. Nor did the Finance Committee pass round the hat or entreat or demand support after the meeting. It preferred to rely on a continuance of the spirit of spontaneous liberality which was so conspicuous at the inaugural meeting, and in pursuance of this policy it encouraged the formation of sub-committees representing the various professional and commercial interests in the city.

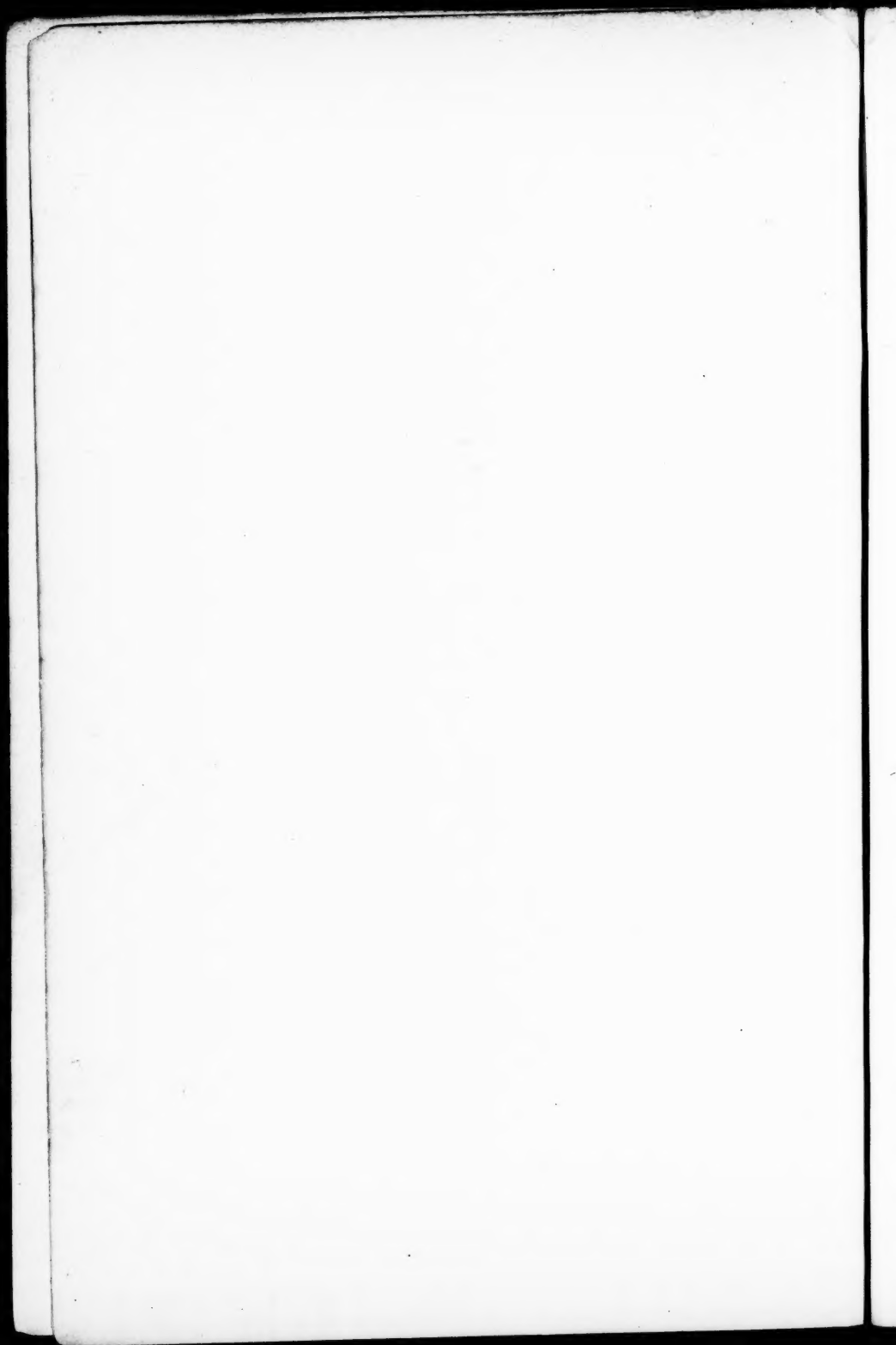
The plan proved an admirable one, for a spirit of friendly rivalry spread among the various professions and trades, and the balance in the hands of the treasurer grew and flourished like a green bay-tree.

Everybody subscribed, from the manufacturer and merchant who drew his check for ten thousand dollars and promised another donation if occasion demanded, to the Chinese laundryman, who dived into the mysterious hiding-place which serves as a Celestial pocket and produced three shining 'Melican dollars, which he donated with a cheerful liberality which gave the lie direct to half the unkind things written and spoken of "John" and his habits. The members of the police force subscribed freely, clubbing together by stations and impressing captains and sergeants into the service as treasurers and book-keepers. Nearly every man on the force contributed three dollars, and "cash down" was the general motto. The drummers—and their name is legion in St. Louis—gave freely and promptly, and the employees of nearly all the large factories and business houses organized and raised substantial sums for the good of the cause every loyal St. Louisan had at heart. The lawyers acted on the policy that he gives twice who gives quickly, the real-estate men made it a matter of duty and pleasure combined to get in on the ground-floor and swell the rapidly-growing fund, and the newspapers, daily, weekly, and monthly, contributed with marked liberality.

Altogether about two-thirds of the required million dollars were subscribed during 1891, leaving but one-sixth to be collected in 1892 and another sixth in 1893. The success can only be described as phenomenal, even in a city whose citizens have acquired the habit of giving by reason of the countless conventions held in it, and who have for several successive years raised illumination funds on a smaller scale. It was in the year 1882 that St. Louis first illuminated its streets in a comprehensive manner, and the sum of twenty thousand dollars was subscribed for the purpose. The Illumination Committee of that year had a task of no small magnitude to overcome, for they had to originate as well as to perfect. So far as the United States was concerned, St. Louis was the pioneer in the matter of street illuminations, no other city having made an effort in the direction, and it became necessary to look to Europe for hints and ideas. Careful inquiry in Paris showed that in even the gay French capital nothing had been attempted on anything approaching the scale determined upon in St. Louis, and even the much-talked-of illuminations of Brussels and Venice were experimental and insignificant compared with the new Western idea. In London, Japanese lanterns, and an occasional colored globe, constituted the idea of street beautification by night, and the St. Louisans who had crossed the Atlantic in search of information and designs returned with very little of the former and still less of the latter, the fact having been demonstrated that the apparently primitive efforts of the preceding year in St. Louis had excelled the best on record in the Old World, besides having been entirely without precedent in the New.

It is fortunate for St. Louis, and also for the United States, that there was nothing found worth copying in the carnival cities of Europe, for the Carnival City of America proceeded at once to originate, and to spring at one bound into the lead as an entertaining city, achieving even ten years ago a triumph it could scarcely have hoped for had it followed in the wake of other cities instead of leading the way itself.







Twenty thousand dollars having been subscribed in 1882, one hundred and forty skilled plumbers were engaged, and gas-pipes and arches were placed along and over the sidewalks and across the streets. Twenty-one thousand globes of different colors were purchased, and for the distance of about forty-four blocks in the business section everything was got in readiness for a magnificent display and for a dazzling show of many-shaded lights.

And the most sanguine expectations of the promoters of the enterprise were more than realized, for tens of thousands of spectators gazed with admiration on the display evening after evening, and hundreds of European tourists, who were attracted by the novelty and magnitude of the undertaking, pronounced it the most gorgeous street spectacle they had ever witnessed, and so infinitely superior to the best Old World production as to make anything in the nature of comparison out of the question. A well-known official of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, near London, England, was among the visitors who enjoyed the first grand street illumination the world had ever seen, and his verdict was that not even in the Crystal Palace Grounds or in the Gardens at South Kensington had any approach towards such magnificence been made. Other visitors of equal experience endorsed this expression of approval, and no one has yet been found to express a contrary opinion.

In 1883 the illuminations were repeated, the area covered being increased to the extent of several blocks, and in the two following years the work of improvement went steadily on. In 1886, the year of the Knights Templar Conclave at St. Louis, upwards of twenty-two thousand dollars was collected and expended in illuminations, which were made more dazzling than ever by the free use of electric lights. In 1887, the gathering of the Grand Army, followed by the visit of President and Mrs. Cleveland, stimulated the St. Louisans to still greater efforts; the subscriptions exceeded twenty-six thousand dollars, and the streets were rendered more dazzlingly magnificent than ever.

Thus has the illumination of streets by aid of gas and electricity been reduced to a fine art in a Western city. Thus has St. Louis designed, improved, and perfected, and, while other cities have marvelled, few have made even an attempt to imitate.

This year the great manufacturing and carnival city is not only repeating the best of its work of former years, but is introducing even more dazzling effects, with even greater and more marked success. An electrical panorama in the centre of a street one hundred and fifty feet wide is something it is worth while crossing a continent to see, and this is what the visitor to St. Louis is able to gaze upon. Nearly one thousand incandescent globes are employed to retell by means of electricity the story of the discovery of the New World and its gradual though rapid settlement, and over one million people have already stood spell-bound as they watched the latest triumph of the newest illuminating agent.

One of the illustrations accompanying this article gives a good outline of this electrical triumph. Until the lights are turned on, all that

is seen is a huge map of the New World, with the outlines dimly defined. All at once a star of dazzling brightness appears at San Salvador, and at the same moment the date 1492 bursts into view. A moment later the lights along the coast of Florida burst into full illumination. Then all along and around the coast the lights appear, and just as the last shoots forth into brilliancy another star, more magnificent than the first, bursts into view one hundred and twenty-five feet from the ground, and the date 1892 accompanies it. The progress of civilization during the four hundred years could scarcely be illustrated in a more dramatic or dazzling manner, and, to add to the beauty of the scene, the panorama closes with a series of lightning changes, the lights changing rapidly from red to green and from green to white, giving scintillating effects, and showing what can be done with electricity in the way of beautifying as well as illuminating.

To the visitor to St. Louis this fall it appears as though the World's Fair were being held in that busy city, so numerous are the displays in honor and commemoration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

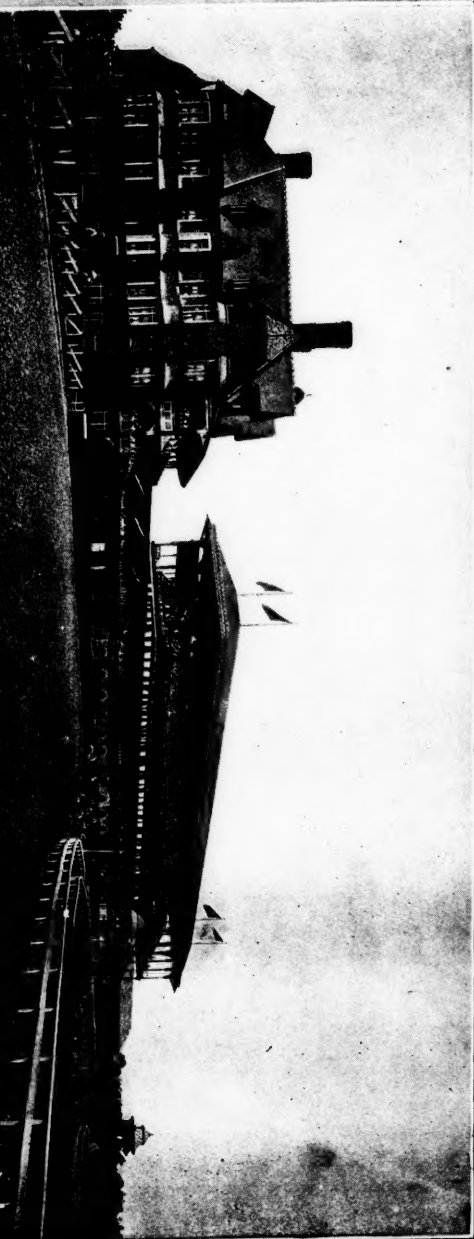
"Thought the World's Fair was postponed till 1893," remarked an English officer who had seen the electrical panorama and who was gazing on an arch surmounted by a Columbus medallion set in the centre of several hundred brilliant lights.

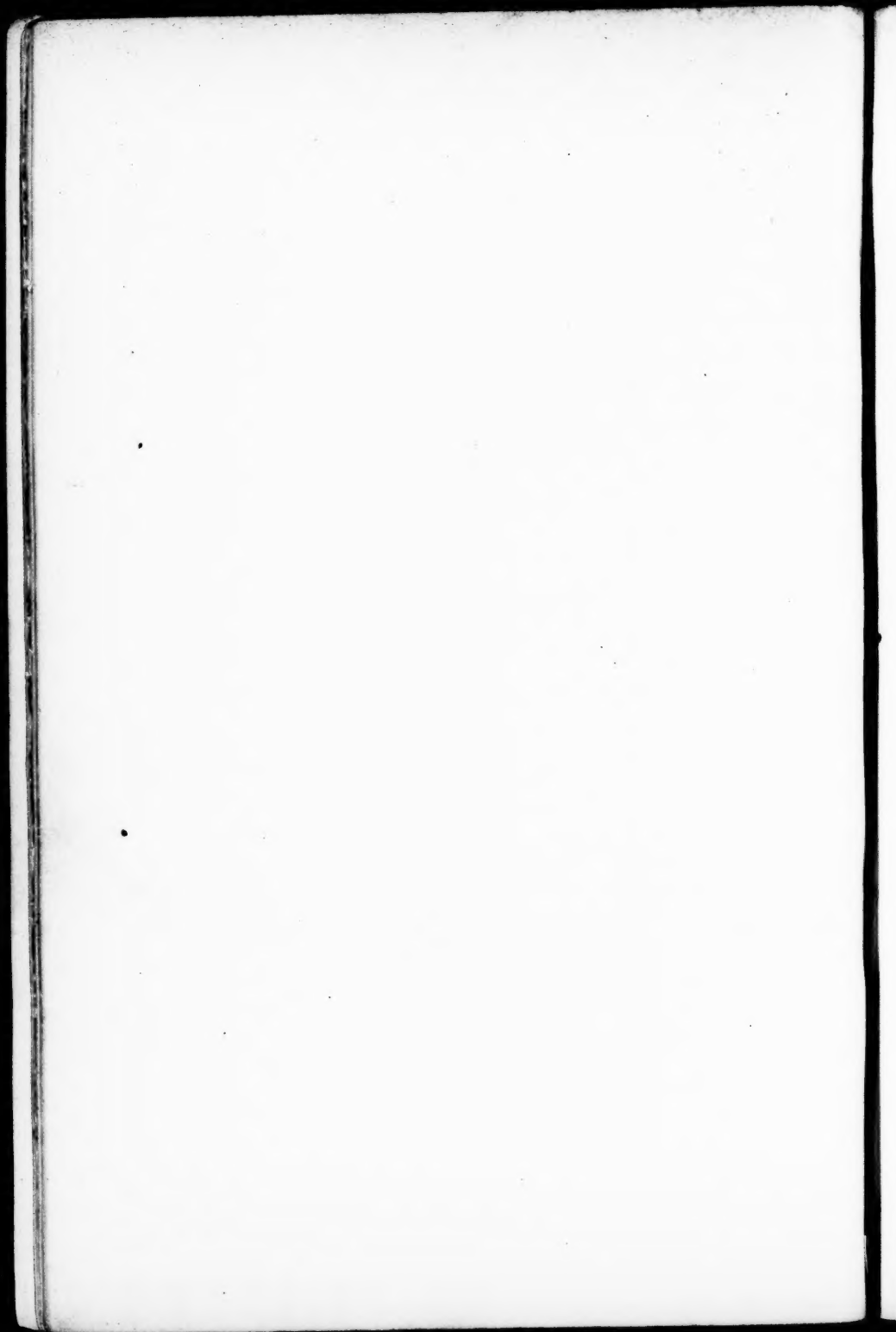
"So it is—in Chicago," replied his St. Louis friend. "They're a year behind time, as usual, but St. Louis is always on time." And the Englishman, who had been told in Chicago that St. Louis was a small place anyhow, and too sleepy for anything, consoled himself with the thought that although the prophet might have been a trifle severe when he said, "All men are liars," he didn't miss the mark much so far as Chicago's criticisms of St. Louis were concerned.

Certainly St. Louis is entitled to the thanks of the entire country this year, for its streets literally swarm with evidences of loyalty and of the fact that it is just four hundred years since Columbus ceased to be a "crank" in the eyes of the Old World philosophers, and earned for himself the proud distinction of having discovered a continent the existence of which he had preached to sceptical ears for half a lifetime. The permanent statue of General Grant is decorated with a profusion of flags, the Spanish emblem of 1492 mingling with the stars and stripes of 1892, and at prominent street-intersections there are two magnificent arches, at the summits of which the good old wooden ships in which Columbus sailed are accurately represented by cleverly-constructed models, the whole one blaze of light.

There are in all upwards of seventy-five thousand lights used in the street decorations and illuminations at St. Louis this year, the number being about equally divided between gas and electricity, and the whole produce an effect such as no historian has ever been called upon to describe in any country or in any age; nor has any poet in the wildest flights of picturesque imagination depicted anything half so dazzling or so remarkable. Hundreds of thousands of people are flocking to the city, and every visitor admits enthusiastically that the half had not been told him of the beauties that awaited him.

CLUB HOUSE,  
Grand Stand & Race Track,  
= ST. LOUIS FAIR GROUNDS =





The illuminations, magnificent as they are admitted to be, form but a feature of the entertainment provided by the city of St. Louis. The exposition opened its doors for its ninth annual triumph on September 7, and will continue open until ten o'clock on the evening of October 22. The word "triumph" is used because there is no other word in Webster which adequately reflects the Exposition's career. It is purely a local undertaking, having been devised, planned, built, paid for, managed, and forced to the front by St. Louisans. It was in 1883 that the erection of a permanent Exposition building was determined upon, and, a six-acre park in an exceptionally accessible location having been donated for a site, the necessary funds were subscribed locally and work commenced. While it was in progress, predictions were freely made that if three annual expositions were held in the building St. Louis would make a proud record.

"Why don't you St. Louis people profit by the experience of other cities?" asked a thrice-round-the-world man of a group of city men at the Southern Hotel one exceptionally pleasant summer evening.

"In what way?" came the reply from a loyal citizen of unquestionable Scotch descent.

"Why, the Exposition way, of course. Here are you fellows sinking a cool million in a great building for an annual Exposition, when if you'd even wandered a day's journey outside your own bailiwick you'd know for a certainty that the thing will open with a hurrah the first year, linger in painful agony the second, and be put out of its misery the third."

Optimism was liberally distributed in the crowd, and the globe-trotter found himself in a hopeless minority. But he took no notice of the murmurs of dissent.

"Look at the Crystal Palace," he went on; "there's the finest Exposition in the world, but it can't be made to pay, although there are six million people within an hour's ride of it. The Alexandra Palace, the other end of London, has ruined four promoters and caterers; the Manchester Exposition Building is being used as a Cotton Exchange, the one at Edinburgh is closed, and all over England and Scotland the same story is told. Why, even in Paris they don't dare attempt an annual Exposition, and none of the large cities of this country have met with any better success. The Exposition business is about played out, and I'm sorry for you. It's very evident you don't know anything about the great cities of the world."

"That's so," drawled out one of the subscribers to the Exposition Association. "But we know pretty considerable about St. Louis, and that's why we aren't lying awake nights worrying about the Exposition Building and the money we are putting in it."

And experience has proved that the investors' knowledge of St. Louis was a saving one for them, for the Exposition has beaten all records, first by being self-supporting and profit-realizing from the first, and second by continuing for nine successive seasons without even a suspicion of "that tired feeling" of which quack-medicine poets sing, and which has killed off every local exposition in the midst of a puny and tear-provoking infancy. The St. Louis Exposition never had to go

through the painful stages of unhealthy infancy ; it sprang into public favor from the start, and although the admission price was fixed at twenty-five cents, with no side-show extras of any kind, it has more than paid its way each of the eight seasons it has completed, while the ninth season, now about half over, has already yielded sufficient revenue to cover the expenses of the full forty days, which, by the way, is the length of time the Exposition has remained open in St. Louis every year since the completion of the building.

To understand how it is that St. Louis has succeeded where so many cities have failed, it is necessary first of all to realize that St. Louis is a city without an equal, or even a competitor, in the matter of enterprise and hospitality, and then to spend a day in its Exposition Building while the great show is enjoying one of its annual triumphs. If St. Louis does not exactly go out into the by-ways and hedges and compel the people of the English-speaking world to come in, it throws open its gates so wide, and offers such an array of attractions to tourists and visitors, that it is spoken of on both sides of the Atlantic as the "Carnival City of America," and not infrequently as the "Paris of the New World." Every one knows St. Louis, and every one who has visited it knows that there is but one St. Louis in the world, in the estimation of the people of the West and Southwest at any rate.

St. Louis does a larger trade with the Spanish-American republics than any city in the world, with the single exception of London. On one occasion a St. Louis manufacturer was making his annual trip to South America, and, desiring to wire home from Panama, entered the little telegraph office there and handed in a despatch addressed simply "St. Louis."

"The address is insufficient," objected the operator. "I must have the State and the country."

"You won't have either," retorted the St. Louisan. "You just send that as I have written it, and I'll wager one hundred dollars it gets there all right."

After some further parley the operator gave way, sent the despatch under protest, and the manufacturer proceeded on his journey. Two months later he was again at Panama, and once more handed in a despatch addressed to relatives in his beloved city. The clerk recognized his customer at a glance and took the message without a word.

"Don't you want the State and the country?" asked the loyal St. Louisan, with a knowing wink.

"Guess not," replied the operator, with a feeble attempt at a smile.

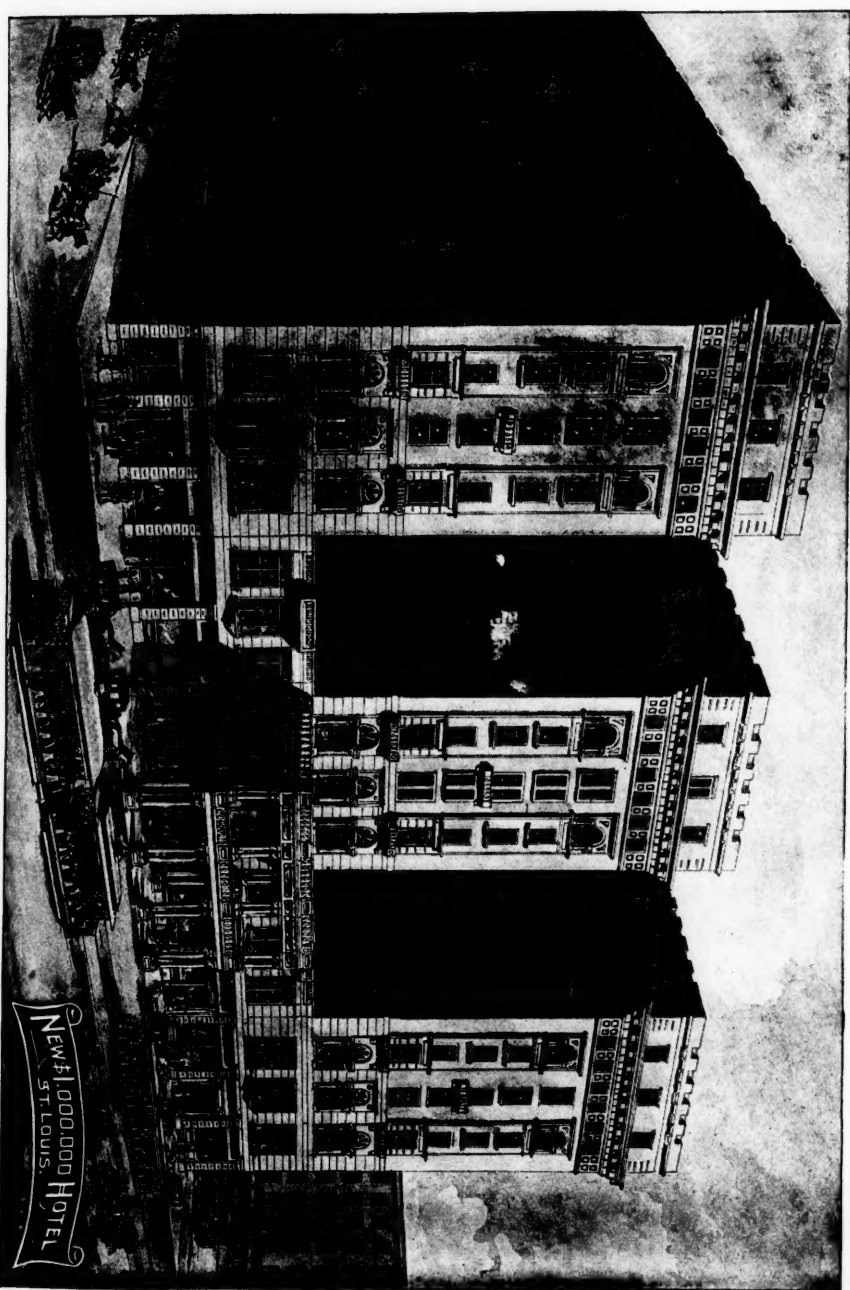
"Other message went all right, I suppose?"

"Yes."

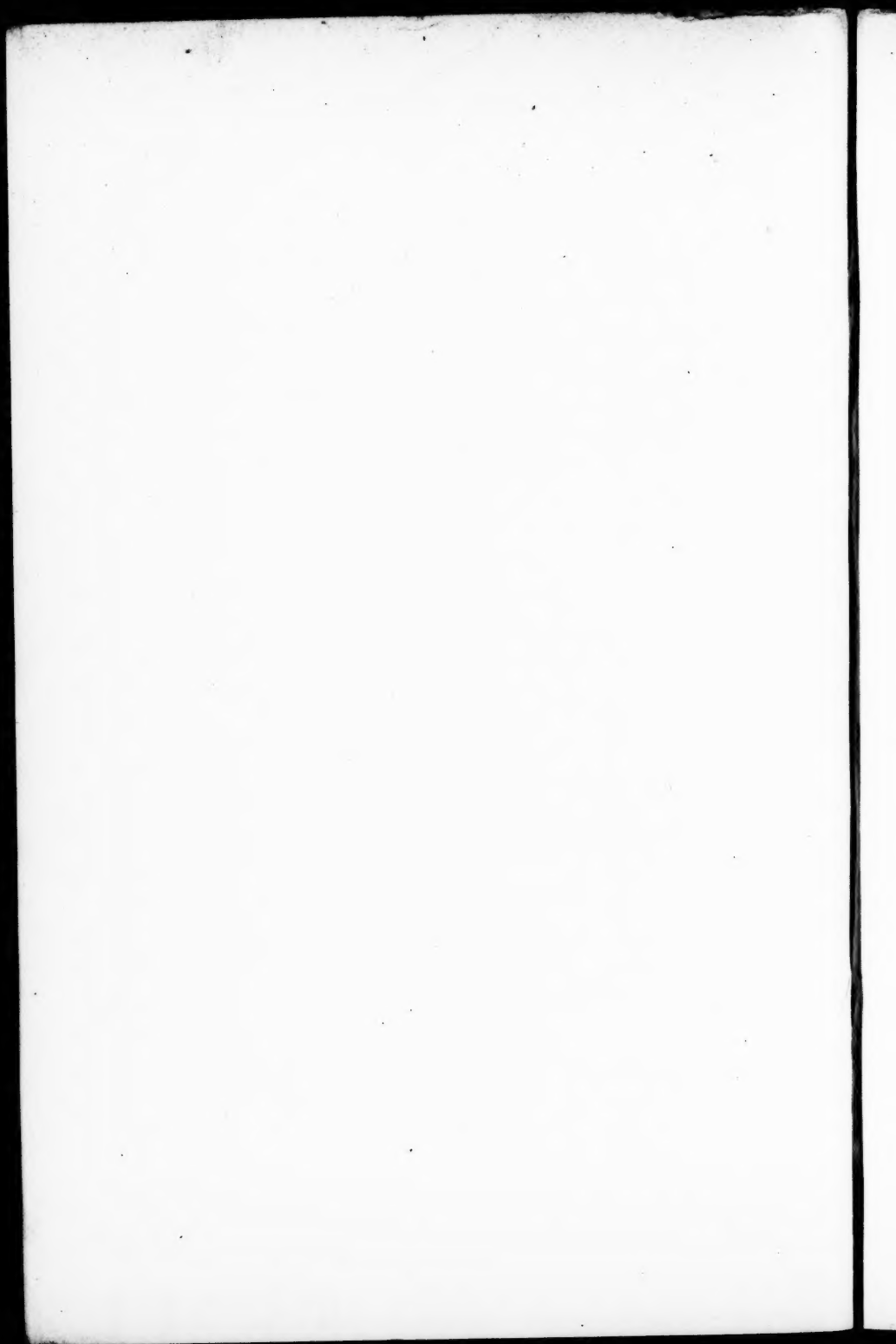
"I thought so. When you feel like having a good time, take a vacation and come up to St. Louis, on the banks of the Mississippi, State of Missouri, United States of America, and you'll find out in twenty-four hours that there's only one St. Louis in the world worthy of the name."

The Exposition itself differs from expositions generally in many ways, but the most conspicuous difference is the absence of the monotony





THE GRAND CARNIVAL AT ST. LOUIS.



and sameness which seemed to be regarded as unavoidable until St. Louis started out on new lines, and established an annual combination of beauty, art, music, and mechanism, such as was never attempted elsewhere. A thing of beauty is a joy forever, and hence a foremost place is given to the æsthetic and elegant; indeed, some of the exhibits in the spacious naves and admirably arranged galleries are elegant in the extreme, with delightful combinations of light and shade, and with exquisite contrasts in color and design. But the average eye soon wearies of gazing upon the artificially beautiful, and hence the management secures a number of displays of practical utility. St. Louis is the great manufacturing city in the West, and its high rank in this regard is aptly evidenced by a series of exhibits showing the process of manufacture of various kinds in every stage.

The visitor who has watched a sheet of leather shaped into a shoe, who has seen a handful of tobacco-leaf transformed into a choice long-filler, and who has been given an insight into a dozen trade secrets, can next turn his attention to one of the grandest electrical displays ever seen under one roof, and learn in an hour or two more than he ever hoped to know about the practical working of the telephone, the phonograph, the electric street-car motor, and other mysteries equally obscure to the wayfaring man who has not served an apprenticeship to either Edison or one of his lieutenants, but who is still glad of an opportunity to have solved by practical demonstration a series of problems which had hitherto been as unfathomable to him as Greek or Sanskrit.

There are at least a hundred exhibits which are both useful and ornamental, and which cannot possibly be examined thoroughly at one visit. There are huge tanks in which fish of a score of varieties swim gracefully, and by the aid of electric lights this exhibit is made even more interesting after dark than at mid-day; and there are mammoth displays of Western products, which are expositions in themselves. Most of the displays are by St. Louis houses, without whose support nine successive annual triumphs could scarcely have been achieved, but there is nothing narrow about the management, and space is given without any charge to good displays from any part of the country, and more especially from those sections which regard St. Louis as their natural commercial metropolis. The State of Missouri, its matchless crops, and its great mineral resources, are always represented, and two years ago the State of Colorado made an agricultural, mineral, and geological exhibit not only in the great building but also in the approaches to it.

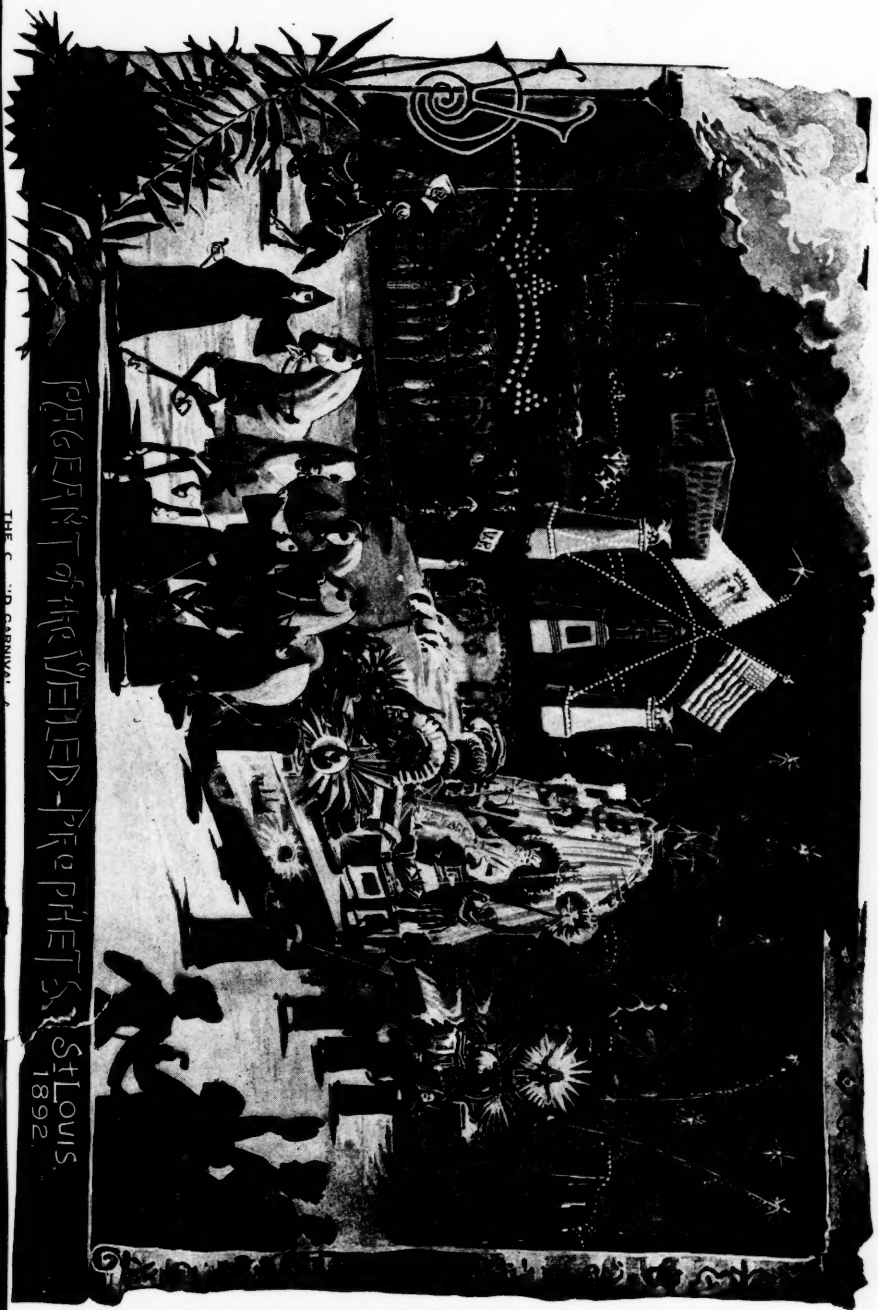
The same broad-gauge policy prevails in the art galleries. Local talent is appreciated and encouraged, and full many an artist who had hitherto blushed unseen has won fame and fortune through the aid of the St. Louis Exposition. But the entire continent is drawn upon for pictures and paintings, and to hundreds of European gems has prominence been given. The spirit of local pride is very strong in St. Louis, but this commendable self-appreciation does not exclude from the local exposition foreign masterpieces with brush or pencil, and herein again may be traced a cause of the Exposition's continued success. The policy

of "Live and let live" is by far the most profitable, as well as the most equitable, in expositions as in everything else.

In pursuance of this policy to secure the very best the world can produce, the Exposition management provides a musical entertainment which cannot be duplicated. Gilmore's band has played to thronged houses four times a day for at least thirty of the forty days of each of the Exposition's annual seasons, and has been encored times beyond number. This being the year in which the World's Fair ought to have been held, the band is stronger than ever, consisting of no less than one hundred talented musicians, with the greatest band-master on earth as its leader. The grand Music Hall in the centre of the Exposition building will seat four thousand people, while the promenades are frequently called upon to accommodate two or three thousand more, so anxious are the visitors to hear the great and only Gilmore, who has popularized music as no other man has ever done before him, and who has friends and admirers by the hundred thousand in the great West and Southwest.

Gilmore opened the Exposition on September 7, and is now giving four concerts daily, his engagement for 1892 terminating on October 22. In 1893 he will be at St. Louis again with one hundred pieces, and that he will score still further triumphs while the city is crowded with visitors *en route* to the World's Fair cannot be doubted. This year the St. Louis Exposition is thronged every day, and the aggregate attendance for 1892 will not fall far short of three-quarters of a million, an enormous total, which has never been approached by a local exposition in any city in the world. Next year the management expect the turnstiles to record a total of over a million paid admissions, and as nothing succeeds like success, and as each of the mass of visitors this year will carry to his or her home tidings of the grandeur and attractiveness of an Exposition which is an honor to America, the estimate is not by any means extravagant or overdrawn.

The annual St. Louis Fair opens on Monday, October 3, and continues during the week, the gala-day of the year being the 6th, or Fair Thursday. The Fair is the greatest mechanical and agricultural display in the West, and is held in a magnificent park known as the Fair Grounds. The park is a favorite objective point of street-car-line projectors, and year after year the accommodation has been improved until now six electric lines and one cable road run direct to it. For several years in succession the attendance on Fair Thursday has exceeded one hundred thousand, and one hundred and twenty-five thousand has been recorded more than once. The Fair is a splendid exposition of itself, part open-air and part under cover, and the exhibits are as costly as varied. The premiums are eagerly competed for, and highly prized by the successful exhibitors. Within the grounds is one of the largest amphitheatres in America, in the centre of which take place trials of speeds of trotting horses, and the competition for premiums in blooded stock of all descriptions. A splendid race-track a mile round, with a grand stand of massive proportions, and an elegant and spacious Jockey Club House, also form features of the grounds, and so popular have the St. Louis races become that this



PROGRAM OF THE WHEAT-FIRE PHET St. Louis.  
1892.

THE C. AND C. RIVIVAL





year the summer meeting lasted forty-eight days, without any sign of waning interest or diminished attendance.

On Tuesday, October 4, the annual parade and ball of the Veiled Prophet takes place. This double event is the culminating triumph of the St. Louis Fall Festivities, and has been so ever since their inauguration away back in the seventies. The parade is the grandest street pageant ever seen, twenty or more gorgeous floats passing along the principal streets, each float forming a part in a grand allegorical representation. The Veiled Prophet appears either at the front or the rear of the procession, and the hundreds of thousands of spectators who line the streets gaze in raptures on the monarch and his procession. No one knows who the Veiled Prophet is; he approaches the city in a mysterious manner just in time for the parade, and leaves it again after the holding of the ball. He exercises a friendly and beneficent influence over the festivities generally, and his annual visit is looked forward to with an absorbing interest for months in advance.

The ball is held in the Merchants' Exchange Hall, in which Samuel J. Tilden was nominated for the Presidency in 1876. The hall is one of the finest in the country, and has a floor-space of two hundred and twenty by one hundred feet, affording ample space for dancing after providing seats for the thousands of invited guests, who prefer to see others trip the light fantastic toe, at least during a greater part of the evening. The Veiled Prophet and his retinue march into the hall, and, after a parade, the hero of the day selects as his partner for the first dance one of the countless belles present, the music commences, and dancing is indulged in until the first signs of gray dawn warn the revellers that it is time to desist.

The fountain in the centre of the hall plays merrily, the decorations, floral and otherwise, are the finest that money can procure or exquisite taste devise and arrange, and for one night at least there is a revival in a typical American city of all the ancient splendor of the Orient. The invitation-cards sent out to the number of about five thousand every year are in themselves artistic treasures, and are preserved by their recipients as pleasant memorials of happy evenings. President and Mrs. Cleveland were among the guests at the Veiled Prophet's ball of 1887, and among those who have accepted invitations for this year's ball are the Governors of Missouri and several other States.

The climate of St. Louis during what may well be described as the carnival period is delightful, making the city a most desirable autumnal resort, especially when the extent and picturesqueness of its parks and the perfection of its boulevards and drive-ways are taken into consideration. During the reign of King Carnival the thermometer very rarely touches 90, the variation between sunrise and sunset being usually from about 80 to 85. The nights are cool and invigorating, and rain very seldom interferes with the festivities; indeed, only once has the Veiled Prophet seen a drop of rain, although this is his fifteenth annual visit to the city of his adoption and his choice. Even during the so-called "heated term" St. Louis enjoys a very healthful climate, and she ranks with the healthiest large cities of the world.

The comprehensiveness and almost extravagance of the programme

of attractions provided by the citizens of St. Louis, combined with the pleasant weather, naturally bring to the metropolis of the West and Southwest enormous crowds of people every fall. To accommodate all the visitors is far from an easy task, and, excellent as are the leading hotels of the city, they are not large enough to care for so enormous an influx of guests at a season of the year when trade is naturally active, and when there are always an unusually large number of business-men calling upon their correspondents and customers. Hence the inclusion in the Million Dollar Programme of the encouragement of the erection of a new fire-proof hotel to cost at least as much as the total amount subscribed. That hotel is now in course of erection on the site of the Old Planters' House, so well known to Americans and Europeans both before and since the war, and at which Charles Dickens delighted to stay when at St. Louis many years ago.

The new hotel will cost nearly two million dollars by the time it is furnished, and it will be ready for occupancy during the World's Fair period. It will have upwards of four hundred bedrooms, and, besides a promenade on the roof, will have two delightfully pleasant conservatories over the main entrances in spacious recessed courts, two stories from the ground. The hotel will be ten stories high, absolutely fire-proof throughout, and constructed in the grandest possible style. Another hotel, to cost one million dollars or more, is being built in St. Louis, whose accommodation will soon be first-class in every respect.

Space prevents the recital of other reasons why the European tourist must include St. Louis in his route or fail to see one of the most remarkable sights on the continent,—a city which excels both as a manufacturing centre and as a carnival city,—and why the American who fails to visit St. Louis during the forty days of festivities misses one of the grandest opportunities of his life. But enough has already been said to demonstrate the enterprise of St. Louis and the delights that await the visitor to it, and all that remains to be discussed is what railroad to take to reach the Carnival City of America.

The answer to this question is a simple one. All roads used to lead to Rome; now well-nigh all roads lead to St. Louis, which is admitted to be the best railroad centre in America. Situated a few miles west of the centre of population as located by the census of 1890, St. Louis is not only the terminus of roads leading North, South, East, and West, but it is also on the great highways leading from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. The traveller from New York, Boston, or Philadelphia to San Francisco or any city in the far West makes a mistake if he does not secure transportation *via* St. Louis, with stop-off privileges at that point. The route is the pleasantest and quickest, and the advantage of spending a few days in St. Louis on the way, especially during September and October, cannot be overrated. The same applies to the traveller from well-nigh any point to Mexico, no less than four direct routes connecting that republic with the metropolis of the West, while so many of the Southern roads start from St. Louis that it is on the natural highway to two-thirds of the cities of the New South.

THE GRAND CARNIVAL AT ST. LOUIS.





The railroad traffic to and from St. Louis has assumed such enormous proportions during recent years that there are now two distinct systems of terminal, each owning a bridge over the great Mississippi, while one of the finest Union Depots in the world is now being constructed to accommodate the thousands of trains and hundreds of thousands of passengers who will alight at it during the World's Fair, and in a variety of ways, too numerous to mention in detail, the citizens of one of the grandest cities of modern times are applying themselves to the evidently agreeable task of insuring the comfort and happiness of the countless thousands its hospitality, its commercial eminence, and its marked accessibility are attracting and will continue to attract to it.

*James Cox.*

## UNCONSCIOUS SERVICE.

"THE bee"—she sighed—"that haunts the clover  
Has Nature's errand to fulfil:  
The bird that skims the azure over  
Bears living seeds within his bill:

"Without a pause his flight pursuing,  
He drops them on a barren strand,  
And turns, unconscious of the doing,  
The waste into a pasture-land.

"I, craving service,—willing, choosing  
To fling broadcast some golden grain,—  
Can only sit in silent musing  
And weave my litanies of pain."

I, making answer, softly kissed her:  
"All Nature's realm of bees and birds,—  
What is such ministry, my sister,  
Compared with your enchanted words?"

"The seed your weakened hand is sowing  
May ripen to a harvest broad,  
Which yet may help, without your knowing,  
To fill the granaries of God!"

*Margaret J. Preston.*



EDWIN CHECKLEY.

## MUSCLE-BUILDING.

[ATHLETIC SERIES.]

VARIOUS schemes have been urged as means of muscle-building, but most of them, if practised as assiduously as their advocates advise, would soon work their own undoing and that of their votaries. You cannot gain health and strength by what I am enforced to call straining methods; on the contrary, injury, if not death, results. Such at least has been the experience of those who have tried; and it is useless to promise immunity from the penalty hitherto imposed on all who have submitted to this ordeal. I have no faith in systems which propose to build up the human frame, whether in man, woman, or child, by the practice of alternate relaxation and contraction of muscles, accompanied by an expenditure of physical energy in a stereotyped way, no matter what machine or exercise is recommended for the purpose.



So far from promoting vitality, these systems cultivate muscle at the expense of the vital organs. Strength that is worth having is based on health, and health is either inherited or acquired. Before attempting to give hints for its acquirement, let me clear the way by exposing a certain heresy.

Many who preach physical culture refer in support of their assertions (which are generally incorrect) to an imaginary being whom they call "Normal"—i.e., the supposed normal man or woman, for the two sexes are alike concerned in this discussion—as a physical type which it would be well for us to study and copy. In this country, by a misdirected patriotism, the Indian is often cited as the Normal. This is a mistake. Whatever the red man may have been once, he is now as far as possible from a model for us in anything. He is a mongrel, whose original character was probably changed long before De Soto brought European improvements into his territory; and what the Spaniard left undone has been accomplished by escaping negro slaves, early pioneers, cavalymen, and cow-thumpers. These among them have turned the noble savage into an object not suited to imitation. As a rule, the aborigine has an unhappy faculty of learning from civilization little but its vices, and those who know him best in his present state must smile most broadly at the idea of taking him and his squaw as physical standards.

For my part, I prefer education as a starting-point. If the normal means the savage state, I can get myself into the best physical as well as mental condition without its aid. If in so doing I destroy or depart from my normal state, then it is a good state to get away from. Dr. Fritz Schultze, in his work on Fetichism, says that primitive beings have no intellect to speak of, and find their highest felicity in gluttony and lust. General testimony goes to confirm this opinion. Our own Indian in his days of mastery, while capable of a spurt, was not steadily industrious, nor were his habits humanitarian. As to savages in general, their practices with regard to infants, their murderous and cannibalistic propensities, and their manners and morals taken by and large, are in curious contrast to the Arcadian idyls about men and women in a state of nature. Stuart Mill says that man has in him by nature but one good thing, the capability of improvement; whatever he has gained he has worked his way to.

If we are guided by facts rather than by sentiment, we shall soon see what ought to be and can be done in the way of training, or rather educating, the human animal in health and strength. I venture to say that the civilized man or woman can beat the "Normal," be he or she red, brown, black, or yellow, in anything in which the latter is supposed to be superior to us, and that without half trying. *E.g.*, the squaw begins her maternal career without the aid of physician or nurse. So can the Hungarian or Italian peasant; but the process is apt to be expensive. So could the educated lady,—but she prefers to keep her youth and good looks as long as she can, as well as to minimize pain and risk; therefore she calls in the doctor, who often has only to let nature do the work, and to stand by in case of accidents. Doubtless the savage mother resumes her usual tasks the day after

increasing the family: so do some of our own poor,—but it would be better for them if they could afford to lie by for a few weeks in honor of the occasion.

In point of fact, civilization, while causing mental advance, does *not* cause physical deterioration. With the same amount of practice, our athletes can (or could) probably outdo any feats of primitive man. To compare the modern with the mediæval, we do not now wear iron armor or shoot with cross-bows, because these devices have been superseded; but the strengthening of the brain does not necessarily involve a weakening of the body. Of old, the only object was to do things; we now question whether they are worth doing, or aim to do them with the least expense.

Supposing the existence of a "normal" or purely primitive race, whether like Dean Swift's Yahoos or in a more independent condition; they could not be objects of envy or emulation on the part of any who prefer life to bare existence. There is neither proof nor probability that they would live longer, enjoy greater strength, endure hardship or resist disease better, than we, whom some affect to regard as so much weaker. The evidence, such as it is, points the other way. Compare the civilized with the savage and barbarous races: are Asia and Africa physically in advance of Europe and America?

The first prerequisite for those who aim at physical development is that precious quality styled common sense. The name is a misnomer, and the thing has by pardonable exaggeration been called the most uncommon of human gifts; but it may safely be predicated of the readers of this magazine. Barring this high faculty, our inquiry deals not with the spiritual nature of man, nor with his position as the noblest of God's creatures; the gentle reader will patiently allow me for the moment to treat him as a machine having inherent in itself the power to direct its movements, gather its own fuel, generate its own motive force, and repair to a great extent its own waste,—since the human machine is subject, no less than any vegetable or mineral, to the laws governing matter.

Admitting this, it follows that the human machine is as much affected as anything else in nature by the pressure of the atmosphere and the force of gravity. The first thing, then, to be done by those who wish to become healthy and strong is to find out what part these two forces play in upbuilding or destroying the human machine. The student, or patient, must attend to this before he attempts to practise, or even consider, any system that advocates the expending of physical energy with a view to gaining the strength necessary to such expenditure.

The force called gravity, unless resisted, tends to destroy life. Its effects on the human frame appear in the languishing lackadaisical airs of some ladies, and in the bent positions assumed by the old and the weak. These postures are the result of non-resistance to the force which, as every school-boy knows, tends to draw or pull down anything that is heavier than air. The young, who are full of life and energy through being new to this weary world, and who have not yet suffered

from the wear and tear of the constant fight for existence, assume a position which enables them for the time to resist the force of gravity; but unluckily this erect attitude is usually maintained but for a few years, whereas the resistance should be kept up as long as one has strength to control his body in motion and in rest. If this is practised as it should be, it will give the average mortal all the exercise he wants. Judge for yourselves how far this is done. For my part, I never met an adult who held himself as erect as he ought, and resisted the down-pulling force in the manner most beneficial to life.



FIG. 1.—NATURAL, OR UNEDUCATED, WAY OF STOOPING.

The commonest position is represented by Figure 4, while Figure 3 shows that which I recommend as proved by experience to be the easiest of healthful attitudes.

Any position which the body may assume, or any movement that it makes, in resistance to the force of gravity, represents, of course, an expenditure of physical energy.

The resistance is made by the alternate contraction and relaxation of muscles, which are caused to act thus by a stimulus generated in what is

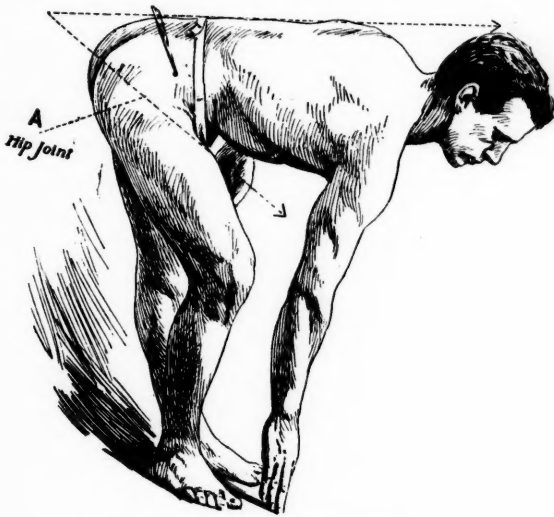


FIG. 2.—EDUCATED WAY OF STOOPING.

said to be the voluntary function of the brain. It is therefore best to get control of the muscles through the brain before attempting to use them in a hap-hazard way in feats of strength and agility; the power to do these is no more than a physical accomplishment, and subserves no great end to civilized people.

I am bold to lay all stress on this theory of controlling the muscles by a mental effort, unassisted by any means other than the will. In my own experience and that of my pupils it conserves physical energy, and conduces to health and long life. The body needs chiefly air and food to keep up its elements, as bone, blood, muscle, and sinew. These, I firmly believe, can be preserved in a healthy state only by the cultivation of that subtle something which we call reason or intelligence. Thought pulls the strings that move our mass of matter: whether it be the instinctive or the voluntary functions of the brain, the result is the same.

The ancients held that death could be retarded in two ways, by developing vitality and by conserving physical energy. As to the best means to attain the first of these ends, many discussions have been held and many theories advanced. My advice to those who wish to develop vitality is to attain a good circulation of the blood by persuading the organs of digestion, secretion, and excretion to perform their proper functions; not to shake up the body by special exercises, but to resist the crushing effects of gravity as much and as constantly as possible, whether seated or on foot. Don't slump; don't loll. Hold the body, from the top of the head to the joints of the hips, stretched out to its fullest extent, so as to give the organs encased within it all the room possible to perform their work, instead of retarding the involuntary peristaltic action of the stomach and intestines by letting the body sag down, as is so often done. Then fill your lungs with air by drawing it gently into them through the nose, and expel it through the same organ, as the horse does. Use the mouth as the chief organ to reach the stomach with, and not for breathing. During this process do not forget to relax the muscles of the arms, shoulders, and chest. Let the abdomen, as an assistant to respiration, alone. Use the muscles of the nose, upper lip, and chest instead, —they will do all that is necessary in the respiratory act without its aid, and do it a great deal better. Relax the muscles of the arms and shoulders when walking, or in any position in which these members

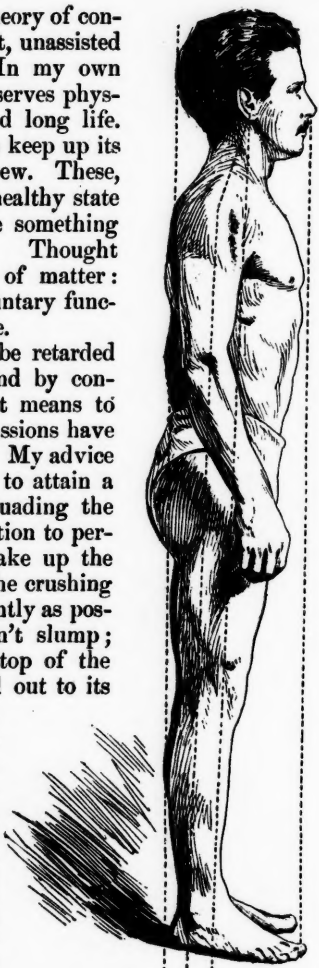


FIG. 3.—PROPER ERECT ATTITUDE.

are directly used: let them hang by their own weight,—they will not fall off. There is no need of clinching the hands and contracting the muscles of the arms, or of carrying the shoulders high, or pressing them back. Let them alone; they will find their best position if the body proper is carried aright,—*i.e.*, if you stand and sit with your spine straight, pelvis back, trunk erect, and head held with face in line with the body, and no round shoulders or “dorsal curve.” The constant involuntary contraction of muscles is injurious, as retarding the proper circulation of the blood; therefore, as aforesaid, let your arms and shoulders hang loosely till you want to use them.

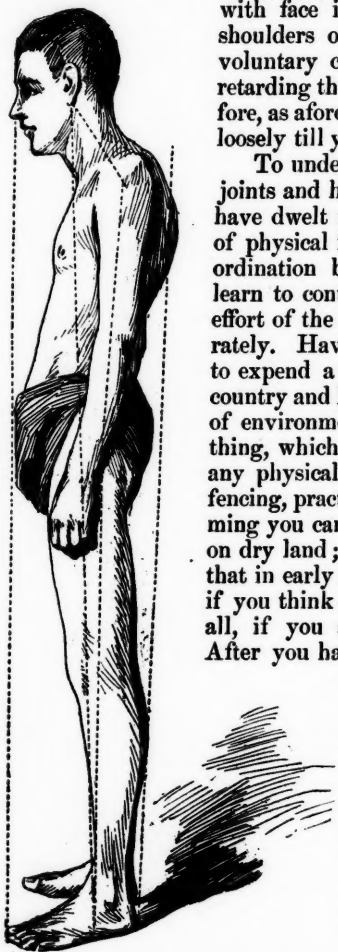


FIG. 4.—IMPROPER ERECT ATTITUDE.

To understand your own movements, study the joints and how best to use them, a topic which I have dwelt upon elsewhere. As a higher branch of physical inquiry, strive to acquire a perfect co-ordination between mind and muscle, and thus learn to contract and relax the muscles by a mere effort of the will; do this both in groups and separately. Having gained this power, when you wish to expend a little superfluous energy, get into the country and have a good run. Should the tyranny of environment forbid that, then do the next best thing, which is walking. If you wish to acquire any physical accomplishments, boxing, wrestling, fencing, practise under some good teacher. Swimming you can learn by yourself, though not so well on dry land; or rather you ought to have learned that in early childhood. Buy a bicycle, or a horse if you think it will pay for its keep. Or, best of all, if you are young enough, learn to tumble. After you have mastered that art, you can acquire all the others by merely looking on at them; at least, such has been my experience.

To know how to do these things is all very well in its way: like the beans of the late A. Ward, they are cheerful fruits if taken moderately; but if you practise any of them with the idea of gaining health and strength thereby, you will find, and perhaps when it is too late to mend matters, that you have made a large mistake. Such is not the way to

life, physically speaking. Use judgment, and take this as your motto: good air and plenty of it for the blood, good food for muscle, and good sense in using all your parts and belongings.

*Edwin Checkley.*

## OLD PARIS.

**B**UT few Americans visiting Paris ever think of quitting the beaten track of sight-seeing, as it is laid down by Baedeker and Murray, utterly ignoring the multitude of picturesque corners, quaint streets, and curious old buildings, full of historical reminiscences, that are scattered in profusion all over the city and strike the view where one least expects to come across them.

The Boulevards, Avenue de l'Opéra, Rue de la Paix, and other



LES THERMES DE JULIEN.

magnificent thoroughfares certainly combine to make Paris the handsomest and most attractive city in the world, but at the same time a city which does not differ from other large modern cities, except in being more beautiful, and where one meets the same people, dressed in the same manner, as in the large thoroughfares of other great cities, such as London, Vienna, or New York.



The real Paris, the Paris of romance and history, the Paris of Eugène Sue, of Balzac, of Victor Hugo, of Emile Zola,—in one word, the Paris of the Parisians, and not that of Cook's tourists,—must be looked for off the Boulevards, in the popular quarters of the city, in the faubourgs. There one, instead of English and American visitors, sees the real inhabitants of Paris and can judge of the real characteristics and customs of the French people.

It is in these populous quarters only that one feels the sensation of being in a strange city, among a people about whom everything has the charm of novelty,—dress, manners, shops, and architecture.

To aid those who think of visiting Paris, "the Paradise of Americans," I will add a short description of some of the really interesting points of the great city,



RUE DE LA MONTAGNE STE.-GENEVIÈVE.  
ÉGLISE ST.-ÉTIENNE DU MONT.



RUE DE L'HÔTEL-DE-VILLE.  
HÔTEL DE SENS.

especially of "Old" Paris, of which, unfortunately, but little remains, and this little is fast disappearing before the ruthless march of modern improvement and modern sanitary requirements. Large, broad avenues are taking the place of the many narrow and tortuous streets of the old city, which certainly were extremely picturesque, but, as neither sun nor air ever entered there, were perfect hot-beds of disease.

To begin, then, we find in the very heart and centre of the city, on the Boulevard St.-Michel, the "Students' Boulevard," a vestige of the time when it was yet a Roman settlement and called "Lutèce,"—the "Thermes" of Julian, built by that emperor in the fourth century.

These "Thermes," or baths,



RUE DES CHANTRES.

Geneviève, one of the most curious end of it stands the quaint old church St.-Etienne du Mont, part of the ancient Abbey of Ste.-Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, in honor of whom the street was named. Close at hand is the old Rue des Chantres, most of the houses in which date from the fifteenth century, and at the corner of which, fronting the river Seine, stood the residence of those unfortunate lovers, Abelard and Héloïse, whose romantic career is so pathetically described by Mark Twain.

The graceful spire at the end of this narrow avenue is that of Notre Dame de Paris, the "chantres" of which famous cathedral formerly all lived in this street—whence the name.

are yet in a wonderful state of preservation, better by far than that of many buildings of the last century. One has but to glance at the massive and solid walls of this curious structure to see that they knew how to build in those days, and that contractors were then a race unknown.

These ruins, of which every division, "Caldorium," "Frigidarium," etc., can still be distinctly located, form part of the collection of the famous Musée Cluny, in fact, almost part and parcel of the Hôtel Cluny, which is built close up to them and contains so many artistic and antiquarian treasures. They are piously preserved, and will probably last for centuries to come, when the modern structures surrounding them will have crumbled to dust.

At a short distance from the Hôtel Cluny one steps into the Rue de la Montagne Ste.-streets of the old city. At the



HÔTEL DE SENS.

On the other side of the Seine is the very picturesque old Rue de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, which still contains one of the most curious specimens of the constructions of the sixteenth century, the Hôtel de Sens, the residence of the Archbishops of Sens up to the year 1623, when it passed into other hands. This beautiful mediæval residence was latterly occupied by a factory of preserves and pickles, and threatened to become an utter wreck, but, fortunately, owing to the combined efforts of prominent artists and literary men, the building was purchased by the city and is now being jealously guarded as an historical relic.

Close to the Halles Centrales, the famous market, of which Emile Zola gives such a vivid and wonderful description in the "Ventre de Paris," are the Rue Pirouelle, where one seems to be suddenly transplanted into the very midst of the Paris of the Middle Ages, and the Rue de Venise, a quaint old street, full of curious tumble-down old build-



RUE PIROUELLE.



LES CARRIÈRES D'AMÉRIQUE.

ings, exceedingly picturesque, but still more filthy and by no means

wholesome-looking. The Rue de Venise is one of those streets which quiet, peaceful, and law-abiding citizens give a wide berth to after sundown.

A still more dangerous neighborhood is the spot known as Les Carrières d'Amérique, situated in Belleville, formerly one of the most joyous and beautiful suburbs of Paris, but now part and parcel of the great city. In the past it was a Sunday promenade, full of beer-gardens, bad music, and cheap restaurants. At present it is shunned by pleasure-seekers and inhabited by the poorest of poor workingmen, the scum and refuse of the vast capital. The most poverty-stricken and disreputable of all Paris possesses of poor and disreputable, a conglomeration of rag-pickers, thieves, and assassins, seek refuge in the excavations of these now abandoned



RUE DE VENISE.

quarries. Why they are called Les Carrières d'Amérique no one pretends to know. There is not now, and certainly never has been, anything American about them.

Of a frequentation more joyous are Les Moulins de Montmartre, on the heights of Montmartre, a smiling, old-fashioned village in the very heart of Paris, but still preserving every characteristic of a village, and thoroughly distinct in all particulars, in looks as well as in population, a favorite residing-place of all that Paris counts as the most bohemian of its many bohemian artists and littérateurs. Here Henri Murger, were he yet among the living, would now have been compelled to locate his "Vie de Bohème," instead of in the Quartier Latin, where



LES MOULINS DE MONTMARTRE.

the students nowadays dress, look, and act like ordinary civilized beings, and, in fact, are quite dudeish and exceedingly respectable. The misunderstood geniuses who affect long, unkempt hair, impossible whiskers, outrageous head-gear, melodramatic cloaks, and a contemptuous indifference for all laws governing social intercourse, are now grouped around Les Moulins de Montmartre.

The most famous of these old windmills is the Moulin de la Galette, where in the remotest times les galettes, a sort of flat sweet cake, were made out of the very flour ground in the mill itself, and sold on the spot. The wings of the famous old mill have long since ceased to turn, but the renowned galette is still sold there. The mill itself serves to advertise the open-air ball-room known to all the joyous youths and maidens of the "Paris qui s'amuse," and is well worth a visit. I would advise all Americans visiting Paris to climb the Montmartre heights, where the magnificent panorama of the great city opens up before one a perspective of which one never tires, and which, especially on a moonlight night, is a sight never to be forgotten.

*Sigmund J. Cauffman.*

### UNDER THE HARVEST-MOON.

WITH western skies aflame the long day closes ;  
O'er the wheat-fields, on whose yellow sweeps  
Full-eared sheaf 'gainst fellow-sheaf reposes,  
Tender twilight creeps.

Birds are fluting where the shadowy rushes  
Skirt with purple plumes the darkling pool,  
Which beneath the bending alder-bushes  
Lies so clear and cool.

An hour ago the songs of sunbrowned reapers  
Filled with mellow sound this quiet place,  
Where the blooms of dewy hedge-row creepers  
Stoop to kiss your face.

Now o'er dusky hills comes slowly sailing  
A full-orbed harvest-moon to kill the dark,  
Robes of pearly light about her trailing,  
Lit with starry spark.

You and I, dear, hand in hand together,  
Know how well through summer days hath grown  
Love's fair seed, that sprung in April weather,  
And harvest's golden crown

Binds our brows, as, each to each inclining,  
Like the loving sheaves we stand to-night,  
With whispered vows true heart to heart entwining,  
'Neath the fair moon's light.

*Helen Marion Burnside.*



RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I HAVE often regretted since so many notable people whom I knew in my younger years have begun to pass away that I did not keep a record of my acquaintance with them while it was fresh in my mind. It never occurred to me to keep a diary, even of the baldest sort, partly because it seemed to savor of self-importance,—a mental condition which I held in contempt, I saw so much of it on the part of some of my friends,—but more, I suspect, because I was too indolent and too indifferent to undertake that unnecessary labor. I was content to enjoy the pleasures of memory without undergoing the pains of writing. At first I attached value enough to the writing of others to preserve it for a time. I kept for years a trifling note from the pen of Ingraham, the novelist, who was in debt to his tailor, a client of the lawyer whose copying-clerk I was in my boyhood; and I kept for more years the first notelet that I received from the poet Willis, who was kind enough to read some of my early verse in manuscript, and courteous enough to think he saw merit in it. But I did not keep my first letter from Hawthorne, who wrote me confidentially and at length about himself, with permission to use its substance in a paper that I



was to manufacture about him and his work. Nor did I keep my first letters from Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and other honored hands. That I was foolishly liberal with these treasures my autograph-loving friends soon discovered, greatly to their immediate gain and my lasting loss. Why I could have been so thoughtless in my largess I cannot imagine, unless it was because I was more given to reading what was written by my favorite authors than what was written about them. I could not have been so fond of biography as I am now, still less of the *ana* which is something more than biography. I must have been ignorant of Drummond's memoranda of the arrogant conversation of Ben Jonson, who was not sparing in censure of his poetic fellows; I could not have read Spence's *Anecdotes*, in which the sharp wit of Pope is so faithfully reported; and I certainly was not as familiar as I should have been with Boswell's Johnson. Boswell was not the kind of person that any self-respecting, independent, proud man would wish to be under any circumstances, nor was the personality of Johnson an agreeable one, however sturdy it may have been. But we accept Johnson nevertheless, thanks to Boswell, and we accept Boswell also, thanks to his indefatigable observation, his cowed but watchful subservience, his incapacity to take offence, his cleverness, his genius, for without genius of some kind, and of a high kind, whether we like it or not, he could not have been what he was,—the prince of all biographers. Something like this passed through my mind last summer in the country, when, taking up my morning paper, I learned that Lowell was dead. I knew that he had been ailing for some time, but I remembered that he was not old, as age is reckoned in New England, and how well he looked when I saw him last, and I could not think he was in danger. And now he was dead!

I have been trying to recall the circumstances which led to my first meeting with Lowell, but not with as much success as I could wish. It must have been upwards of forty years ago, and it was probably through the friendly offices of Bayard Taylor, who thought I ought to know some of our elder poets. I know that he greatly admired Lowell, certain qualities in whose verse made so deep an impression on him that he unconsciously reproduced them in his own, and I remember that when we talked about "*A Fable for Critics*," which was published anonymously, he assured me that it was the work of Lowell. I assume, therefore, that some time in 1849, when I was about to visit Boston, Taylor wrote a note of introduction to the author of that lively satire, and that this note was the *open sesame* to Elmwood. I had not met many authors then, and those whom I had met did not awe me, for, while I was ready to admit that they could do many things which I could not, I felt that I could do some things which they could not, so I preserved my equanimity. I had yet to meet my superior, and, knowing that Lowell *was* my superior, I presented myself at his door with considerable hesitation. It left me when I was shown into his study, for there was that in his pleasant face and kindly eye, in the grasp of his hand and the tone of his voice, that put me at once at ease. It was a bright forenoon, either toward the end of spring or the beginning of fall, and there was a wood fire on the hearth, not

so much because it was needed, I thought, as because it made the room look cosy and comfortable. We were in the library, and there were books everywhere, in cases along the walls, in chairs, and on the table at which he wrote. We sat beside this table in the ruddy glow of the fire, and, lighting each a cigar, we smoked and talked. He asked me about myself,—for he had heard of me, he said,—and about the men of letters whom I knew in New York. I mentioned Park Benjamin, who had been very kind to me, and whom he probably knew (he nodded), and Ralph Hoyt, whom he might know (he did not nod), and Hoffman, and Griswold, and Matthews, and the Duyckincks, of whom he also probably knew (he nodded again), “and who certainly know you,” I was about to add, when I remembered that he had not acknowledged “*A Fable for Critics*,” and suppressed the remark. Had I read much, and what books did I like most? It was a large question, and it led to much talk; for I was grateful for the interest in me which it manifested, and was curious to know what he thought of my reading. I told him that I read all the books which, coming in my way, interested me, and that most of these were in verse, for which I cared more than for prose. I began with the eighteenth-century poets, which I accepted at what I thought the value the world set upon them, but I had not read long before I wondered at the reputation in which they were held. I found Thomson’s “*Seasons*,” for example, dull reading, his natural descriptions were so vague, and his language was so turgid; and Cowper’s “*Task*,” apart from its pictures of nature, was nothing to me. My criticism was just so far as it went, he said, but it did not go far enough; for, whatever might be the nineteenth-century judgment of Cowper and Thomson, they were important poets at the eras in which they flourished, since the one undermined and the other overthrew the school of false natural description which obtained among the poetasters of Dryden’s time and later modish versifiers, who wrote pastorals because Virgil and Theocritus did, and who instead of looking at nature through their own eyes read it through the spectacles of books. How bad the best were we saw in “*Windsor Forest*.” But perhaps I had not read the poets chronologically. No, I had read sporadically, just as I happened to get them. But no matter in what order I read, it seemed to me that most of them had no clear idea of what poetry was. Yes, he said. And what is poetry? I have read many definitions, I replied, but none that did not require further definition. One definition of poetry as I remember it is that it is something which cannot be so well expressed in prose as in verse. So Coleridge hinted, he answered, when he shaped the dictum “the best words in the best places.” I had not known that, I remarked, but it did not strike me as favorably as Milton’s “simple, sensuous, passionate.” But we have only touched upon poetry as language, which is its form: we have forgotten its spirit, which is—what? He paused a moment, as if in serious thought, and then said, “Poetry, as I understand it, is the recognition of something new and true in thought or feeling, the recollection of some profound experience, the conception of some heroic action, the creation of something beautiful and pathetic. There are things in verse which may be questioned, but they are not

the poetical things, are not the things which are Poetry. There can be no doubt about that, for it authenticates itself, and so absolutely that it seems not to have been written, but always to have been. We are not conscious of Shakespeare in his great plays, but of Nature, whose pen and instrument he was. The poetry of Shakespeare and his fellow-dramatists," he continued, "in other words, the poetry of the age of Elizabeth, was greater than any that has been written since, because the Englishman of the age of Elizabeth was greater than any Englishman that has lived since. He was more hardy and adventurous than his descendants, more resolute and reckless, more given to action and less to speculation, of strong natural parts, and no learning to speak of, clear-sighted, hearty in his manners, and plain, blunt, and idiomatic in his speech. If he had been other than he was, he could not have been the bulwark of Protestantism, could not have destroyed the Spanish Armada, and could not have had the Shakespearian drama."

Among the topics on which we touched in our talk was the difference between imagination and fancy, and the prevalence of the last in our verse, particularly in the verse of Longfellow. I could not see, I said, what a poet gained by comparing one thing with another thing, which was either like it or unlike it, and which in either case had no business there. Comparisons retarded the movement of a poem, which once begun ought to go on to the end without let or hinderance. I mentioned one of our singers to whom a country road whereon no person was seen was like a stream without a sail, and another to whom a rose was like a watchfire at night, or a watchfire at night like a rose, I have forgotten which. Fancy had its uses, no doubt, but when a poet compared the tin plates on a dresser to the shields of armies reflected in sunshine he was not using but abusing fancy; and when he assured us that the stars were the forget-me-nots of the angels, he might be enlarging our conception of angels, but he was belittling our conceptions of astronomy. But all fancy is not open to this objection, he observed: there were fancies which were noble and glorious, and he quoted three or four of the opening stanzas of Shelley's "Skylark," wherein fancy is so closely allied to imagination as to be inseparable from it. Shelley was indeed hidden in the light of song, I said, when his blithe spirit swelled with his "Skylark," but Longfellow was on a lower and darker plane when he wandered around his "Beleaguered City," which was not so much a poem as a prescription. It was compounded after a recipe, which consisted in selecting a series of material objects and in finding or making spiritual meanings for them,—the rushing stream of the Moldau representing the rushing river of Life, a host of spectres that beleaguered the walls of Prague representing a host of phantoms that beleaguer the human soul, the morning star representing faith, and so on, and so on. It was not a poem, but a forced and futile attempt at an allegory.

Poets must do what they can, he urged, and we have to take things for what they are. True, I answered, we must judge them by what they are; but when we have done that, we have a right to judge them by what they are not. What the poetry of Longfellow and Bryant is, or the poetry of Byron and Shelley is, is one thing; but what poetry

itself is, is quite another thing. It is more than the fancy of Longfellow, the meditation of Bryant, the misanthropy of Byron, the humanity of Shelley, or any other personal manifestation: it is the revelation of ideal truth and beauty. We must not pull the ideal down to us, but rise to the ideal. He smiled in a kindly way, partly as if he pitied my enthusiasm and partly as if he approved of it, and asked me what I had been reading lately, and what book among all that I had read had helped me most. I named a translation of a collection of *Essays on Art* by Goethe, which by its clear distinguishment between the Characteristic and the Beautiful in Art enabled me to understand and value the infinite superiority of the Beautiful. He knew the book I meant, and advised me to read Goethe carefully. He also advised me to study Dante, whom he made it a duty to read through once every year. I wondered at this, for I never liked Dante myself, though I did not say so, for I felt that I had sufficiently exposed my intellectual emptiness and ignorance; besides, I had already wasted enough of his time. We parted with a hearty hand-shake, and I returned to Boston.

I took back with me to New York a complete collection of Lowell's verse, of which I had hitherto only seen portions, and studied it carefully. As I had already learned to read chronologically, I began with "*A Year's Life*" (1841), continued with "*A Legend of Brittany*" (1844), followed with "*The Vision of Sir Launfal*" (1848), and ended with "*A Fable for Critics*" (1848), and was thus able to trace the changes of his mind and work. I found in his first book a different theory than obtained among us then, a more poetical theory, for if "*Threnodia*," "*The Sirens*," "*The Beggar*," and "*Allegra*" were not poems, they were nothing. I found in these poems, particularly in the first two, a lyrical quality which was as new in our verse as it was admirable: they sang themselves into life in jubilant melodies of their own making. I found another quality which was not so admirable, and which I wondered at in so poetical a poet,—the didactic quality. I could not understand why Lowell had cared to write "*The Fatherland*," "*The Heritage*," and the sonnets "*On Reading Wordsworth's Sonnets in Defence of Capital Punishment*," which were certainly not poems. That he might have inherited the habit of mind out of which they grew did not occur to me, for I was ignorant of his clerical ancestry, and had never heard of heredity. I found this didactic quality in his second volume, at which I wondered still more, for during the three years that had elapsed between the writing of that and his first volume his mind had unquestionably matured and his range of thought broadened. But there it was, and stronger than ever. It permeated "*An Incident in a Railroad Car*," and disfigured "*Rhœcus*," to which it attached itself like a large wen. I could not divine his motive in writing "*Rhœcus*," his version of that exquisite legend was so inferior to Landor's, with which I assumed him to be familiar. But, find what fault I might with these poems and others of the same class, I felt that there were poems in this volume which he alone could have written, and which were of a kind that was new in American verse. I have in mind "*Prometheus*" and "*Columbus*," for which he could have had no model, unless he found

one in Tennyson's "Ulysses" and "St. Simeon Stylites," and which, dramatic in spirit, were as nearly dramatic in form as anything yet written here.

I am not criticising the poetry of Lowell as I understand it now, least of all am I trying to estimate his place in our literature. I am simply stating the impression that I received from his poetry after I had made his acquaintance, and whatever this impression may be worth it was not derived from anything that I had read about him. He was not much written about, if my recollection may be trusted; in fact, no American poet was much written about then, except Longfellow, who was constantly before the public, and was never far in advance of his public. His best readers, indeed, walked abreast with him, and not behind him, like Lowell's. There are poets whom the critics persistently honor, and there are other poets whom the critics persistently neglect. Whether Lowell cared for criticism I have no means of knowing, but, remembering what our criticism was forty years ago, it is safe to say that he could not have cared much for it. He cared more, I imagine, for his own opinion and knowledge, and preferred his books to what is called literary society. Like Prospero, he found his library dukedom large enough. He was an author, in the sense that Hawthorne was, and Emerson and Willis were: he did not write for his bread, that is to say, nor to increase his income, but because it pleased him to do so. He chose his own subjects, his own time, and his own method of publication, which, as a rule, was not in the periodicals. I can recall but one paper of his in any of our early periodicals, and that appeared in *Graham's Magazine* for February, 1845. It was a critical estimate of Poe, who furnished the misinformation with which it abounds, and to whom it was sent with the following note:

"ELMWOOD, Sept. 27, 1844.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I kept back the biography a short time in order to send it by a private hand, but it was written under many disadvantages, not the least of which was depression of spirits which unfit a man for anything. I wish you to make any suggestions about it that may occur to you, and to reject it entirely if you do not like it.

"I have mentioned Chatterton in it rather too slightly. Will you be good enough to modify what I say of him a little? His 'Minstrel's Song in Ella' is better than the rest of his writings.

"You will find the package at No. 1 Nassau St., up-stairs. It was intrusted to the care of C. F. Briggs. If his name is not upon the door, you will probably see the name of 'Dougherty' or 'Jones.'

"As ever, your friend,

"J. R. LOWELL."

If the readers of Lowell care to see this paper, which was written in his twenty-sixth year, they may find it in the first volume of the Griswold-Redfield edition of Poe. It is somewhat ambitious and pedantic, but it is appreciative and generous, and if Poe was not gratified by it he ought to have been. It could hardly have satisfied him,



he set so high a value on himself, and once it had served his turn he forgot it, or remembered it with resentment. He more than resented Lowell's skit at his verse in "A Fable for Critics," for in his clumsy review of that careless *jeu-d'esprit* he dragged literary criticism into the gutter of personality. "Mr. Lowell is one of the most rabid of the Abolition fanatics," he wrote; "and no Southerner who does not wish to be insulted, and at the same time revolted by bigotry most obstinately blind and deaf, should ever touch a volume by this author."

I did not see Lowell after the forenoon I spent with him until several years had passed, but I heard about him frequently from Taylor, who was in the habit of making pilgrimages to Cambridge. He preferred Lowell, I think, to all the Gamaliels at whose feet he sat during those reverential visits, and he exploited for my benefit certain acquisitions that he made on those occasions, mostly in Old English philology, wherein he was a novice. Two or three times he brought me friendly messages from Lowell, and at a later period the promise of a copy of the privately-printed edition of his wife's poems, one of which, "An Opium Fantasy," Taylor had learned by heart. How did it run?—

Oh, it is but a little owl,  
The smallest of its kin,  
That sits beneath the midnight's cowl  
And makes its airy din.

I never got the book, but I got something else which I valued highly, and that was a manuscript copy of one of his sweetest poems, "The Shepherd of King Admetus," which I greatly admired for its classic grace and precision. He did not consider a copied poem an autograph, he wrote me, so he sent me one besides that, a part of the draft of "Zekle's Courtin'," which was in pencil, and nearly free from erasures and corrections. I have these treasures still, but the letter which accompanied them has disappeared.

The establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly* transferred Lowell from the privacy of his study, which was dear to him, to the publicity of editorial life. His fitness for the position he assumed was more certain than his willingness to undergo the drudgery which it implied, and which was of a kind that was new to him. Master of his own time hitherto, he read and wrote only what he pleased: he was now to read what others wrote, whether it pleased him or not, and sit in judgment upon it. It was a laborious task to a man of his temperament; but the moment he accepted it he made it a duty, and performed it conscientiously. He was quick to discover merit, and, once he discovered it, generous in its encouragement, and earnest in its direction. I have a little note which he wrote me in the winter of 1859 about a story which my wife had sent to the *Atlantic Monthly*. "I read Mrs. Stoddard's story the day I got it," he said, "and meant to have written long ago. But it is so hard to be good! and if man be innately evil in anything it must be in writing letters. I like particularly the spirit and power shown in the story, but am not altogether pleased with the story as it now stands. Would Mrs. Stoddard be willing to modify it in certain respects? If so, I will send it back with my criticisms in



detail. It is unpleasant, this playing Rhadamanthus all the time, and I do not wish to judge unless I am asked." Mrs. Stoddard modified her story on the lines advised by Lowell: it was published in the periodical that he edited, and was the beginning of her career as a writer, which was largely due to his timely recognition of her talents.

I began this desultory paper by referring to letters which I have lost, or given away, or which have been stolen from me: I will finish it by copying one which I have retained. It was not addressed to me, though it was more or less a reply to a letter that I dictated to Lowell on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, which was celebrated by one of our critical journals:

"68 BEACON STREET, 25th Feb., 1889.

"DEAR MRS. STODDARD,—Many thanks for your kind note, and to Mr. Stoddard for his. I do not know that I have done anything specially meritorious in getting to be seventy,—indeed, I could wish that I had managed to be forty instead. But so many good friends write to congratulate me on this achievement that I must confine myself to saying that I am grateful, without more words.

"I was grieved to hear of Mr. Stoddard's calamity, and can sympathize with him the more keenly that I also have been threatened with it for the last four years. Pray give him my kindest regards and thanks. He is quite right in thinking I should have disapproved of the ———s' enterprise, had I been forewarned of it. But it was meant kindly, and that goes a great way with me.

"Faithfully yours,

"J. R. LOWELL.

"It pleased me, and must have pleased you, that your novels should have shown such vitality."

*R. H. Stoddard.*

### CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

WITH faith unshadowed by the night,  
Undazzled by the day,  
With hope that plumed thee for the flight,  
And courage to assay,  
God sent thee from the crowded ark,  
Christ-bearer, like the dove,  
To find, o'er sundering waters dark,  
New lands for conquering Love.

*John B. Tubb.*

## MEN OF THE DAY.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, the famous journalist, is a short, thick-set, full-fed-looking man, of portly build and ruddy complexion, and looks considerably younger than his years, which are five-and-sixty. His father was an Italian, and his mother a popular singer of West-Indian origin. He is noted for the neatness of his handwriting. The letters of each word appear to be packed together, formed as it were one by one. This may arise from the fact that in early life he was an engraver. He began his literary career under the auspices of Dickens, when the latter was editor of *Household Words*, and was one of the founders of *Temple Bar*, of which he was for some time editor. For three decades he has been editorially connected with the London *Daily Telegraph*, from which he draws a salary of ten thousand dollars for writing four editorials weekly. It was as special correspondent for that paper that he visited the United States in 1863. On his return to England he published the results of his observations, under the title of "America in the Midst of War." In the following year he wrote a series of graphic letters from Algeria, during the French Emperor's visit to that colony. In 1870 he was at Metz and in Eastern France as war-correspondent for the *Telegraph*. After witnessing the fall of the Empire in Paris on September 4, he went to Rome to record the entry of the Italian army into the Eternal City. In 1875 he visited Spain on the occasion of the entry of Alfonso XII., and on his return to London was despatched to Venice to describe the *fêtes* consequent on the interview of the Emperor Francis Joseph and King Victor Emmanuel. He afterwards published his impressions under the title of "Two Kings and a Kaiser." In 1876 he again visited Russia as special correspondent, travelling from St. Petersburg to Moscow and Warsaw, and subsequently traversed the length of the empire to observe the mobilization then in progress of the Russian army, ultimately reaching Odessa and Constantinople by the Black Sea, in time for the opening of the Conference on the Eastern Question. In 1885 he visited Australia on a lecture-tour, and sent home some graphic articles entitled "The Land of the Golden Fleece," which attracted considerable attention. He has, therefore, seen much of life. He has also known all the social and literary celebrities of his day, and is on kindly terms with royalty. He is credibly reputed to be the best story-teller in Europe. In manner he is profoundly genial, yet hopelessly crotchety on occasion. He is as tremulously sensitive of criticism as Thackeray ever was. Despite his great and well-earned reputation as a writer, a single line of unfavorable comment on his work will unnerve and upset him for an entire week. Many good stories are told at his expense in this connection. His knowledge of London is greater than Walter Besant's, and almost as great as that of Dickens himself. He is a judge of men and wine and books. In fact, anything he doesn't know about things in general isn't worth acquiring. About two years since, he married his type-writer, a sister of the lady who writes under the name of John Strange Winter, and he has quite recently started a little paper of his own, called *Sala's Journal*. It is a singularly ill-favored-looking sheet, being poorly printed on cheap paper, and contains a good deal about Mr. and Mrs. Sala, yet withal it seems likely to have a large success. At least one hundred thousand copies failed to satisfy the demand for the first number, which was out of print as soon as it was on sale.

Speaker Crisp is a tall, broad-shouldered man, of compact build, with a frank face, twinkling gray eyes, and a sparse brown moustache, and is getting bald on top. In manner he is most engaging, possessing in a marked degree all that grace and dignity which are typical of the Southern-bred man. He was born in England. This accident of birth, which will prevent his ever becoming a Presidential Possibility, occurred to him seven-and-forty years ago. His parents were actors. They returned to the United States in less than a year after his birth, and he was reared in Georgia. When the war broke out he enlisted in the Confederate service, and served until May, 1864, when he was taken prisoner and sent to Fort Delaware. He was subsequently released, and, returning to Ellaville, Georgia, where his parents then resided, got himself admitted to the bar. This was in 1866. Six years later he was appointed solicitor-general of the Southwestern Circuit, being reappointed in 1873 for the full term of four years. At the expiration of his term he was elected judge of the Superior Court, and was re-elected in 1880, but resigned two years later to accept a seat in Congress, which he has since occupied. One of the most persistent workers in the House, he was hardly ever absent from his seat, and soon became one of the acknowledged leaders on the Democratic side. As a parliamentarian he has few equals, and within the last few years has had no superior. He is not and never pretended to be an orator. As a debater he is judicial and dignified, and since Roscoe Conkling's day no man in Congress has displayed a choicer affluence of language in the off-hand current of debate. He is always earnest and sincere, so that from the first he never rose without commanding the ear of the House. He is quick in repartee and forceful in gesture, but his voice, though remarkably clear at the opening of a speech, becomes harsh and threatening when strained at too high a pitch. Personally he is one of the most popular men in public life, and young men are drawn toward him by something like that old-time magnetism that once cut a figure in the House. He is kindly and companionable by nature, and likes to hear and to tell good stories. He is also devoted to his family.

Sir Frederick Leighton, the great painter, is a stalwart, broad-chested man of middling height, slightly inclined to *embonpoint*, with piercing gray eyes under heavy beetling brows, habitually drawn together in studying the beautiful, a large aquiline nose, and a pale intellectual face framed in a curly silken beard now thickly silvered. He dresses in the acme of artistic fashion, and always wears a voluminous silk tie, loosely knotted, the ends flowing superbly over his shoulders. In manner he is profoundly pompous, and fairly beams with satisfaction with himself and his environments. He is now sixty-two. From childhood he evinced a strong passion for painting. His parents encouraged it and gave him every opportunity for gratifying it. He studied alternately at Rome, Berlin, Paris, and Brussels. His first exhibited work was purchased by Queen Victoria. This was in 1855. Since then he believes, but is not sure, that he has painted in all some hundred and ten large pictures. For his genius as a painter and sculptor is no less remarkable than his industry. In 1878 he became President of the Royal Academy. He is a double-barrelled LL.D., and writes the worst hand in England but one, yet he has made much money, and is an excellent man of business. His house is one of the glories of London. He is a bachelor, and enjoys the distinction of having discovered Dorothy Dene.

General Roger A. Pryor holds himself straight as a Lake Superior oak, and, with his strong-marked, smooth-shaven face and long, straight hair, like that of an Indian, presents a strikingly picturesque appearance. He is now sixty-five, and has seen much of life from many stand-points. He early drifted into journalism, and, as editor of the *Richmond Enquirer*, was noted for many bitter speeches and writings, which involved him in several duels. President Pierce sent him on a special mission to Greece, and in 1856 he attracted considerable attention in the South by opposing the reopening of the slave-trade. Three years later he was elected to Congress, where he promptly became involved in many personal conflicts, the most noted of which was that in which he challenged John F. Potter, who selected bowie-knives as the weapons, which, however, were rejected as unusual and brutal. He also served in the Provisional Confederate Congress, and subsequently in the first regular Confederate Congress. He became a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, and was taken prisoner by the Union forces and confined in Fort Lafayette. In 1865 he settled in New York and resumed his law practice. At the bar he figured in many celebrated cases, being counsel in the Tilton-Beecher suit, in the Morey Letter case, and at the Holland murder trial. He was also engaged in the suits against Governor Sprague in Rhode Island and in the Ames impeachment proceedings in Mississippi. He was the first lawyer to win a suit against the Elevated Railroad Company for damages to adjoining property, and went to London as counsel to defend O'Donnell, who had killed the informer Carey. He also figured in the Hoyt will case, the Chicago anarchists' trials, and more recently in the great Sugar Trust suit. About a year since he became a judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He represents the best Southern type, and has a rare stock of reminiscences, which he tells well and dramatically.

Camille Flammarion, the noted French astronomer, whose articles have attracted so much attention of late, is fifty years of age. He is a small-statured man, of persuasive manner, with a mass of curly hair and a full beard. He was educated at an ecclesiastical seminary in Paris, but abandoned his plans of entering the Church in order to follow his leaning towards science. As early as 1862 his astronomical lectures gave him prestige and popularity, which he increased considerably by his strong stand in favor of spiritualism. In 1868 he made several balloon-ascensions in order to study the condition of the atmosphere in high altitudes. Four years later he published his great book on "The Atmosphere." His subsequent works have all been singularly successful. The reason of this lies in the fact that he sees the revelations of science in the magnificent perspective of the poet's imagination, which enables him to present in most fascinating form the results of his researches. He has recently caused no little consternation in scientific circles by declaring that certain lights which have been seen on Mars have been signals to us, which he thinks we may ultimately discern a means of answering. Among his innumerable treasures there is a book which is a great curiosity, as the binding is of human skin. An interesting story attaches to it. Some years ago a visitor called on him and left behind a parcel which, on being opened, proved to be a prepared human skin. This was the cuticle of a lady who had been a great admirer of his, and who in her will ordered that her skin was to be prepared and taken to him, with the request that he would have the first book he wrote after her death bound in it. He acceded to the request, and the volume, in its ghastly binding, may be seen on his library table.

M. Crofton.

## AS IT SEEMS.

**Romance as a Bogie.**—It is easy to give a dog a bad name by crediting him with qualities—madness, for instance—that belong to some other dog. So by refusing to distinguish between a thing itself and its abuses, the thing, however good, may be made to appear odious. Many crimes have been committed in the sacred names of Liberty and Religion; and therefore some persons have hated Religion and Liberty.

The thick-and-thin realists seem to have confounded the principle of Romance with its exaggerations and perversions. They pounce upon some work of misguided imagination like "Three-Fingered Jack" or "The Massacred Milkmaid," and triumphantly hold it up to scorn as a sample, crying, "There, now! Does that resemble anything in nature or real life?" And therefore we are bidden to discard Scott, despise Dumas and George Sand, and gird at Stevenson and Miss Murfree.

This is an obvious *non sequitur*. The dime novel is not romance proper, but its parody. Because certain writers have spun yarns that can claim no foundation in fact, and constructed schemes of being and sequences of event such as might possibly exist in Mars but have not been detected on our planet, it does not follow that the deadly Commonplace should be our exclusive diet, and the late Anthony Trollope our literary prophet.

A banquet to which millions are invited must be not only extensive, but varied to suit the varying tastes of an age in which thought is free and not always wise; and Fiction of course affords much that is crude, artificial, and unrestrained. Miss Gushington still revels in the display of unclothed emotions, and there are those who love to sup full on horrors. They like their dishes "well done" and highly spiced, and the demand insures a supply. All that is no argument against the judicious handling of feelings, situations, happenings, which form part of human life, though not the warp and woof of its every-day business. Let us not be narrow. The general reader, like the Hoosier editor when the metropolitan *menu* was spread before him, exclaims, "Gimme all!" By and by he will find what he likes best.

**Decay of Realism.**—This is an undogmatic age, in which doctrinaire creeds are rather tolerated than heartily supported. When urged too long and too vehemently, they provoke the audience to inquire, as Thackeray did under pressure of Carlyle's Cassandra-strains, "Why doesn't he hang up his dashed old fiddles?" Afflicted by the excessive crying up of one set of wares, people long for the auctioneer's announcement, "The next thing is something else." Thus the alleged realists, one might almost say, have been praised to death. The jaded reader is tempted to protest, "Enough of Tolstoi and Verga: let other men and other books have a chance."

Fatigued by the over-laudation of one school, and irritated into thinking for himself by the insistent assertions of its prophets that here only the way of salvation lies, the reader pauses in his search after amusement, becomes critical, and turns an analytic eye upon the methods and results of these exclusive

entertainers and enlighteners of mankind. And what does he discover? That the minute description of wall-paper and carpet-patterns, the chronicling of small-beer, the elaborately detailed conversation of ordinary people on trivial subjects, is in the main flat, stale, and unprofitable. Only the finest talent can make this sort of thing other than wearisome and pointless; and the finest talent might usually be at better business.

Grant that here we have absolute veracity, the exact reproduction of mundane facts, daily life copied as by a camera: the question remains, does the result justify the labor of author and reader? Is daily life worth writing out? Are the common phenomena of everybody's experience fit matter to preserve and perpetuate in type?

Certainly not. The daily life of nearly all of us is tolerable to ourselves only through our egoism, our need of earning wherewith to pay our bills, and our instinctive love of mere being. In the vast majority of cases it amounts to very little, is nothing to be proud of, affords next to nothing worthy of record. Human nature is noble in its possibilities,—very seldom in its actual facts. Few experiences are worth remembering, few deeds worth telling, few scenes worth depicting. The clerk at his desk, the farmer in his field, are a part of the general scheme, but (with rare exceptions) they and their environment are interesting only to themselves.

The idea of case-hardened realism is simply the old preraphaelite heresy, that any object whatsoever—a bit of dusty road, a mud-puddle, a jimson-weed—is fit matter for Art. No notion could be further from the truth. The root-principle of art, alike with painter, sculptor, musician, and writer, is *Selection*. Other principles follow, but this comes first. In scenery, buildings, character, motive, and what not, some objects—comparatively few in most cases—are beautiful, noble, striking, attractive, or impressive in one way or another. Well, then, let us use such as are worthy, and let the rest, which are the vast multitude, alone. This rule would make havoc of what is called Realism, as it has of late been preached and practised.

**Permanence of Romance.**—It abides, because the idea of it is in human nature and the elements of it are in human life, though not coming to the front in tangible shape every hour nor every day. The business-man may have but a week or two for his vacation at the sea-side or among the mountains, but those few days are a factor in his year's account. The city artisan rarely sees green fields and uncut flowers, but alas for him if he *never* sees them. It is because our daily life is a dull and humdrum round that we need the occasional freshening influence of something out of the common. One would not give his evenings and his Sundays to thoughts of the shop: it is good to get away from the treadmill now and then, to make acquaintance with hidden regions of the soul, to hear of aspirations and adventures not our own, to enter in fancy on a world of strange ideas and wider sympathies.

Mr. Gradgrind knows nothing of this. He, if he descends to fiction at all (which is doubtful), would have his novel deal with his clerks and customers, with the place where he consumes his noonday chop, with the solid furniture and ponderous talk of his up-town mansion. But we are not all Gradgrinds, thank Heaven. We do not want to read about the people we see and the things we do every day. There is enough else in life: give us a change of mental diet. Let us have a variety of scenes and sentiments. We would not (as a rule) go



out of nature, depart from our own order, or explore new planets; we ask only a glimpse of other latitudes, a whiff of different local atmosphere, an introduction to manners and motives not worn threadbare by constant use. Too much the slaves of habit and surroundings, let us now and then break our bonds, put on some one else's clothes, try his way of living, and experiment with his emotions and vicissitudes. So may we gain knowledge, tolerance, charity, enlarged horizon, and quicker activity of head and heart.

We quarrel with Realism because it would reduce earth to a dead level, ignoring ravines and mountains. Its prophets are like the cruel jailer who said, contemplating his prisoner's ration, "If I thought there was a drop of juice in this steak, I would squeeze it out." If the pessimists will have it so, we are all prisoners; but our jailers are mistaken—there *are* juices in human life. Such are the heroisms, the "sublimity-acts," as a high-priest of Littleism once contemptuously called them; the finer feelings, the deeper experiences, the rarer stresses and adventures of the spirit. These, with the variations they play on the common tune of doings and happenings, lend to life such picturesqueness as it has. Must we shrink from the proper portrayal of grand passions and tropical tempers, because to Darby and his Joan such things are far away? Let Virtue condescend to casual cakes and ale, and not forbid to poor humanity its rare enlivenment.

**Ultramundane Fiction.**—One may go further. Why should not imagination present the thing which might be but is not? It has at least a subjective existence; being born of human hopes, desires, conjectures, inquiries, it may be as near us as the beef and bricks that enter our daily experience. Mr. Howells himself has not disdained to handle the *Shadow of a Dream*. A good many people were interested in Mr. Bellamy's forecast of an economy such as never yet existed, and (the learned tell us) never can exist on earth. When Miss Phelps set the Gates Ajar, the bold attempt was counted admissible, since multitudes are still interested in the possible conditions of a future life. Though the nether world is supposed to be a less moving subject than it was when Dante wrote his "*Inferno*," the recent "*Letters from Hell*" were read and discussed with interest. So with the so-called Supernatural as entering into our present life. "*Zanoni*" and "*A Strange Story*" are not the least of Bulwer's books, and the march of science has not driven ghosts out of literature. Whatever touches the great questions of human origin and destiny, the relations between flesh and spirit, has at least an ideal existence; and fiction, like all other outcomes of human energy, rises as it seeks the ideal, sinks when it is content in the merely material.

Among works of the less spiritual imagination, the scenes of which, for any foundation they had in gross fact, might as well have been laid in some distant planet, *Gulliver's Travels* still holds the general attention, and Peter Wilkins' *Adventures among the Flying Islanders* deserved perhaps more than the fame it won. These were surely as legitimate as Mr. Haggard's discoveries in unexplored Africa. Mere tales of wonder and impossible adventure hold, of course, but the lower place among romances; but if the thing which is not be set forth so vividly and vivaciously that it seems to be, that is the sign of inventive power in the author, and the occasion of a not wholly profitless pleasure to the reader, if his mind be more than a storehouse of facts or a reasoning-machine. Tastes vary; but one is surely as well employed in reading

about Lilliput or King Solomon's Mines as in drowsing over certain wholly uninspired chronicles of social and domestic dulness which pass under the inappropriate name of novel.

Turning to the greatest books in this field, those which at once instruct and fortify and move and enlarge the mind, we find that their authors, while seldom caring to go beyond the bounds of human experience, have not feared to draw upon romantic motives and situations, for these, no less than the commonplace, are a part of life.

THE light-house is not a modern invention. It was used, in some primitive shape, by the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and not wholly lost in the Dark Ages. From the time of the Roman occupation the British Channel was lighted till the Norman conquest by one at Dover, and till 1640 by one at Boulogne. The tower of Cordouan, in France, was begun in 1584, and the Eddystone in 1696.

But in our time these beacons have been hugely increased in number and improved in quality. What was the exception is now becoming the rule, and the points of greatest danger are turned to safeguards for the voyager. From the rock on which his vessel used to strike helplessly in the dark now streams the kindly light that can be seen miles away. The seaman and the passenger now traverse in comparative safety coasts once full of peril, and, if they chance to think of what is commonly taken as a matter of course, bless the beneficent contrivance that has robbed the ocean of half its terrors.

Sufficient information on this subject may be found in a competent and useful work on "Ancient and Modern Light-Houses," by Major D. P. Heap, of the Engineer Corps, U.S.A. The book, which is fully illustrated, was issued a few years ago by Ticknor & Co., of Boston.

AMERICA is a great country, but there is one item in which she distinctly does not lead the world,—her roads. As Mr. Nye remarks, we have been building railways through space, "hoping that agriculture would overtake the cars,—but it cannot, because its wagon-roads are impassable except to seraphim." A plausible reason is assigned by this philosopher for the crowding of our people into cities,—so that they "can get from one store to another without getting mired." Certainly the fatigues of rural life are enhanced by the condition of the highways and by-ways, wherein the choice is usually between dust, mud, and protruding boulders. A large percentage of our pedestrians invite sudden death upon the railway tracks, because there alone they can walk dry-shod.

The Romans, who were no fools in practical matters, set the world an example two thousand years ago by constructing admirable roads wherever they had occasion to go. Later nations learned from them, so that we are now shamefully distanced by the rest of the civilized world. Our system, or lack of system, of keeping the country roads in order is childish, ludicrously incompetent, and frightfully expensive. Judging by them, the city man, when driving in his vacation, is tempted to believe that "the rural parts are but a den of savage men."

Mr. Albert A. Pope, of Boston, has taken the matter up and prepared a memorial to Congress, asking for a comprehensive exhibit of Roads at the Chicago Exposition. This seems an excellent plan for calling general attention to the abuse, and we hope it will be carried out.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Maid Marian and Robin Hood. A Romance of Old Sherwood Forest. By J. E. Muddock. With Twelve Illustrations by Stanley L. Wood.

The reader who is already deep in his Ritson and Percy begins Mr. Muddock's romance, much as he began Lord Tennyson's *Foresters*, with a desire to see what the modern author will make of the ancient matter. If he is a reader who loves the greenwood tree and a free life, who knows what it is to breathe the open air all day long over glade and under bough, he will find in Mr. Muddock's tale not only a happy use of the sweet old material, but a connected story, with plot, large background, and ample development of character, such as has never before been woven out of the abundant store laid up by Ritson.

It was a worthy undertaking, this of rendering into unobtrusive prose the scattered ballads on the bold outlaw of Sherwood. It might very easily have been done with less taste and less regard for the beauty of the original poetry. That it has been done so carefully, that the reader gains from the story so much of the charm inherent in the ancient ballads, is a great commendation to the author. There is, indeed, in testimony to this fact, an unflagging interest, a freedom of movement, and a picturesqueness in *Maid Marian and Robin Hood* such as one seldom finds outside of the pages of Scott.

The story is the old, old one of the heir to the earldom of Huntingdon, who, killing in fair fight a fellow-villager, his rival for the hand of Maid Marian, is tried at Nottingham, escapes to Sherwood forest, and gathers about him a band of brave fellows and good archers who waylay the rich to give alms to the poor. This is the burden of the original ballads brought together by Ritson, but in his precious collection there is no attempt made toward a consecutive story. Mr. Muddock has shown scholarship and a keen literary judgment in his treatment of the story, and he has brought to the work a wide knowledge of ancient customs and speech. That the old ballads constitute in themselves a romance unequalled by any of modern invention is plainly shown by the superiority of this delightful tale over the insipid story of Lord Tennyson's *Foresters*.

For a young boy or girl, or even for a very old one, nothing could be chosen in the way of literature better fitted to inculcate manly courage or to give unreflecting pleasure than this charming volume just from the Lippincott press. To say that the illustrations are in perfect harmony with the text is to give them the ample praise they deserve.

Itinerary of General Washington from June 15, 1775, to December 23, 1783. By William S. Baker.

Portraits, relics, anecdotes, and biographical data concerning the Father of his Country must have a perennial interest in America. The *ana* will grow in importance as time passes, and as it becomes systematized into connected narratives and completed pictures. One of these latter is the unique *Itinerary of General Washington*, which has been so ably edited by William S. Baker, an authority on this his chosen subject, and just published by the J. B. Lippincott Company in a handsome quarto of over three hundred pages.

It is hard to conceive a better plan for reproducing to the reader a sensible  
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picture of a given time than this of a day-by-day itinerary. One seems drifted back to that stormy age itself as he peruses the scraps from old journals, orderly-books, correspondence, and memoirs which have been brought together from the widest sources into a consecutive story full of deep interest to the patriot and the student. The labor of the task has been immense; it has required a profound knowledge of the literature of the time and a large acquaintance with the places mentioned, which include all those covered by the Continental Army throughout its marches under the commander-in-chief. The material of the book is, in brief, that out of which the historian weaves a narrative too often colored by his own views or preferences. Here we have the unalloyed metal, and that it rings true will be patent to all who recognize in it the image of Washington, stamped in the noble proportions which we have learned to know and love. Indeed, his character stands out in more elevated proportions from this itinerary, so largely made from his own utterances, than from almost any history that has yet appeared. A portrait, reproduced from an engraving by Chas. Willson Peale, serves as frontispiece, and a copious index completes the volume.

*Souvenirs of Occasions.* By Sara Louisa Oberholtzer.

It used to bother the reviewer to decide whether Occasional Poems were such as were read occasionally or those which an occasion gave rise to. Mature thought has inclined him to the latter opinion, but *Souvenirs of Occasions* would certainly do much to clinch the argument, were he still in a state of doubt.

In this handsome volume of one hundred and fifty odd pages which the Lippincott press has just put forth, and which the authoress of *Daisies in Verse*, *Come for Arbutus*, and other books of poetry has collected from her recent store, there is almost every variety of occasional verse. The poetess has command of many metres, and responds with sympathetic fervor to the varying phases of her daily life. She seizes on the poetical side of conventional happenings and sings them into ideal importance. Having done this with taste and charm, it remains only to recommend her book with hearty cordiality to lovers of poetry. Those who have taken part in the occasions it celebrates will need no invitation to secure it promptly. They will find in it a happy rendering of many happy and noteworthy episodes.

*A Course on Zoology.* Designed for Secondary Education. By C. de Montmahon and H. Beauregard. Translated and adapted by William H. Greene, M.D.

No one will nowadays venture to deny that when we cast about for the best methods of popular education, be it in art or in science, we are inevitably drawn to study the French method. Matthew Arnold, who was a Commissioner of the Schools' Inquiry Committee of his own land, as well as the truest critic of his generation, studied the French schools with marked results. In his account of *A French Eton* he says, "To see secondary instruction treated as a matter of national concern, to see any serious attempt to make it both commensurate with the numbers needing it and of good quality, we must cross the Channel." So, likewise, the present translator tells us of France, "In no other country is so high a place assigned to the natural and physical sciences as a means of education." Hence it is that this *Course on Zoology* by the Inspector-General of Primary Education in Paris and the Assistant Naturalist in the Parisian

Museum of Natural History comes from a standard source and bears the stamp of recognized excellence.

The plan of the book, while sufficiently comprehensive, adapts it to the use of secondary schools. It begins with man as the first of the five classes of vertebrates, and carries the course through representative examples of the other four. The articulates are then taken up in the same manner, followed by chapters on mollusks, radiates, and all the rest of the data incidental to a thorough elementary course in zoology. All of these departments are most capably illustrated, many of the cuts of animals having been reduced from photographs, a fact which gives them an especial scientific value. Indeed, it is little enough to say that Dr. William H. Greene has done the work of translation and adaptation with intelligence, precision, and simple directness, and the Messrs. Lippincott, from whose press the book issues, have made it a model text-book in all mechanical respects.

*Night Etchings.*  
By A. R. G.

Tuned to sweet, plaintive minor chords and giving expression to the genuine sentiments of a thoughtful mind, *Night Etchings* is a handful of poems, gathered in the darkness, but eminently fitted for perusal in the light of day. The author, A. R. G., has drunk deeply of the hidden springs in English poetry which are tinged with rue and the "poisonous wine" of Wolf's bane. To this melancholy well went Rossetti, sometimes; Clough, often; and always the author of *The City of the Dreadful Night*. The latter singer has cast his spell over this new poet and has touched her with a tender sadness very sweet to hear, but scarcely wholesome as a life-long creed.

There are, however, among the more pensive verses—which in themselves must make a deep appeal to many wounded hearts—some which have a hardier accent. The *Old Place*, while pathetic and tender, is free from pessimism; *Selection* is a very graceful allegory full of quiet emotion; and *To Catharine Van Nest* is a lyric which carries with its warm friendship the willing heart of the reader. It is simple, direct, musical.

*Night Etchings* has just been issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, and it will win the interested attention of those who care for poetry which thinks and thought which is poetical.

*The Human and its Relation to the Divine.* By Theodore F. Wright, Ph.D.

In this era of spiritual unrest it is good to hear a reasonable voice raised now and again with comfort and reassurance in its accents. Novels have crowded upon us with this purpose woven into their fiction and have done their part. The pulpit and the press have done theirs. But a fair, calm, and learned exposition of the subject is a far more acceptable guide through the darkness, and in *The Human and its Relation to the Divine*, published by the Lippincotts, Dr. Theodore F. Wright has provided such a guide.

Since the orthodox creeds have come into question among many of the faithful, it has been the noble task of such thoughtful minds as Arnold, and, in a less direct degree, Carlyle and Emerson, to find a ground beyond whereon the straying feet may rest. The thinkers who see this are the leaders toward the new faith that is to be; and among them must be numbered this well-armed

recruit who has brought into the ranks such wealth of reading and understanding as must be invaluable to the cause. "A new spirit," he tells us, "begins to be found and to utter itself courageously: 'When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge.'" But in the impartial manner of a seeking mind he can also assert that "the glorified Christ, with face as the sun, would at length reveal God as fully as man can ask;" and in this breadth of doctrine lies the great value of a book which brings faith out of scepticism by the hand of patient logic.

**Travels in Africa during the Years 1882-1886. By Dr. Wilhelm Junker. Translated by A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S.**

The lamentable death of Dr. Junker in February last clothes this volume with a personal interest which scarcely attaches to the two previous ones. He was a conscientious explorer who was led by a love of knowledge into many adventurous journeys, and he has greatly enlarged our inadequate information of the geography, the flora and fauna, and the ethnology of the Dark Continent. This final instalment of the records of his travels, published, as were its predecessors, by the J. B. Lippincott Company, will increase the respect already felt for his memory, and will emphasize his rare humanity in the treatment of the native blacks.

Dr. Junker confined his explorations between 1879 and 1886 largely to Central Africa. Within a much smaller radius than that covered by many of his fellow-travellers he discovered more that is of value to the naturalist because of his eminent scientific ability and his enduring patience. The pictures with which the present volume is filled show these qualities in their minute details, and the text gives proof of them on every page. A large and well-executed portrait of Emin Bey, and a characteristic likeness of Tippo Tip, the slave-raider, add an attraction that will be relished by all readers of African travel.

**Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder. By W. F. McNutt, M.D., M.R.C.S. Ed., L.R.C.P. Ed., etc.**

The medical student alone will value at its full worth this exhaustive text-book on a topic scarcely ever before treated with such thoroughness. There have been innumerable writers on special diseases of the kidneys, and the subject necessarily forms a part of all comprehensive works on pathology. But a single volume devoted to this subject in all its varying phases and prepared by an eminent specialist is a convenience which every owner of a medical library will consider essential to his collection, no matter how full his shelves may be of the less complete material.

Dr. McNutt is the Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine, and of Diseases of the Kidneys and Heart, in the University of California. He is, besides, a member of numerous learned bodies in this country and abroad. His specialty is the subject treated of in this volume just from the Lippincott press, and his residence in California, where diseases such as these are unusually prevalent, gives him advantages for study of the widest character. The veteran publishers of medical works who bring out this volume have seldom done a better service to the noble profession of healing, nor have they ever introduced a more complete text-book.



CURRENT NOTES.

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## The Argument Used

**B**<sup>Y</sup> the makers of the second-class baking powders to induce the dealer to push them off on Royal consumers is that they cost less than Royal and afford the dealer much more profit.

But you, madam, are charged the same price for them as for the absolutely pure Royal, which is perfectly combined from the most highly refined and expensive materials. The lower cost of the others is caused by the cheap, impure materials used in them, and the haphazard way in which they are thrown together.

Do you wish to pay the price of the Royal for an inferior baking powder, made from impure goods, of 27 per cent. less strength? If you buy the other powders, insist upon having a corresponding reduction in price.

FIRST ATTEMPTS OF FAMOUS LITERARY WOMEN.—Mrs. Emily Lovett Cameron writes from London as follows: "The first thing I ever wrote was a story in two parts called 'Poor John,' which was accepted by *Tinsley's Magazine*, and appeared in two consecutive numbers with illustrations which were not altogether beautiful. The notices of this short tale were so flattering that I was encouraged to write something more, and I set to work at once upon my first three-volume novel, 'Juliet's Guardian,' which ran for a year through *Belgravia*, a monthly magazine, and was afterward brought out in three-volume form. Since that time, now fifteen years ago, I have been constantly engaged either at novel or serial work."

"My first candidate for public favor," says Octave Thanet, "was a little story entitled 'Hugo's Waiting.' It was published in the *Davenport Gazette*, at the request of a good friend of mine who was temporarily acting as editor. I was just out of school at the time, and very pleased to appear in even local print. I had sense enough to recognize the crudeness of my work, and for a long time after this did not attempt to publish in any more ambitious form. At the time that 'Hugo' appeared, I sent my raw studies all around and saw for myself that the editors were right. Some years later a friend advised me to try again. I had been studying and writing, but not sending what I did anywhere. I gave the matter two months' serious thought, very serious thought. Then I wrote the story that is published in 'Knitters in the Sun,' under the title of 'A Communist's Wife.' I sent it to three magazines, the last of the three, *Lippincott's*, accepting and publishing it. Since then, while for some time my wares were obliged to travel a good deal for their market, they always did find one. Now I only write to order, which has both advantages and disadvantages. I have found the criticisms of editors most valuable, and feel a hearty gratitude to the blue pencil; while my relations with my publishers have been of the pleasantest. I can only hope that they are as well satisfied as I. Perhaps I have not expected the earth, knowing how small a portion of it I really deserved."

"When I shall write something that will stir my own enthusiasm, I may expect both enthusiasm and its price from others: so far, I have not been so fortunate. As the negroes say, 'I do try and endeavor' to interpret life according to the facts, to view it sanely and temperately, and to do no mischief to the English language. These may not seem difficult ideals, but just try them for a while! They have plenty of scope for work."

"I have spent hours over the style of a single crucial page; I have, indeed, spent hours seeking for the right word; while I could not count the hours that I have toiled at unlimbering my style, in order that my sentences might not go off like the patter of feet, each separate, each almost like the other, but rather might be like the foliage of a tree, parts of one harmonious and necessary whole."—CARRIE EARLE GARRETT, in *Arthur's Magazine*.

In a law case, in which a question of identity was being discussed, the cross-examining advocate said to the witness, "And you would not be able to tell him from Adam?"

"You have not yet asked the witness, Mr. X.," interrupted the judge, speaking in a studiously deliberate manner, "whether he is acquainted with the personal appearance of the personage whose name you have just mentioned. There must be order in your questions."—*The Green Bag*.

# GOOD HEALTH

Ought to be the rule rather than the exception, which is too commonly the case. People should



know that impure blood causes most of their maladies. Those who realize this important fact, and make use of **AYER'S Sarsaparilla**, are never troubled with boils, carbuncles, or other ulcerous eruptions. Taken for **SCROFULA**, the most prevalent and insidious of blood diseases, **AYER'S Sarsaparilla** is prompt

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**A REMARKABLE TIMEPIECE.**—A curious clock has been made by a clock-maker at Warsaw named Goldfaden, who has worked at it six years. The clock represents a railway-station, with waiting-rooms for the traveller, telegraph- and ticket-offices, a very pretty, well-lighted platform, and a flower-garden, in the centre of which is a sprinkling fountain of clear water. Past the railway-station run the lines. There are also signal-boxes, signals, lights, and reservoirs,—in fact, everything that belongs to a railway-station, to the smallest detail. In the cupola of the central tower is a clock which shows the time of the place; two clocks in the side cupolas show the time at New York and Pekin, and on the two outermost towers are a calendar and a barometer. Every quarter of an hour the station begins to show signs of life. First of all, the telegraph official begins to work. He despatches a telegram stating that the line is clear. The doors open, and on the platform appear the station-master and his assistant; the clerk is seen at the window of the ticket-office, and the pointsmen come out of their boxes and close the barriers. A long line of people forms at the ticket-office to buy tickets; porters carry luggage; the bell is rung, and then out of the tunnel comes a train, rushing into the station, and, after the engine has given a shrill whistle, stops. A workman goes from carriage to carriage and tests the axles with a hammer. Another pumps water into the boiler of the engine. After the third signal with the bell the engine whistles and the train disappears in the opposite tunnel; the station-master and his assistant leave the platform, and the doors of the waiting-room close behind them; the pointsmen return into their boxes; and perfect stillness prevails till, in a quarter of an hour, the whole is repeated.—*American Notes and Queries.*

**CURIOUS TREES.**—There are many vegetable wonders in this world of ours. Certain tropical trees furnish clothes as well as food, and the inner bark of others is smooth and flexible enough for writing-paper. The bread-tree has a solid fruit, a little larger than a cocoanut, which when cut in slices and cooked can scarcely be distinguished from excellent bread. The weeping-tree of the Canary Islands is wet, even in a drouth constantly distilling water in its leaves, and the wine-tree of Mauritius Island furnishes good wine instead of water. A kind of ash in Sicily has a sap which hardens into sugar and is used as such by the natives without any refining. The product of the wax-tree in the Andes resembles beeswax very closely. Then there is the butter-tree of Africa, which produces as much as a hundred pounds at once, only to be renewed in a few months. This secretion when hardened and salted is difficult to distinguish from fresh, sweet butter. Closely rivalling this is the milk-tree of South America, the sap of which resembles rich cow's milk and is used as such by the natives. China can boast of a soap-tree, the seeds of which, when used as soap, produce strong suds and remove dirt and grease readily. In direct opposition to these useful trees is the man-eating plant of the tropics, which resembles Venus's fly-trap in its nature. It has a short, thick trunk armed with narrow, flexible, barbed spines.—*Goldthwait's Geographical Magazine.*

ACCORDING TO Rogers, the poet Vernon was the person who invented the story about the lady being pulverized in India by a sunstroke. When he was dining there with a Hindoo, one of his host's wives was suddenly reduced to ashes, upon which the Hindoo rang the bell, and said to the attendant who answered it, "Bring fresh glasses, and sweep up your mistress."

**WILLIAM PENN** is sometimes harshly criticised for driving hard bargains with the Indians, the allegation being that he gave little and got much.

Values are always relative, depending upon conditions, time, place, circumstance, etc., and the wiser judgment is that what William Penn paid was then a fair equivalent for all he received.



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**THE FUTURE OF THE BLUE-GRASS REGION.**—What, then, is to be the future of the blue-grass region? When population in the United States becomes much denser and the pressure is felt in every neighborhood, who will possess it? One seems to see in certain tendencies of American life the probable answer to this question. The small farmer will be bought out, and will disappear. Estates will grow fewer and larger. The whole land will pass into the hands of the rich, being too precious for the poor to own. Already here and there one notes the disposition to create vast domains by the slow swallowing up of the contiguous small ones. Consider, then, in this connection the taste already shown by the rich American in certain parts of the United States to found a country-place in the style of an English lord. Consider, too, that the landscape is much like the loveliest of rural England; that the trees, the grass, the sculpture of the scenery are such as make the perfect beauty of a park; that the fox, the bob-white, the thoroughbred, and the deer are indigenous. Apparently, therefore, one can foresee the yet distant time when this will become the region of splendid homes and estates that will nourish a taste for out-door sports and offer an escape from the too-wearying cities. On the other hand, a powerful and ever-growing interest is that of the horse racer or trotter. He brings into the State his increasing capital, his types of men. Year after year he buys farms, and lays out tracks, and builds stables, and edits journals, and turns agriculture into grazing. In time the blue-grass region may become the Yorkshire of America. —JAMES LANE ALLEN, in the *Century*.

LEO TOLSTOI, the Russian novelist, who has ideas of his own as to the right of the community to punish its offending members, saw the other day a policeman take an individual into custody. He at once walked up to the constable and said,—

"Can you read?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Have you read the Scriptures?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you forget that they command us to love our neighbors as ourselves."

The minion of the law, quite taken back, stared at the count; then, after a moment's reflection, made answer,—

"And pray, can you read?"

"Yes."

"Have you read the police regulations?"

"No."

"Then read them."

*The Green Bag.*

A WEALTHY Hungarian has set aside one hundred and fifty thousand florins and a villa for the use of the "best living Hungarian author," the aforesaid author, who will draw the income of this amount during his lifetime, to be chosen by a jury of literary experts. Now, then, if some of our American millionaires were to follow this generous Hungarian's example and donate, let us say, a million dollars for the use of the best living American author, the income thereof to be drawn by this author and his successors, which one of our living authors would be chosen as the beneficiary by a committee of literary experts? Probably each expert would choose himself.—*The Argonaut*.



## There is Nothing More Certain

than that a proper observance of simple rules of health will keep in check throughout one's natural life the inward taints of heredity. This is as true of Consumption and Scrofula as of minor diseases. Only under certain conditions does the taint come to the surface—those are conditions of weakness—thinness—*when starvation of flesh and strength has set in.* Sometimes they appear in baby-hood—perhaps not until young-man-hood, or young-woman-hood—perhaps not until advanced age. That which will assist promptly to healthy flesh and an abundance of it *defeats hereditary taint*—a certain assistant is

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IN the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 15, M. Alfred Binet prints an interesting article on Jacques Inaudi, the latest arithmetical prodigy, whose case has recently been investigated and reported on by a committee of the French Academy. Jacques Inaudi is in his twenty-fifth year, and comes of a poor family; his earliest years were spent in minding sheep. It was at the age of six that he first showed an interest in figures. Unlike most celebrated calculators, he did not employ pebbles or his fingers, or other visible symbols, to perform his sums: his operations were mental, and done by means of words,—that is, by the names of the numbers from one to one hundred, which his brother recited to him. Neither he nor his brother could read at that time, and, as far as he recollects, his brother did not teach him the multiplication-table. With the numbers he knew he proceeded to calculate, and when he had exhausted them he asked to be taught the numbers exceeding one hundred. Thanks to continued practice and to his prodigious aptitude, his progress was rapid. At the age of seven, he says, he could multiply five figures in his head. He soon left his native land to go on a tour with his brother, who played a barrel-organ while Jacques picked up the pennies and gave occasional specimens of his proficiency in figures. Presently he was taken in hand by a showman, and made his first appearance in Paris in 1880, being presented to the Society of Anthropology by Broca, who made him the subject of a brief note, from which it appears that at the age of thirteen Jacques was still innocent of reading and writing. He has acquired those arts since, and has in other respects made great headway, although his education has remained rudimentary on many points. The operations which he performs are addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, the extraction of roots; and he resolves, by arithmetic, equations of the first degree,—all in his head, without any outward aid from reading or writing. A problem is given to him, *viva voce*, he listens attentively, repeats it distinctly, says, "I begin," starts muttering to himself very rapidly, and goes on calculating, undisturbed by anything that goes on about him. He can answer questions, and even carry on a conversation, while performing his mental process. After a very short interval he says, "I have done," and gives the solution, proving it, also, for his own satisfaction. The problems he solves are such as multiplying by each other numbers composed of eight or ten figures, or he will say how many seconds there are in an arbitrarily chosen number of years, months, days, and hours, or he will add in a few seconds seven numbers, each composed of eight or ten figures; he will rapidly find the square or cube root of a number containing twelve figures; he can extract as well the sixth or the seventh root.—*The Nation*.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Ex-Governor Robert Taylor, of Tennessee, is reported by the *Atlanta Journal* as telling this story:

He was talking with an old colored man.

"Well, John," he said, "what are you doing these days?"

"I'se a zorter now, Massa Bob."

"An exhorter, you mean."

"Yass, sir; a zorter—dat's it."

"I thought you were a preacher. What's the difference between a preacher and an exhorter?"

"Diff'rence 'twixt er zorter an' er preacher is zackly this: preacher he stick to de text, but zorter he hits all round."

"We are advertised by our loving friends."

*King Henry VI.*

# A Mellin's Food Boy.



ARTHUR H. FLYNN, Deadwood, S. D.

Our book for the instruction of mothers, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," will be mailed free to any address upon request.

THE DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., Boston, Mass.

**BILL NYE AND HIS COW.**—Bill Nye, in advertising his cow for sale, says, "Owing to ill health, I will sell at my residence in town 19, range 18, according to government survey, one plush raspberry-colored cow, age eight years. She is a good milkster, and not afraid of the cars or anything else. She is of undaunted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her house at present, by means of a stay-chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to use her right. She is one-fourth short-horn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrelled shot-gun which goes with her. In May she generally goes away somewhere for a week or two and returns with a tall, red calf with wobbly legs. Her name is Rose, and I would prefer to sell her to a non-resident."

**DIDN'T BEGIN AT HOME.**—The master of the house was writing a sermon on charity, when a knock at the door interrupted him. At his bidding the hired girl put her head in.

"There's a tramp outside," she said: "he wants something to eat."

"Bid him begone," said the master, angrily; "tell him there is plenty of work for the deserving poor, but nothing for beggars."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Mary, see that he doesn't steal anything. Is the door-mat chained down?"

"The one with 'Welcome' on it is, sir."

"Where is the dog, Mary?"

"In the cellar, sir."

"You might let him out. He needs exercise."

"Yes, sir."

Then the good man returned to his sermon, and as he wrote in glowing characters of the charity that thinketh no evil, he imagined he heard the applause of an enraptured audience. But it was only the dog getting away with the tramp.—*Once a Week.*

**FATHER OF ARITHMETIC.**—Annaberg, in Saxony, is sure of a place in the world's history, if for no other reason, that it was the home of Adam Riese, the "father of arithmetic," and the town council is preparing to raise an elaborate monument to his memory. Riese was a contemporary of Luther, though quite another stamp of man. He was born in Bavaria, but became a miner in the Saxon Erzgebirge, and afterwards set up a school. There he published the first series of books in German for training the young in the art of reckoning and the mysteries of weights and measures. He had four sons, and they all took naturally to figures, and continued their father's work after his death in 1559. The result was that the Riese name was the *bête noire* of the German school-boy for more than two hundred years.—*American Notes and Queries.*

**PIERRE LOTI**, the pen-name of the new French Academician, Captain Jullien Viaud, was not taken from the Japanese word for violet. *Loti* is an impossible word in Japanese, as the alphabet contains no *l*. *The Critic* says that *loti* is a Maori word, descriptive of a flower that grows only in Polynesia, where the sirens of Queen Pomare's court bestowed it upon the young Frenchman in the days when his ship was stationed at Tahiti.—*The Argonaut.*

ARE YOU SICK? Why not EXPERIENCE the BENEFITS of

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS?

It is not only a National, but a Universal Remedy, the round World over.



The People of every civilized Nation on Earth attest its great value as a PREVENTIVE of Disease, rectifying so many bodily irregularities, and remedying that most fruitful source of ill health,—WEAKNESS. Dyspepsia, Malaria, Torpidity of the Liver and Bowels, and other signs of General Debility, are soon overcome by this superb Corrective and Tonic. The drain of vital energy is counteracted by the use of the Bitters.

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Dr. Herbert Hostetter, President; Theo. R. Hostetter, Vice-Pres't; M. L. Myers, Sec'y and Treasurer. The Hostetter Company, Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa.

GOOD cooking is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

## THE WIRT FOUNTAIN PEN.

That pen which has become so popular as to be the almost inseparable companion of thousands of our busiest men and women is certainly a boon to writers, and great would be the inconvenience if those who have learned to know its usefulness and value, after many years of the severest test, were compelled to go back to the old dipping pen, or, worse still, be inflicted by having to use one of the many so-called fountain pens with which the market has lately been flooded. If you have occasion to write in any capacity and would do it with ease, use a fountain pen by all means, but, when buying, see that you get the Paul E. Wirt, which is made in various sizes and styles, fitted with first-quality gold pens, to suit any hand.

AS TO DICKENS.—The discussions as to his present popularity continue. The *New Orleans Times-Democrat* has a few pertinent remarks in the course of an article upon the question, from which we give the following extract:

"In most cases our early and wholesale adoration of Dickens's writings moderates with years; we grow more critical and begin to discriminate. His detractors take pains to so exaggerate his faults that they seem to overshadow his merits; yet there are certain points that we must yield to them. May a lover of Dickens's more mature work confess that 'Pickwick' no longer seems very funny?—that the humors of Sam Weller and Winkle and the rest no more provoke side-splitting laughter? The structure of Dickens's stories is open to criticism in many respects. Lang once declared, in his shameless way, that he has never been able to make out the plot of 'Martin Chuzzlewit;' whereat Henley, an ardent admirer of Dickens, was moved to chide the freakish Andrew, and intimated that he did not believe a word of this confession. But there are other readers who have found some difficulty in trying to reconcile certain of Dickens's plots with the probabilities of human life.

"Consider for a moment the extravagant conduct of Miss Havisham in 'Great Expectations.' She takes Pip under her protection partly as a means of irritating and humiliating her mercenary relations. This, however, is only a side issue. Having herself been jilted in her youth, she brings up her *protégée*, Estelle, to be hard and proud and unloving, gradually 'stealing away her heart and putting ice in its place.' Miss Havisham throws Pip and Estelle constantly into each other's society, in order that the girl may break his heart and thus indirectly avenge her patroness upon the fickle, faithless sex. Poor Pip was such a humble prey that the reader wonders why Miss Havisham did not look higher in her search for a victim."

Nevertheless, in respect to the criticism in the last paragraph above, it may be said that hardly any limit can be set to English eccentricity, and Miss Havisham's conduct is probably based on some actual freak that came to Dickens's knowledge. His schemes for his novels were drawn up with much thinking, and with more foundation in the "eternal realities" than is supposed even by those who are tolerably intimate with his works, and some time will elapse before Dickens is forgotten.

#### TWO GHOSTS.

OR was I weak, or was the world too strong?  
For to my room, as grieving for my wrong,  
With downcast eyes, there came an accusing ghost.  
I challenged faintly, feeling hope was lost,  
Shuddering the while its mournful gaze I met,  
"Why comest thou?" It said, "I am *Regret*."

But as it spoke the outline grew less plain,  
Then vanished, and my heart was light again;  
A second ghost had bid the first depart.  
I challenged boldly, "Tell me who thou art  
That makest *Regret* to yield his stern duress."  
It answered, "I am called *Forgetfulness*."

*Trinity Tablet.*



# POND'S EXTRACT

Sore Throat,  
Lameness,  
Influenza,  
Wounds,  
Piles,  
Earache,  
Chilblains,  
Sore Eyes,  
Inflammations,

**WILL CURE**



FAC-SIMILE OF  
BOTTLE WITH  
BUFF WRAPPER.

Hoarseness,  
Frost Bites,  
Soreness,  
Catarrh,  
Burns,  
Bruises,  
Sore Feet,  
Face Ache,  
Hemorrhages.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Avenue, New York

Do you not wish to save money, clothes, time, labor, fuel, and health, if possible? All these can be saved by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Try it once. We say this, knowing that if you try it once, you will always use it. Is it economy to save one, two, or three cents on the price of a bar of soap, and lose five dollars or more in ruined, tender, rotted clothing spoiled by the strong soda in the poor soap? Washing-powders, concentrated lye, and cheap soaps are low-priced, to be sure, but they are terribly expensive, taking ruined clothing into account.

Remember, Dobbins' Electric Soap preserves clothes washed with it; bleaches white ones, brightens colored ones; softens flannels and blankets, and contains nothing to injure the most delicate fabric. Ask your grocer for it. Take nothing else in its place. Read carefully all that is said on the two wrappers, and see that our name is on each.

I. L. CRAGIN & Co.,

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MOTHER IN FICTION.—It would really be more proper to say "the mother who is not in fiction," for no fact is more distinctly impressed upon the reader of romance than that the mother is a superfluous and troublesome creature with whom the novelist will have nothing to do. This is especially true of the mother of the heroine, for where in the world of books can we find a charming and interesting young female who has retained her maternal guardian until she stands on the threshold of womanhood? Let any lover of romance—and who does not love an enchanting story, well told, that deals with the passions and the frailties, the nobility and the depravity of humankind?—let such as these review the entire field of English fiction, since it had its birth in the daring conception of De Foe nearly two centuries ago, and bear witness to the cold-blooded manner in which the mother is almost invariably removed from the scene by disease, by accident, by violence—it matters not how. The one effort of the novelist seems to be to effectually and finally dispose of her. Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett, the earliest of English novelists and the founders of the modern school, were quick to discover the inutility of the mother, and, after one or two futile experiments, to sternly discard her. Walter Scott, canny with the wisdom of his race, made the same discovery at the beginning of his literary career, and his heroines are almost without exception motherless from an early age. Di Vernon, Rowena and Rebecca, Lucy Bertram, the Lady of the Lake, the Fair Maid of Perth, Constance,—all were left motherless in infancy. Charles Lever and Bulwer lean to the same fondness for orphaned or motherless young heroines. Thackeray gives a little longer tenure of life to the mothers, not for the sake of romance, but rather in the face of its demands, and because he so loved to delineate the foibles and weaknesses of the race. Dickens, foremost and greatest of novelists in his variety of character and power and originality of plot, rarely drew a mother except to caricature her, and not one of his more notable heroines but was either an orphan or possessed only of a father. Little Dorrit, Florence Dombey, Pleasant Riderhood, Jenny Wren, Ruth Chuzzlewit, Little Nell, Dot in the "Cricket on the Hearth," both of the leading juveniles—neither could be designated as heroines—in "Great Expectations," and the three distinct and never-to-be-forgotten drawings of lovable women in "David Copperfield," were motherless. The lesser novelists of the same school followed in the master's footsteps in this if in no other direction, and the few really notable romances that have since been published by English and American writers have the same characteristic. Lorna Doone, the heroine of Blackmore's greatest production, was motherless from infancy. The charming Princess of Thule had always been motherless. Ramona could not remember her mother. Miss Phelps, sympathetic humanitarian that she is, remorselessly murders the mother in her strongest tales. Mrs. Whitney, who more than any other has sought to draw beautiful and attractive pictures of the domestic life of the ordinary American household, repeatedly sacrifices the mother in an "early decline," no doubt with regret and tears. Even Howells, self-assertive "realist" that he is, violates statistical accuracy in the proportion of mothers whom he permits to survive the trials of child-rearing.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

THE general tint of the World's Fair buildings will be pale ivory. Several of them, however, will show modifications of that color.—*Painting and Decorating*.



## Cleaning House.

Hard work or easy work, just as you choose. If you find it hard work, it's because you won't use **Pearline**. You'd rather waste your time and your strength with that absurd rubbing and scrubbing. Of course it's hard—that's why **Pearline** was invented—that's why **Pearline** is a household word. You don't know how easy it can be, until you let **Pearline** do the work. Then house-cleaning slips right along. It is over before you know it.

**Send it Back**

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of **Pearline**, be honest—send it back.

333

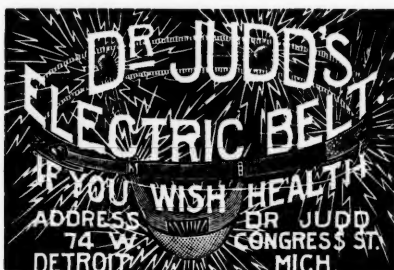
JAMES PYLE, New York.

THE greatest offer ever made by a reliable house.

Dr. Judd's Electric Belts and Trusses on *six months' trial*. Far superior to any Galvanic or Box Battery made. The greatest Electrical Medical discovery of the nineteenth century.

For male and female.

If you wish Health, address Dr. C. B. JUDD, 74 West Congress Street, Detroit, Michigan.



## 6 MO'S TRIAL

*Testimony.*—Within the last eighteen months we have taken in something over one thousand dollars for Judd's Electric Belts and Trusses, and thus far have never had a complaint from a customer, but have had many compliments passed upon them.

D. M. NEWBRO DRUG CO.

BUTTE CITY, MONT., Jan. 16, 1892.

**MUSIC,—THE MELANCHOLY OF IT.**—Such melancholy as is known in the Scotch, Irish, and Scandinavian ballads and in the compositions of Chopin finds a never-failing echo in the minds of those gifted with the power of hearing. Embalmed in planes of tone, the poem of life's tragedy, with the lost hopes, the crying necessities of living, comes from these relics of the underworld of the past.

Grinding toil, poverty, the rigors of merciless climates, these are the prime causes of the melancholy which has grown out in music, made by the people of Northern Europe. Chopin has an individual dolor, an inheritance, and at the same time a consciousness of limitation. The sad epics of his country and his own inability to cope with the most intimate problems of existence, all expressed with perfect sincerity, have made the Polish-French composer the unique figure he is in the world of art. Melancholy is the predominant note in the artwork he has left, and all of it is stamped with a certain divinity.

The people who appreciate the sentiment of Chopin have in themselves the elements of Chopinism,—that is, a vague consciousness of the melancholy inherent in the make-up of societies, the necessities for sorrow and pain. Without the combative instinct of reformers, or the clear grasp on every-day things, these people drift naturally toward an interest in and more often a true love for music, the art best fitted, and in modern times the supreme medium of emotion.

Of the types attracted to music by its power of expressing sad sentiments there are enough and, of a certain kind, to spare. Every one has met the large, well-fleshed type of female, with sandy bangs, muddy skin, and large, bulging, light-blue eyes, who says, "Welidoncayre," and likes "something kinder sawft, sweet, an' melancholy." In her case the contradictions are evidently ludicrous; at any rate, poor lady, she looks "fond of her dinner and doesn't get thinner."



The melancholy musician is another type. He usually retains a pronounced aspect of gazing into futurity long after the people with whom he passes his social hours have lapsed into jocund stupidity over punches, whiskeys, and thundering nightmares in the shape of salads and ice-creams. In his way he is an artist. His hostess secretly regards him as an inspired lunatic, and keeps herself busy prodding him to the piano, where he swims into something insipid in G, an improvisation, he says, modestly, on the tonic and dominant. Always neat, skinny, and guiltless of a smile, he never forgets his business of being melancholy.

His conversation is of the dreamy kind. He feels himself betrayed when he has uttered three lucid remarks, and then dives into the inexhaustible tank of his sadness. The young girl who cultivates thin arms and the frailest of necks is another appetite of the melancholies for the benefit of evening parties. She can say "Oh!" in as many degrees of mystery as there are shades of flat and sharp in a Spanish opera performance, and she has not made up that incubus, her mind, whether the California girl or music is the most melancholy. Something to do these melancholies good would be a benefit to the community.—  
LESLEY MARTIN.

**SUMMER RESORT CHATTER.**—*New Boarder (just arriving).*—What is that curious rattling noise? I hope there are no snakes about here?

*Landlord's Son.*—That's the boarders' teeth you hear: their mornin' chill's comin' on.

One  
rounded teaspoonful  
 of Cleveland's  
 Baking Powder  
 does more and better work  
 than a heaping  
 teaspoonful  
 of any other.

A large saving on a  
 year's bakings.

## QUINA-LAROCHE

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GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16,600 FRANCS.

CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, Iron  
 AND  
 Pure Catalan Wine.

An experience of 25 years in experimental analysis, together with the valuable aid extended by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M. Laroche to extract the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark (a result not before attained), and to concentrate them in an elixir, which possessed in the highest degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free from the disagreeable bitterness of ordinary preparations.

This invigorating tonic is powerful in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach. Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principle of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.



Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, and used with entire success for the cure of

**MALARIA,**  
**INDIGESTION,**  
**FEVER and AGUE.**  
**NEURALGIA,**  
**LOSS of APPETITE,**  
**POORNESS of BLOOD,**  
**WASTING DISEASES,**  
**and**  
**RETARDED**  
**CONVALESCENCE.**

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents, No. 30 North William street, New York. 22 rue Drouot, Paris.

**WHAT HE HAD LOST.**—A naturalist, who is both an ardent student in his branch of science and absent-minded to a degree which keeps his family on the alert, recently celebrated his silver wedding. Many guests were invited for the occasion, and the house was made ready for the reception of the company.

Just as the first guest arrived, one of the daughters was sent to summon the father, who had not come from his study. Care had been taken that he should be reminded to dress in time, so he was all ready, and at the summons of the daughter he came to the parlor.

When they reached the room the daughter noticed that her father carried in his hand a small wooden box, and as he shook hands with the nearest guest she saw him drop it. The cover rolled off, but she gave a sigh of relief when she saw that the box was apparently empty.

The naturalist, however, uttered a cry of dismay, and instantly went down on his hands and knees in an attempt to gather up something.

"Have you spilled anything, father?" she asked.

"Spilled anything?" he echoed, in evident indignation at her calm tone. "I have lost fifty fleas that I have just received from Egypt!"

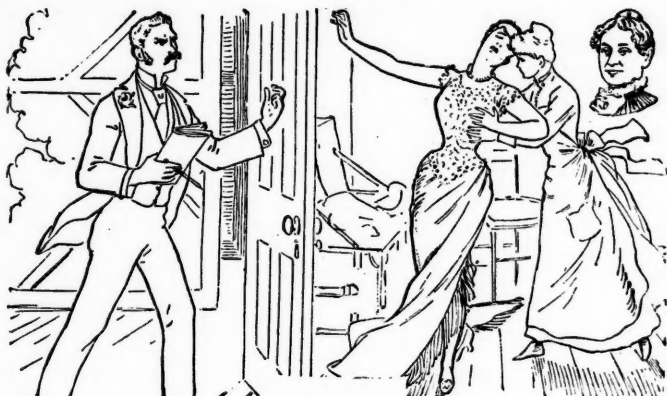
The effect of this intelligence on the family was nothing in comparison to that which the catastrophe had upon the company before the evening was over; and the only thing that the naturalist said to his friends in answer to their congratulations upon his happy married life, so his daughters declared after all was over, was to ask that if they carried away any of his Egyptian fleas they would return the insects to him!—*Youth's Companion*.

**COMPETENT TO TESTIFY.**—In one of our courts recently a nine-year-old boy was placed on the witness-stand, says the *Boston Herald*, but before he began to testify the defendant's counsel objected and would not allow him to give evidence, asking the court to pass on his intelligence and his idea of the responsibility of an oath. "Question him on these points," was the judge's reply. "How old are you?" began the lawyer. "Nine years old." "Work or go to school?" "Do both; sell papers and flowers." "Do you know what an oath is?" "Tell the truth in this case, sure." "Now, if you should not state the truth and tell a lie, what would become of you in the next world?" The boy, after hesitating awhile, answered, "I don't know what will become of me in this world, let alone in the next." "Proceed, Mr. Attorney," said the judge: "the boy seems to have more than ordinary intelligence."

It is said that fully a million copies of "Comrades" have been sold. For this and others of his popular songs—such as "That is Love," and "Oh, What a Difference in the Morning!"—the author, Felix McGlennon, receives about one thousand dollars a month from America in royalties alone. Mr. McGlennon lives in London, and was born in Scotland of Irish parentage.

**FROM THE LENTEN DIARY OF MISS SUSANNAH DARWIN IN 1748.**—  
"Rose before seven, eat a pear; breakfast at a quarter past eight, fed ye cats, went to church; at one, pease porrage, puddin', bread and cheese; fore, Mrs. Chappell came; five, drank tea; six, ate half an apple; seven, a porrenge of boyld milk, read in ye Tatler; at eight, a glass of punch; filled up ye vacancies of ye day with work as before."





"HURRY UP."

The words come harshly from the stage-manager; an impatient audience are awaiting the next act, and she who has fainted takes the leading part. This is "a peep behind the scenes," and a sight familiar to the "green-room" of every theatre. "Has she worked too hard, or been careless of her health?"

Actresses, singers, and others in the profession *do not always think*; they rush into the tide of popularity regardless of all save fame and fortune. How often we read of some favorite actress,—*"Ill in London, nervous prostration,"* etc. We have the cure of hundreds of such cases on record. Send stamp for "*Guide to Health and Etiquette*," a beautiful illustrated book.

#### LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is the only *Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy* for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women.

It cures the worst forms of Female Complaints, subdues Faintness, Excitability, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, etc., and invigorates the whole system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex, *the Compound has no rival.*

All Druggists sell it as a *standard article*, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

CALIFORNIA.—California is the most attractive and delightful section of the United States, if not of the world, and its many beautiful resorts will be crowded with the best families of the East during the entire winter. It offers to the investor the best open opportunity for safe and large returns from its fruitlands. It offers the kindest climate in the world to the feeble and debilitated; and it is reached in the most comfortable manner over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad. Pullman Vestibule Sleeping-Cars leave Chicago by this line every day in the year, and go, without change or transfer, through to San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego. This is a feature not offered by any other line.

Write to John J. Byrne, 621 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill., if you desire any further information as to the country and the accommodations for reaching it.

**JEAN INGELOW.**—Miss Jean Ingelow, the English poetess and authoress, is the daughter of a banker, and was born in Lincolnshire, being one of a family of eleven children. "My favorite retreat," said the poetess, "was a lofty room in the old house, where there was a low window which overlooked the river. The windows had the good old-fashioned shutters which folded back against the walls. I would open these shutters and write my verses and songs on them and fold them back again. My mother came in one day and discovered them; many of them were transmitted to paper and preserved." It is to Miss Ingelow's brother, with whom she lives at Kensington, that we are largely indebted for the publication of her first volume of poems. "He offered to contribute to have the manuscript printed, and my mother went with me to the publisher's (Mr. Longman). He was most kind, and took the matter up warmly. In the first year four editions of a thousand copies each were sold, and this first volume has been published again and yet again, until it has reached its twenty-sixth edition."—*Publishers' Circular*.

**SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DOGS.**—Sir Walter Scott was a great lover of dogs, and always had fine ones round him. One day, in conversation with a friend, he said, "Those dogs," pointing to two fine hounds lying on the hearth, "understand every word I say." The friend expressed his doubts of this statement. Sir Walter, to prove it, took up a book and began thus to read aloud: "I have two lazy, good-for-nothing dogs, who lie by the fire and sleep, and let the cattle ruin my garden." Both dogs instantly sprang up and ran out of the room, and, finding no cattle in the garden, returned and lay down by the fire. The baronet again read from the book the story. Again the dogs ran out, and again returned disappointed, and lay down. The third time their master told the story, when instead of going out the dogs came up to him and looked in his face, whined, and wagged their tails, as much as to say, "You have made game of us twice, you cannot do it for the third time."

A CURIOUS series of experiments on the hereditary transmission of mutilations has been made by Dr. C. G. Lockwood. By the in-and-in breeding of white mice for ninety-six generations he obtained a larger and finer animal than the original pair. In order to breed their tails off, he selected a pair, and, putting them in a cage by themselves and clipping their tails, he got a breed of tailless mice in the seventh generation. Then, by taking one with a tail and one without a tail, and alternating the sexes in each generation, he finally again got a breed of all-tail mice.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

**DESTRUCTION OF QUAIL, AND THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.**—The great and fearful increase of locusts in Algeria is ascribed by the French journal *L'Éleveur* to wholesale destruction of quail by sportsmen. It is estimated that a quail consumes daily from fifty to sixty grammes of food, and that twenty tiny locusts of the size of a hemp-seed go to a gramme. Hence one quail may destroy daily one thousand locusts, or from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand during the period when the insects are small enough to be swallowed by it. The Tunisian sportsmen who on the 8th of May of last year shipped off fifty thousand quails to France are, then, in a great measure to blame for one hundred and fifty million locusts less than usual having been destroyed by those birds during the year.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

# TIRED OUT HOUSECLEANERS



Playing at house cleaning is tiresome, but real house cleaning is more so.

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**GENUINE GUYOTS.**—Mr. A. J. Ostheimer has just returned from Paris, where he has spent some weeks in arranging the details for the Guyot exhibit for the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. A most elaborate display will be made, and many new and striking novelties will be exhibited. The demand for the genuine Guyot suspenders is so large at the present moment that Ostheimer Brothers have already booked orders as far ahead as July, 1893, and it has been absolutely necessary to again increase the capacity of the already very large Guyot factories. Almost one thousand hands are now busily engaged at the Guyot works in making the webbing and manufacturing the suspenders, and the United States is the largest customer the Guyot factory has. The genuine Guyot suspenders have great merits as regards health, comfort, and durability, and hence have the steadfast favor of consumers. Every article which is very successful is quickly imitated, and there are many poor imitations of the genuine Guyot in the market. The genuine gives pleasure, comfort, and satisfaction to the wearer.

**THE Western Bicycle Championship** of the Amateur Athletic Union was won by Mr. W. C. Rand, on August 29. Mr. Rand used one of the Monarch Copperplate Cycles. This is another important victory for this well-known wheel, which is manufactured by the Monarch Cycle Company, Chicago, Ill.

**MAGNIFYING-GLASSES IN ANTIQUITY.**—Probably the earliest mention of magnifying-glasses is quoted by Mr. Henry G. Hanks, in the Papers of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, from the "Vanity of Arts and Sciences" of Henry Cornelius Agrippa, of the early part of the sixteenth century, where it is said, "So we read, as Cœlius in his ancient writings relates, that one Hostius, a person of an obscene life, made a sort of glasses that made the object seem far greater than it was; so that one finger should seem to exceed the whole arm, both in bigness and thickness." There is difficulty in fixing the date of Cœlius, but he probably lived before Livy; and Hostius was a still more ancient personage.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

A GROUP of matrons seated on the piazza of a popular summer resort were discussing the pearly teeth of a well-known actress, and branched off to criticising the molars and bicuspsids of their friends.

"Will you believe it," remarked one well-preserved personage with a hyphenated name, displaying an admirable development of some width and whiteness, "that my wisdom teeth have not yet grown?"

A second of dead silence ensued. It was broken by a male voice from the outer edge of the circle:

"Some century-plants never bloom."

The identity of the commentator remains undisclosed.—*The Wave*.

WHO has not, in an endeavor to suddenly recall some name or incident, found his mind an utter blank, so far as that particular thing is concerned? A noted medical writer likens the brain to a vast library, and each idea, or name, or incident, to the volumes composing it. The memory, he says, acts as librarian and tucks away each volume in some peculiar niche of its own. Now, when we call on Librarian Memory for one of these volumes, he usually knows where it is, and hands it to us instantler; but occasionally he, like other office-holders, forgets his duties. We call on him suddenly, waking him from his nap, perhaps, and he cannot remember where he put the name of Smith or Jones, or the little fact regarding the tariff or Agamemnon's wives, or something or other. Sometimes he finds it after a moment's search, and sometimes not for days. But he keeps up a still-hunt for the missing volume, even while you forget all about it; and some time when you are least expecting it, presto! there is the very thing you were trying to remember. For instance, somebody asked the writer of this paragraph, the other day, suddenly, for the name of a lady and her daughter staying at one of the beaches near Boston. The name was a perfectly familiar one, being that of an acquaintance; but with the question it suddenly vanished. It was impossible to answer. Librarian Memory was asked for it three or four times during the evening, but it eluded his efforts completely, and for a day or two the event was forgotten. Finally, coming down-town on an electric car, with the mind absorbed in other things, the little librarian joggled her elbow. "Here it is. Smithsonian, volume 41,523, shelf 217," he whispered. As usual, when one ceases to want the thing it turns up. Ah, if one could only change librarians when the old one shows signs of weakening! —*Beacon, Boston*.

*Orator.*—And now, my friends, just one word more—

*Reporter (to boy).*—Bring me a few more quires of paper, quick!

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instead of  
clasps.

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at hip  
for  
hose  
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A WELL-KNOWN English bishop was one day passing through a by-street of his cathedral city, when he observed a little girl endeavoring to reach the knocker on a hall door. "Shall I knock for you, dear?" said the bishop. "Oh, do, sir," replied the innocent child; "and give a good one." His lordship obeyed: the street resounded with a loud rat-tat. "Now," said the child, "run, run, or you'll be 'atched!"—*The Pacific Churchman*.

THE KIND OF CLIENT TO HAVE.—“My client Barker is the kind of man I admire,” said Brief. “He told me he was willing to spend ten thousand dollars to recover one hundred dollars he had been defrauded of.”

“What advice did you give him?”

“I told him to go ahead,—that I was with him in all matters involving a principle of that sort.”—*The Wasp*.

THE “MARSEILLAISE” ACROSS THE CHANNEL.—An interesting and amusing instance of the efficacy of the London-Paris telephone occurred the other day which is worth recording. The Salvation Army Band was marching from the Royal Exchange, playing the “Marseillaise,” when an idea struck the men present in the telephone-room.

The windows and doors were thrown open, and the attendant at the Paris end was asked if he could hear anything. The response (in French) was immediate: “Yes, I can hear a band playing the ‘Marseillaise.’” That a band of music playing in the streets of London could be plainly distinguished in Paris is, we think, a sufficiently striking marvel of the nineteenth-century science.—*London Electrical Engineer*.

DR. A. CONAN DOYLE, who is described as being a big, athletic man, looking more like an athlete than like a writer, said, in a recent interview, “I take the greatest possible interest in all things American. There is, or ought to be, so little difference between them and us. And we must remember this, they are the coming power. The centre of gravity of the whole race has shifted to the West, and I believe that in time every Saxon will be united under one form of government. Home rule, with a centre of authority, and the Anglo-Saxon will swing the sword of justice over the whole world. We will not permit then the horrors of Siberia, or the like. America and England joined in their common Anglo-Saxonhood, with their common blood, will rule the world. We shall be united. And the sooner that day comes the better.”—*The Quiver*.

THE attention of the country has recently been called to the breaking of the world's record of trotting by means of a sulky provided with bicycle-wheels.

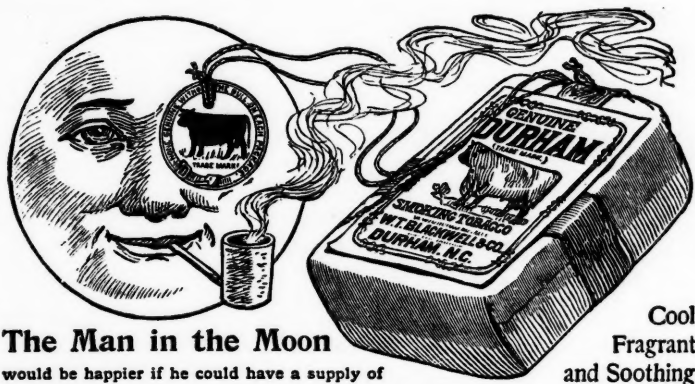
The ordinary sulky-wheels, which are usually about fifty-eight inches in diameter, are removed, and these bicycle-wheels, which are about twenty-eight inches in diameter, are attached directly under the sulky-axle; each wheel has a fork, one end of which is drilled out and slips over the axle of the sulky; the other end of this fork is fastened to the axle on which the bicycle-wheel revolves; another fork-brace is fastened to the end of this bicycle-wheel axle and to the shaft of the sulky.

By this arrangement the wheels revolve directly under the sulky-axes, the tires nearly touching them, so that the driver's seat remains very nearly the same height from the ground as it did when the ordinary wheels were used.

The wheels used on the sulky drawn by Nancy Hanks in her world's-record-breaking trot at Chicago, August 17, were bicycle-wheels having ball-bearings and “hosepipe” inflated tires.

The wheels used by this record-breaker were provided with pneumatic tires and ball-bearings made by the POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, of Boston.





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A FEW WORDS FROM THE PRESS.—“Among other notable and valuable enterprises having their head-quarters in New York City must be included that of Mr. W. S. Simpson, the well-known watch-dealer, whose office and sales-room are located at No. 37 College Place. His is one of the leading concerns of its kind in the metropolis, and has gained a national repute for the high-class value of its stock. Mr. Simpson, personally, is prominently known in the business world, is noted for his equitable methods of dealing, and commands the confidence and highest regard of all with whom he comes in contact.”—*People's Home Journal*, September, 1892.

SOME time ago, Major Heap, of the Engineer corps of the army, was asked to design a method by which the statue of Liberty in New York Harbor could be properly lighted, and therefore serve the utilitarian purpose as well as the sentimental. Major Heap has just reported to the Light-House Board, and proposes that the present lights of about 2000-candle power be so treated that a belt of flame shall be seen instead of the small portion as at present. “The effect I desire to produce,” says Major Heap, “is a powerful white light in the focal plane and a beam of colored light seen by reflection from the haze or dust in the air, so that the general appearance shall be somewhat like a flame.” In the head of the statue, over the forehead, is a coronet consisting of twenty-five windows. In front of each window Major Heap proposes to place two 100-candle-power incandescent lamps, protected from the weather in glazed lanterns, the backs of which shall be reflectors.—*Harper's Weekly*.

ORIGIN OF OX-TAIL SOUP.—During the Reign of Terror in Paris in 1793, many of the nobility were reduced to starvation and beggary. The *abattoirs* sent their hides fresh to the tanneries without removing the tails; and in cleaning them the tails were thrown away. One of these noble beggars asked for a tail, and it was willingly given to him: he took it to his lodgings and made (what is now famous) the first dish of ox-tail soup; he told others of his good luck, and they annoyed the tanners so much that a price was put upon them.—*Food.*

No sort of food is better for the complexion than oatmeal and oranges. The finest complexions in the world are those of the Italian and Spanish ladies, who live largely on coarse-grained food and fruit like the orange and banana. It is said that some New York ladies are living almost entirely on oranges. Half a dozen for breakfast with a cup of coffee, a dozen for lunch with a glass of milk and a saucer of oatmeal, and a dozen more for supper with a crust of bread and a sip of tea, may not be high living in the proper sense of the word, but such a course of diet will bring a complexion which will drive almost any belle out of her head with envy.—*Food.*

SOME people are too trusting for this world. At a recent trial the prisoner entered a plea of "not guilty," when one of the jury put on his hat and started for the door. The judge called him back and informed him that he could not leave until the case was tried. "Tried!" cried the juror: "why, he acknowledges that he is not guilty!"—*The Green Bag.*

THROUGHOUT all Japan there are now open for traffic seventeen hundred and seventeen miles of railway. The only section in the neighborhood of the capital which has been opened during the past twelve months is that stretching northward to Awomou. This line, one hundred and twenty-seven miles in length, was opened in the autumn of 1891, and railway communication has thus been completed to the most northerly coast of the mainland of Japan toward Hakodate. The only other line in progress is the filling up of a gap of five miles in a line connecting Yokohama with the northwest coast. Railway-construction in Japan appears to have reached its limit for the present. The Diet has refused any further funds for the extension of government lines, and of those owned privately many at present in working order do not pay.—*Railway Review.*

A FORTHCOMING book on the Brontës will contain, it is said, fresh and extremely interesting information concerning the family. The author, Dr. Wright, has derived much of this from the Irish relatives of the author of "Jane Eyre." With these relatives, it has lately been discovered, the English Brontës kept up constant and affectionate communication. Dr. Wright has collected many family traditions, some of which show that they are the foundation of "Wuthering Heights," and that the author of that book did not therein even remotely allude to the sad record of her brother Patrick's life.

THE manuscript of a tale written by Robert Browning's father has lately been found in London. It is entitled "The Widow of the World," and would make a large volume. Accompanying it is a letter written by the poet and identifying the manuscript as "one of many similar exercises in a literary way" of his father. It is not believed that it will be published.

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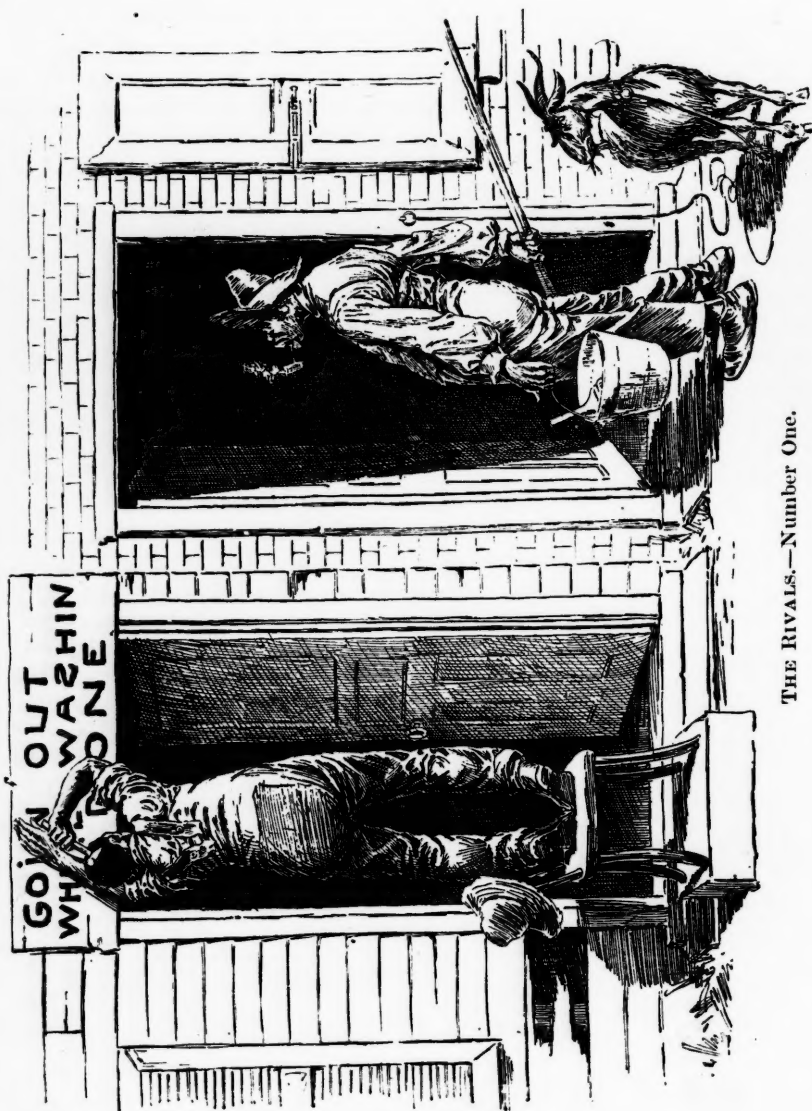
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